

INSIDE ASIA

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By JOHN GUNTHER

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This Book Is For
JOHNNY
Who Suggested It

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Preface—ix	
Chapter	
I.	The Emperor of Japan—1
II.	First Course in Japanese—24
III.	Army Bearing Pamphlets—45
IV.	Japan's Totalitarian Leaders—62
V.	Men of Yen—87
VI.	The Story of Two Twenty-Six—98
VII.	Japan Makes War—107
VIII.	Pearl Harbor and the Pacific—129
IX.	Guinea Pigs of Manchukuo—142
X.	The Russian Position—154
XI.	Colossal China—165
XII.	Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek—200
XIII.	A Song of Soongs—221
XIV.	The Chinese Reds, Who Wear Blue—234
XV.	Young Marshal at Sian—245
XVI.	The War in China—256
XVII.	Chinese Generals and Politicians—273
XVIII.	Puppets Look Up—292
XIX.	Philippines After Quezon—309
XX.	Catastrophe at Singapore—327
XXI.	The Dutch East Indies Under Fire—343
XXII.	Thailand, Once Called Siam—353
XXIII.	Mr. Gandhi—364
XXIV.	Beginnings in India—390
XXV.	A Word About Religion—411
XXVI.	Jawaharlal Nehru—429

Chapter

- XXVII. The Congress Structure—447
- XXVIII. The World of the Great Princes—463
- XXIX. Aga Khan, Moslems, and Others—483
- XXX. British Rule in India—492
- XXXI. The Far Frontiers—507
- XXXII. People, Pressures, Problems in Iran—524
- XXXIII. Arab World—541
- XXXIV. Kings of the Middle East—554
- XXXV. Land of Israel—573
- XXXVI. Dr. Chaim Weizmann—590
- XXXVII. Circumnavigation Complete—602
- Acknowledgments—606
- ✓ Bibliography—608
- Index—613

LIST OF MAPS

- I. Facing page—112
- II. Facing page—136
- III. Facing page—156
- IV. Facing page—192
- V. Facing page—310
- VI. Facing page—398
- VII. Facing page—536
- VIII. Facing page—568

Preface to the New Edition

Inside Asia has never been revised before. It was first published almost three years ago, in June 1939. This new edition is completely rewritten and reset from beginning to end, from top to bottom; I have made almost 5000 textual revisions, and added—and subtracted—a great many thousand words. This work has been difficult since at the moment of writing, February 1942, events themselves are changing faster than you can find words to describe them. The pace of history is very fast these days—too fast.

The original edition of *Inside Asia* contained the following prefatory note, which I wrote in the spring of 1939. I reproduce it verbatim except for minor stylistic changes:

This book is an obvious companion, a twin to *Inside Europe*. I wanted to call it *Outside Asia*, but my publishers politely overruled me. I hope they are right. My attitude was that in Asia I was “outside” looking in, whereas in Europe I had been “inside” looking out. But this book is, I believe, just as closely written as *Inside Europe*, just as intimately detailed and comprehensive. My approach is the same, and so is my point of view. And I “looked in” under particularly fruitful circumstances.

In 1937-38 I visited every important place I have written about, except Saudi Arabia and the Mongolias. This book, which is both a reporter’s job and a kind of political guide, has been over two years in the making. I traveled around the world, about 30,000 miles, by steamship, railway, airplane, and motor car. In each country I saw most of the leading political personalities. Previously I had been to the Near East four times, as a correspondent for the *Chicago Daily News*.

Inside Europe was built up on a thread of personality, and so is this book. There are chapters on the Emperor of Japan, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, the Soong Sisters, Manuel Quezon, Mr. Gandhi, Jawaharlal Nehru, the Shah of Persia, King Ibn Saud, and Dr. Weizmann, as well as a multitude of passages on less eminent figures. Some critics thought I put too much emphasis on personality in *Inside Europe*. I never intended to minimize the influence of political or economic factors. I wanted simply to draw attention to personality too. Politics in Asia are, by and large, more concerned with mass populations than individuals—despite the importance of the latter—and in

this book the reader will find a considerably closer balance between politics, economics, religion, and personality.

Japan, a powerful and dangerous nation, the third country in the great trinity of so-called Have-Nots, is waging war in China. This war, in its origins, its course of events, its possible future, is of the greatest consequence to us in the West. In April 1939, it seemed that Europe too would be defaced by warfare. *It is the same war.* Japan, Germany, Italy are allies. If a general conflagration comes, we cannot neglect or ignore any sector.

Asia, indeed, the most complex of continents, is inextricably dovetailed with the rest of the world. Problems of the Pacific involve the United States acutely. The Soviet Union is closely associated with Asiatic issues and events, and so is France. What is happening in China concerns everyone in Europe, just as what is happening in Italy and Poland concerns Japan. And Great Britain is, as everybody knows, the greatest Asiatic power.

To a certain extent *Inside Europe* was a study of nationalism and the internecine nationalisms of Europe. *Inside Asia* is analogously a study of that development of nationalism known as Imperialism. For years much of Asia was devoured by imperialist western powers. And now the Japanese, who are wonderful imitators, have borrowed and developed the technique of imperialism, and have turned imperialist themselves. This book is a sketch of both the old and new imperialisms in Asia : the Dutch in the East Indies, the French in Indo-China, the Americans in the Philippines, the Japanese in Manchukuo and China, and the British almost everywhere.

Inside Europe began with Hitler, and then traced a ring around Germany, seeking to explore ramifications of German policy everywhere in Europe. Similarly *Inside Asia* begins with Japan and then, for at least half its course, follows the path of Japanese policy. After Japan we visit Manchukuo, that strange state of 30,000,000 guinea pigs; touch on Asiatic Russia briefly; proceed to China with its inundation of peoples and problems; progress downward to the Philippines, Malaya, the Dutch East Indies, and Siam; turn westward to the gigantic complex of India, its peoples, rulers, and frontiers; inspect Iran, Iraq, and the Middle East; and conclude in the Near East and Palestine.

These paragraphs were, I repeat, written in 1939, and I see no reason to change them now. But the perspective of today gives them new and grimmer contours. In 1939 Japan was waging war in China, yes; it was marching stridently along the wide and long Chinese

periphery; but it had not yet come into direct armed conflict with Great Britain and the United States. Now, in 1942, we have good reason to know better what were Japanese aims and intentions, and how efficiently menacing they were—and are.

This revision of *Inside Asia* attempts to bring the story of the whole continent, in all its detailed complexity, up to date. I include brief sketches of Japanese political development since 1939, and the growing tendency toward formation of a totalitarian state; of the situation between Russia and Japan in Manchukuo and the Mongolias; of the continued superb quality of Chinese national resistance to Japanese infiltration and penetration; of the formation of a puppet government in China; of the signature of the Tripartite Axis pact; of the early and spectacular Japanese successes in the Philippines, Malaya, Singapore, Burma, and the Dutch East Indies; of the occupation of Indo-China and Siam; of the problems of Pacific strategy since the catastrophe at Pearl Harbor; of the continuing tense stalemate between Indian nationalists and the stubborn British in India; of the retirement of Mr. Gandhi and the advancing career of Jawaharlal Nehru and what it portends; and of the fluid, complex, and quickly shifting pattern of forces in the Near and Middle East.

What is going on now is the greatest war in history. It is a war of mastodons, with stakes at once terrific and sublime. Since December 7, 1941, the Japanese have made indubitably great gains. By the time this book is in print they will probably have made more. First, the Japanese changed the entire balance of naval power in the Pacific by the damage they inflicted at Pearl Harbor. This was followed with remorseless precision by the loss of the *Prince of Wales* and *Repulse* off Singapore. Second, the Japanese conquered the Philippines except for the small segment of Bataan peninsula held with such tenacious gallantry by General MacArthur. Third, they drove through Malaya and captured Singapore. An important factor in their success in this adventure was their previous occupation of Indo-China, as explained later in this book. Fourth, they carried their attack to the Netherlands East Indies. Fifth, they invaded Burma, cut the Burma Road, and approached the gates of India. Sixth, they threatened Australia and the islands of the Pacific.

What is at stake in this hemispheric struggle is of course something above and beyond the mere transfer of power from one nation to

another, above and beyond the future of the white man in the East. This is an international conflagration fed by interlocked revolutionary fires. This book is about Asia, but the survival of Europe and America too depends on the course of events it describes. The whole future of the world we know is quivering in mighty balance.

J. G.

INSIDE ASIA

Chapter I

The Emperor of Japan

The King's leavings are better than the Lord's bounty.

—CERVANTES

EVEN the Emperor of Japan is a human being. He eats, sleeps, and has an individual life like the rest of us. He was born; he begat children; he will die. But his human characteristics, interesting as they may be, are overwhelmingly outweighed by the factor of divinity. The Emperor of Japan was "born": but not to a tradition shared by merely mortal men. The Emperor of Japan will "die": but his death, like his birth, will be no more than an episode in what the Japanese call a cosmic, eternal process. He is human, but also he is something of a god.

The Japanese Emperor, being divine, is more than the head of the state. He is the state. Sovereignty is believed by the orthodox to reside actually *in* the person of the Emperor, not in any organ of government. The Emperor and the people are one. All Japanese, not merely the Emperor, consider themselves to be of divine or semi-divine origin; the Emperor is the ruling deity, a kind of father, uniting the entire population in his august, impersonal, and radiant "being."

The godlike qualities of the Emperor of Japan are difficult concepts to describe. First, we plunge at once into mysticism. But no understanding of Japan is possible until the position of the Throne is made reasonably clear, which is quite above and beyond that of any throne in the West, largely because of the religious factor. Second, we risk offending the Japanese, to whom the person of the Emperor is not a fit subject for description. Considering what happened at Pearl Harbor and after we may safely ignore this risk.

The veneration, the indubitable awe, with which loyal and patriotic Japanese—which means a very considerable proportion of the Japanese nation—hold the Emperor is a phenomenon unique in contemporary politics. To westerners it may be a baffling phenomenon. But most westerners, who inherit the tradition of Aristotle and Newton, who believe in the validity of scientific inquiry, in the free play of the free

mind, in the rational investigation of experience, will find a very great deal that is baffling in the mysticism of Japan. By mysticism I do not mean self-delusion. I mean merely the instinct of a people to accept freely phenomena which cannot be accounted for by purely intellectual processes.

• • • • •

The bulk of the Japanese people have great reverence for their Emperor, but very few have ever seen him. This is because they are supposed to cast down their eyes when, in some ceremonial procession, he approaches. They are not, strictly speaking, permitted to *look* at him—though doubtless some bold spirits peek. The origin of this practice is the mythological belief that direct view of the Son of Heaven will cause blindness.

Portraits of the Emperor are comparatively rare. By common custom the face is covered with tissue or cellophane.

When the Emperor travels, even if it is for hundreds of miles across Japan, every window shade along the entire route must be drawn—which necessitates a good deal of work by the assiduous police.

No one must look *down* on the Emperor. The tower of the new police building in Tokyo has never been completed, partly because it was discovered that its windows might give a view of the imperial gardens. (On the other hand, modern exigencies have compelled modifications of this rule; for instance, when the Emperor opens the Diet, journalists in the gallery do look down on him.)

In February 1939 the Japanese police forbade a production of *Hamlet*, because its "dangerous thoughts are likely to cause disrespect for royalty."

Time magazine published a front-cover portrait of the Emperor in 1936. The editors were asked to appeal to their readers not to handle the magazine upside down, or to place any object on it. The cartoonist William Gropper once caricatured the Emperor in *Vanity Fair*—not very savagely. The Japanese Embassy in Washington immediately lodged an official protest. The Japanese issue of *Fortune*, an admirable job, was suppressed in Japan not so much for its contents, but because on the cover it printed the imperial chrysanthemum, a precious Japanese symbol. (Curiously, *Fortune* gave the chrysanthemum fifteen petals instead of the correct sixteen. Or perhaps this was a clever—but

unsuccessful—dodge to avoid offense, by means of deliberate inaccuracy.)

When a member of the imperial family visits the Yamato Hotel in Mukden, he occupies the entire third floor, which is the most comfortable. The fourth floor is then cleared of other guests.

A distinguished foreign ambassador asked his Japanese secretary his opinion of the Emperor's appearance (which was quite good and normal) after both had attended an imperial garden party. The secretary refused to reply on the grounds that a reply would be blasphemy.

Once a traffic policeman misdirected the imperial procession during a village ceremony. He killed himself in shame. (It is not true, however, that the Emperor's chauffeur or locomotive driver must commit *hara-kiri* if their conveyances are late.)

Doctors were not allowed to touch the bodies of the Emperor's father and grandfather, except with silk gloves. The legend is that even the court tailor had to measure the late Emperor's clothes from a respectful distance—which made a good fit somewhat difficult.

A well known jurist and professor, Dr. Minobe, who had held the chair in government at Tokyo Imperial University for thirty years, lost his job and narrowly escaped assassination because it was discovered that in a book published twenty years before he had referred to the Throne as merely an "organ" of the state.

Details like these, which are chosen from among dozens available, are sufficient preliminary indication of both the brightness and the opacity of the aura that surrounds the Emperor. We must try to define this aura, to circumscribe it. The Emperor is the living symbol, the emblem, the personification, of Japanese destiny, which is in vital conflict with that of the United States, and which demands complete and impartial investigation.

So, with the Emperor of Japan, we begin this circumnavigation of a continent.

Son of the Sun

His Imperial Majesty Hirohito, one hundred twenty-fourth emperor of Japan in an unbroken dynasty, was born on April 29, 1901, in Tokyo at 10:10 P.M. He was educated by tutors, in the Peers' School, and on a trip to Europe. He became regent in 1922, when his father was overcome by illness. In 1924 he married Princess Nagako

Kuni, by whom he has seven children. On Christmas Day, 1926, Hirohito ascended the throne, and in 1928 was formally enthroned.

First let us tackle the name. Japan has had only one dynasty in 2,602 years, according to Japanese mythologists and historians; thus no family or dynastic name is necessary. Literally Hirohito, the given name of the Emperor, which is written in two ideographs (symbols) in Japanese, means "humane" or "exalted." The second ideograph in the name, "hito" (exalted), appears in the names of most emperors. Only the first ideograph (in English each ideograph is two syllables) varies. No one else in Japan is likely to use the ideograph "hito" in his name; the law does not forbid it, but custom does. Rumor is that a peasant in a remote district once named his son "Hirohito"; when he discovered that this was the Emperor's name, he killed his family and committed *hara-kiri*.

Immediately an emperor begins his reign, he chooses another name. This is the name of the reign, while he lives; when he dies, by recent custom, *he* becomes known by this name. Thus the last emperor, Hirohito's father, was named (at birth) Yoshihito; now he is called "Taisho," the name he adopted for his reign. The present emperor calls his reign "Showa," which means—quaintly enough!—"Radiant Peace." After his death his reign will be called the Showa period, and he himself will be known, not as Hirohito, but as Showa. Years in Japan are calculated in these periods; 1942 is Showa 15.

Japanese seldom refer to the Emperor by his name. To do so is to commit sacrilege. They seldom, in fact, even mention him, if they can avoid doing so; when they must, they refer simply to the Throne, or say *Tenno-Heika* (His Majesty the Emperor), or *Ten-shi-Sama* (Son of Heaven). After an emperor dies the word "Tenno" (literally, emperor) is added to his name, like Meiji-Tenno. Of course, Japanese continue to venerate and indeed worship the Emperor, as they do all ancestors, after death as well as before.

The term "Mikado" is seldom used in Japan to identify the Emperor, except in classic literature. Literally "Mikado" means "gate" with an honorific prefix; hence "Gate of Heaven," which is analogous to terminology in our experience, like Sublime Porte. Japanese sometimes use "Mikado" as an indirect way of referring to the Emperor impersonally, as some one in London might say "the Court" to indicate George VI. But he is *never* called "the" Mikado, which is purely foreign usage.

Emperors seldom even write their own names; names were not, in fact, used on official proclamations until 1868. Now the Emperor signs some papers, using "Hirohito" in Japanese ideographs, but as a rule a seal is used, not a signature. When a law is promulgated in the official gazette, two characters meaning simply "Honorable Name" are printed to indicate the seal. Once or twice in bestowing decorations to foreigners the Emperor has signed his name in English.

There have been three emperors in the modern period, i.e., since the "Meiji Restoration" in 1868, when Japan reentered the world with such a rush and push as the world has seldom seen before. The Emperor who was "restored," that is, liberated from control by the Shoguns (dictators), was Mutsuhito, known now as Meiji. He was the present Emperor's grandfather, and one of the great men of Asia; he ruled from 1868 to 1912—forty-four tremendous years. His son, Yoshihito or Taisho, the present Emperor's father, was a lesser man. In fact he died unbalanced. It would be worth one's life to mention this openly in Japan.

But the family of Hirohito, the present Emperor, goes back considerably more than these two generations. Indeed, it goes back in uninterrupted succession for 2,602 years, all the way to 660 B.C. when the first Emperor Jimmu¹ founded the dynasty! It goes back even further than that, for Jimmu himself was a fifth-generation descendant of the Sun Goddess, the chief Japanese deity, who was herself a descendant of other deities. The legend is that the Sun Goddess sent Jimmu to Japan to found "her" dynasty of chosen people there; it is, of course, pure mythology, since written records of Japanese history do not exist before the fifth century A.D. But a Japanese historian would lose his job for saying this. The point to make is that the orthodox Japanese like to believe that the mythology, even if it is mythology, is true. For instance the actual *date* (February 11 by our reckoning) of Jimmu's accession is celebrated as one of the great Japanese national holidays. The Japanese are a thorough and methodical people—as we know to our sorrow.

The dynasty has never died out. It has survived more than 2,600 years. One reason is a fertility natural to the Japanese. Another is that adoption is the legal equivalent of actual kinship. Another is that, until recent times, a considerable number of Japanese emperors had

¹ One of Jimmu's female successors, presciently enough, had the nice name "Jingo."

concubines; monogamy was not established till 1889. At any rate there are to-day no less than fifteen different branches of the royal house. Women may not inherit the throne, but there is no danger that the males will give out. The remarkable thing is not so much that the imperial line survived naturally, but that it was never overthrown. During many centuries the emperors were shadows, utterly without temporal power, but no Japanese tyrant, Shogun, or mayor-of-the-palace ever dared to suppress or change the dynasty.

Japanese emperors are not crowned. They simply accede to the succession. There is no crown. At once the new emperor issues his first imperial rescript. That of Hirohito, following traditional phraseology, began as follows:

Having succeeded, through the benign influence of Our Imperial Ancestors, to the Throne of a lineal succession unbroken for ages eternal, and having assumed the power to reign over and govern the Empire, We have now performed the solemnity of the accession to the Throne. It is Our resolve to observe the fundamental rules of the State, to cultivate the inherited virtues, and to maintain intact the glorious tradition set by Our Ancestors.

The equivalent of coronation is the great festival of enthronement (*Go-Tairei*) and the food festival (*Daijo-sai*), held in Kyoto, the old capital, after the accession. These are a combination of secular and religious rites—just as is a coronation in Westminster Abbey—but the religious element is more pronounced. In the eloquent words of Hugh Byas (Enthronement Number, *Japan Advertiser*), “We see him [the Emperor] as a Priest-King entering into mystic communion with the spirit of the race. This mystic and religious element runs like a nerve through the ceremonies and explains their power to awaken the deepest national instincts in the Japanese people. They are a living link between past and present and not merely a picturesque survival.”

First in circumstances of great ceremony the Emperor approaches a small, simple Shinto shrine and “informs the spirits of his ancestors that he has ascended the throne.” Second, appearing in dull orange robes (“the earliest color of the rising sun”), he listens to the official communication from the prime minister announcing the accession. The scene is tremendous; nothing in Europe or even Asia can rival it. “The living world is informed of what previously had been announced to the world of spirits.” Finally, quite alone, the Emperor

celebrates a kind of harvest rite, by giving food to the gods, and communing in a lonely hut with his heavenly kin.

Three paramount symbols of kingship and divinity play their rôle in these rites, the Mirror, the Necklace, and the Sword, which the Sun Goddess "gave" Jimmu as symbols of sovereignty. Of these the mirror is the most sacrosanct, because in it one sees the soul of the sun; even the Emperor is supposed never actually to look at it; in a black box, bound with white silk, it reposes hidden in the shrine at Ise. A replica of the mirror, however, is kept in that room of the Tokyo palace known as the Kashikodokoro, or Place of Awe. According to legend the mirror was the supreme instrument of warfare in the early days; its reflection caught the august and terrible eye of the sun, and thus blinded all adversaries.

The necklace or chaplet, composed of stones—rather like our wampum—is kept in Tokyo. The sword exists only in replica, since the original was "lost" in battle in feudal times. When a new emperor accedes to the throne, his first privilege is to accept custody of the sword-replica, the mirror-replica, and the necklace. All three, the supreme holinesses of Japan, go with him to Kyoto for the enthronement; but the *original* mirror never leaves the shrine at Ise, near Nagoya, which is the most hallowed place in Japan. It was put there—so the mythology goes—by an emperor in the year A.D. 3.

The shrine of Ise, that of the Sun Goddess herself, is visited by the Emperor on great occasions. He goes there ceremoniously to inform the Sun Goddess, to report to her as it were, of imposing events. He went after his father's death; both before and after his trip to Europe; after his marriage, and so on. All cabinet ministers or other high officials must go to Ise, pray there, and *notify* the Sun Goddess of their appointment. This is their first duty. Some years ago a cabinet minister named Mori, visiting the shrine, inadvertently committed the sacrilege of lifting its curtain with his walking stick. He was assassinated, and his murderer exalted as a hero.

I quote once more from the Enthronement Edition of the *Japan Advertiser*:

Not only is the Shrine of Ise a holy spot in the religious sense, but it is the visible symbol of the nation's whole being. The Japanese attitude toward it is one of *makoto*, a word which can not be accurately rendered into English. Patriotism, nationalism, Emperor worship, the attitude toward the throne, are words or phrases used for *makoto*, but

each of them is very inexact. Loyalty, filial piety, the emphasis on the family rather than on the individual, are still other attempts to put *makoto* in English. *Makoto* embraces all of these, but no one of them has the exact connotation to the Japanese consciousness that it has to the American or European. Foreign thought does not comprehend the reverence, loving loyalty, respectful *kinship* of the Japanese toward his Emperor, and therefore toward the nation, and therefore toward himself as a part of the nation.

A few years ago I stood near the entrance of the great Meiji shrine in Tokyo. Few things can be more interesting than to watch Japanese prayer. It was a rainy afternoon, but ladies in kimonos, old gentlemen in frock coats, walked along the shiningly neat grass, up the combed gravel path, and stood there briefly in the rain. It is all done outdoors. The devotee approaches, bows, then sharply claps his hands. This is to summon the spirit of the ancestor with whom he wishes to confer. A few moments then of conversation with the ancestor—in a quick, urgent, audible whisper. Then another bow, copper pennies tossed across the straw mat, a final bow, and departure backward.

When I arrived in Japan I distinguished myself for naïveté by asking what I thought was a simple question: "If the Emperor is himself a god, to whom does *he* pray?"

He prays, of course, to his forbears. But inadvertently I had raised a complex theological point. Is the Emperor himself actually a god? Of course he is divine, but is he "a god"? Authorities vary. By some orthodox Japanese he is considered definitely to be, in his own person, "an actual, living Deity."² Others say merely that he is to the Japanese mind "the supreme Being in the Cosmos of Japan as God is in the universe to a pantheistic philosopher."

Shinto, the national religion, is a difficult concept to define. Recently a government commission spent three years trying to do so, and then gave up. In essence it is simply worship of Japan—the nation itself. It exists in two forms, secular and theological; all Japanese patriots are believers in Shinto, but they may be Buddhists—or even Christians—at the same time. Its distinguishing mark is a combination of ancestor worship and patriotism; all Japanese have a common descent from the Sun Goddess, and they venerate their ancestors; all may derivatively be said to be members of the same great family,

² See W. H. Chamberlin's admirable *Japan Over Asia*, p. 275, the best book

with the Emperor at its head. There are eight *million* gods in the Japanese Pantheon. Every soldier killed in battle is enshrined, revered by his descendants, and becomes, if not an actual god, at least a definite figure in the general religious scheme of things.

In his beautiful and indispensable book, *Japan: A Short Cultural History*, Sir George Sansom says:

At the core of all Shinto ceremonial is the idea of purity, and at the core of all Shinto belief is the idea of fertility. . . . In its earliest days the religion which, much later, came to be known as Shinto, the Way of the Gods, seems to have been a polytheism of a crude and exuberant type. . . . To say that primitive Japanese conceived of all natural objects as harbouring a spirit, or that their religion was an animistic nature worship, is to apply exact terms to things which are too vague and various for simple definition.

The chief point to make about Shinto is its comparatively recent *revival* as a political as well as a religious force. Like the temporal power of the Emperor himself, Shinto was in eclipse until the Meiji Restoration in 1868. Gradually the architects of the Restoration³ discovered the extreme practical use of such religio-patriotic symbolism. The Emperor, as head of the nation, was also head of a vast single *family*, if Shinto doctrine was to be believed; thus—to put it crudely—Shinto could be made to serve an extremely pertinent political aim, namely, the conception of indissoluble unity of the people. Japanese worship of the Emperor has existed since the earliest times, but it is extraordinarily significant that this worship has been latterly much reinforced and reemphasized. For instance, the Emperor Meiji was the first *recent* emperor to pray on his accession at the Ise shrine.

When you ask an intelligent, modern-minded Japanese, a research student in biology for instance, or a political journalist who went abroad to school, if he believes the Emperor of Japan to be divine, he will probably reply—if the door is shut—that he does not. The official story of the Emperor's descent from the Sun Goddess is too preposterous to swallow. But most Japanese, even the minority with highly modern minds, believe it to be a good and valuable thing that the bulk of Japanese *should* believe in imperial sanctity. Thus even the skeptics encourage the mythology. And they serve their purpose best by behaving as if they believed in the mythology too.

Thus we reach a cardinal point. The divinity of the Emperor is a

³ In the next chapter I discuss this seminal event.

political weapon of great potency in the hands of those who rule Japan.

Personal Life of the Emperor

The Emperor lives to-day in the inner, hidden halls of the Kyujo or palace in the center of Tokyo, one of the most formidably picturesque buildings in the world. For centuries it was the fortress and castle of the Shoguns; the imperial family took it over on being restored to temporal power in 1868. With great pictorial impact it symbolizes the complex phenomenon it houses. A broad outer moat (once there were three separate moats), with water of iridescent green, reflecting the gnarled pines alongside, bounds a tremendous granite wall. The bulwark of this irregularly circular wall, some miles in length, is interrupted by forty gates, and by a series of commanding towers. The wall is built of very large square gray bowlders, set against a bank of earth without mortar or plaster, so that it is earthquake proof. Inside the wall are the green lawns, the gardens, the villas, the palace, and the various subsidiary paraphernalia of the imperial establishment. Entrance, except to specially invited guests, is forbidden.

In summer Hirohito and his family go as a rule to Hayama, a watering place near Kamakura, about thirty miles from Tokyo. Here the Emperor swims (he is an excellent swimmer) and otherwise relaxes. Often he collects specimens of marine biology for laboratory work. His beach is, of course, private, but in the adjacent area other male bathers must wear tops to their suits, which is not obligatory elsewhere in Japan. The imperial family has other villas scattered through eastern Japan—perhaps fifty in all. The Emperor seldom visits them.

His routine of work, his official occupations, are determined by ancient custom and are severely circumscribed. Twenty-one times each year there are ceremonies of worship to conduct. Once a year the Emperor attends services at the Yasukuni shrine, where the Japanese military dead are enshrined; once a year he attends the graduation exercises of the military and naval academies; he attends the opening of the Diet and similar ceremonies; he is consulted by the prime minister and the army chieftains. He receives newly accredited foreign ambassadors, and occasionally gives audiences to other distinguished foreigners.

The presentation of letters of credence by a new ambassador is an

extremely formal ceremony. The new ambassador is received quite alone. None of his staff enters. He advances, bows three times, and reads his letter. The Emperor then reads his reply. After this there may be a few moments of conversation. The Emperor speaks through an interpreter, who must keep his eyes on the ground, and who *whispers*. The new ambassador then bows again three times, and departs backward.

When the ex-Vice-President of the United States, Mr. Garner, visited Tokyo en route to the Philippines, he told friends in his jovial way that, when he was received by the Emperor, he was going to take an American dollar watch from his pocket, and say, "Your Majesty, here is *one* thing you folks can't imitate and undersell!" Horrified, the Americans in Japan told Mr. Garner that he must under no circumstances do this, since, if he did, the Emperor's aides in the room would consider that the Emperor had been insulted and would have to commit suicide. In any case Garner gave up the idea—after finding several Japanese watches that *were* imitation Ingersolls selling for thirty cents.

Three times in his reign the Emperor has received foreign journalists.⁴ One, however, Jules Sauerwein, was received not as a newspaper man but merely as a distinguished French visitor; the other two, Ward Price of the *Daily Mail* and Roy W. Howard of the Scripps-Howard newspapers, got some moments of amiable conversation but not much news. American editors used to offer a standing \$100 bonus to any Tokyo correspondent who interviewed the Emperor. None ever did.

Twice a year, however, the Emperor gives a large garden party—a cherry blossom party in April and a chrysanthemum party in November—to which journalists are invited, among the 7,000 other guests. This is at variance with the tradition of other royal courts, where newspaper men are as a rule excluded. The invitation contains no R.S.V.P.: it is a command. Guests assemble in formal afternoon dress, and the Emperor and Empress walk slowly through the garden from the imperial pavilion. Hats may be worn by gentlemen (of course they are doffed as the Emperor passes), but not overcoats, no matter how cold the weather. Until recently the old-style frock coat was *de rigueur*, because it covered more of a person than a cutaway,

⁴ Isaac Marcossen of the *Saturday Evening Post* also saw him, but when he was Crown Prince, not Emperor.

and hence was considered to be more modest. The garden parties have been canceled since 1937, when the China war, or, as the Japanese say, "incident," began.

Occasionally before the war the Emperor would give a dinner party, for instance if a visitor like a British royal prince were in Tokyo. At a big banquet, the Emperor sits alone on a small dais, higher than his guests. If the party is small, his chair is at the normal level. The Emperor knows a little English and French, but he converses in Japanese through an interpreter. Guests at an imperial party, by universal Japanese custom, must take food away with them. In the old days they were supposed to carry away fruit or rice, as symbol of the Emperor's hospitality; now a small box of cake is given each guest. This should be carefully preserved. Food, any food, is precious in Japan; historically it is a hungry country, and the custom derives from this. Ministers and ambassadors, once a year, receive small tea-cups as gifts; you can tell how long any diplomat has been in Tokyo by the number of these cups carefully and conspicuously placed in his dining-room.

The Emperor plays tennis and golf—persistent rumors describe a nine-hole golf course inside the palace wall, but few outsiders have ever seen it—but his chief hobby is marine biology. (His golf score, by the way, is a zealously guarded secret.) Visiting biologists of distinction saw him fairly regularly before the war, though the visits were never officially announced. Several rooms of the palace serve as a laboratory, and the Emperor is happiest when he is working with his microscope, inspecting minute growths and organisms, which he likes to collect himself. Photography is another hobby, as it is of almost all Japanese. He likes to ride occasionally, and his white stallion, *Shirayuki* (White Snow), is well known.

He is up at six as a rule, and retires early. He neither drinks nor smokes. His health is stated to be good, though he was frail as a boy. He is, as everyone knows, shortsighted. One curious item is that he is said never to wear any clothes twice, not even underwear. The used clothing is given to minor officials, provincial administrators and the like, and is a precious gift. When he must leave the palace for some ceremony, he is driven in a maroon limousine, a color reserved for the imperial family; no other maroon automobiles are allowed in Japan. Extreme precautions are taken to guard him. Streets are shut off; every building on the route is rigidly inspected.

The Emperor had several tutors as a child, one of whom, General Nogi, who captured Port Arthur in the Russo-Japanese war, committed suicide with his wife as a mark of devotion when the Emperor Meiji died. Thus when still a child the Emperor was brought in contact with an unpleasant Japanese tradition. A subsequent tutor was Admiral Togo, the greatest Japanese hero of the day. The Emperor, it is recorded, showed marked talent as a schoolboy; one of his early enthusiasms was *Æsop*, and before he was ten he was composing fables in the *Æsop* manner. At eleven he began keeping a diary, and has kept it methodically ever since. When, at thirteen or fourteen, he was asked what person in Japanese history impressed him most, he nominated the Emperor Kameyama, who prayed that his life be sacrificed to spare Japan from the Mongol invasion. Asked for his favorite poem, he quoted one which says: "The light of the sun and moon withholds no favors; they shine equally upon all."

In 1921, when heir apparent, he went abroad—something that no Japanese royal prince had done for 2581 years. When his departure was announced, one hundred Tokyo boys offered to commit *hara-kiri* jointly, if he would give up the trip. He went. Presumably the boys are still alive . . . Most of the existing anecdotes about the Emperor—there are not many—derive from this period of travel. Aboard a warship a pet monkey put a screw in his mouth. No one could make him disgorge it—until Hirohito had the bright idea of giving him a piece of sugar instead. In the London underground Hirohito, who is not allowed to touch money, had no ticket, and replied to the rebuke of the conductor with "exemplary sang-froid." And so on. In Gibraltar the Prince bet on the races. He won. "With rare presence of mind and exquisite tact," wrote a Japanese witness quoted by *Time*, "His Imperial Highness took the bundle of notes, handing it at once to Admiral Oguri so that it might be properly dealt with."

Cautiously—very cautiously—attempts were made in the late 1930's to "humanize" the Emperor. He has never spoken on the radio, and has never been photographed inspecting workers' dwellings or even greeting winners at athletic meets, but gradually—very gradually—he is being presented to the Japanese people as a human as well as a divine being. For instance, statements were recently issued by the Imperial Household, an unprecedented occurrence, mentioning the "arduousness" of His Majesty's inspection of troops, his "assiduous"

work in politics, and describing in "warm, human, and intimate" terms his daily routine and régime.

Gradually, too, it seems that the Emperor—still as a figurehead of course—is being pushed forward into more direct participation in political affairs. In June 1941 he gave a banquet in honor of Wang Ching-wei, Japan's puppet-in-chief in China. In September 1941 it was announced that the Emperor had assumed "direct command" of the army, and that its highest officers, like General Yamada, would be "personally responsible" to him. After Pearl Harbor, in December 1941, the Emperor himself "answered" President Roosevelt's last-minute peace appeal; such a thing had never happened in Japanese history before. Of course the "answer" was prepared by Hirohito's advisers.

Emperor as Poet

Every New Year's Day the poetry bureau of the Imperial Household announces the results of the annual poetry competition, and the winning poems are ceremoniously read aloud. All subjects of the Empire of Japan, without regard to rank or station, may submit a poem of the *tanka* variety, which means that it must consist of thirty-one syllables, on a given subject, every year. The Emperor and members of the imperial family always write poems in association with the competition, though they do not take prizes, being *hors concours*; the Emperor's poem is read first, and then the efforts of the ten prize winners. Normally about 17,000 poems are submitted. But last year 30,000 poems came in, partly, it was thought, because of the number of soldiers in the field, who have the ear of His Majesty through the circumstances of this event, and by no other.

The Emperor's poem in 1936 was:

As I
was visiting
the Shino Point in Kii
clouds were drifting far
over the Sea.

In 1938 he wrote:

Peaceful
is morning in the shrine garden;
World conditions it is hoped

will also be
peaceful.

In 1940 his poem was:

As the New Year begins
we pray
That the East and West
will live and prosper
together.

Richer Than Crœsus?

From one point of view, even though traditionally he never handles money, the Emperor of Japan is beyond doubt the richest individual in the world. This is because he owns Japan. The entire country is his. The statement may seem astounding, but Japanese authorities bear it out. Consider, for instance, the words of a cabinet minister named Uyehara, author of *Political Development of Japan*: "From the Emperor everything emanates; in him everything subsists; there is nothing on the soil of Japan existent independent of him. He is the sole owner of the Empire."

This conception, even though acknowledged by Japanese law, is not strictly adhered to; much of the forest land of Japan is the actual property of the Imperial House, and is exploited as such; but agricultural land—though theoretically belonging to the Emperor—is in practice the property of individual landowners. In the old days the emperors allotted agricultural land to the feudal lords, who in turn let it to peasant occupants. These peasants still hold it. Japan is the country par excellence of small peasant landholders. There are few big farms, few big estates.

The actual civil list is not abnormally high—4,500,000 yen (\$1,350,000) per year. But of course the imperial family has its private investments. When Prince Ito went to Berlin to get Bismarck's advice about the Japanese Constitution, the old Prussian is supposed to have said that the monarch must be independently rich if the monarchy was to work on a constitutional pattern. The exact extent, variety, and amount of imperial investments are not authentically known. But good authorities agree that the House is the third or fourth biggest capital enterprise in the kingdom.

Commonly it is said that the House owns the Imperial Hotel where

most foreign visitors to Tokyo lived until the war. This is denied in Japan, however. It is also assumed that imperial investments are very heavy in such companies as the South Manchuria railway, the great N. Y. K. shipping line, and so on. But no one in Tokyo will say a word. Late in 1938 the Emperor gave the Bank of Japan seventy solid gold articles, to encourage others to do likewise. But his advisers must have cautious minds financially, since it was stated that the gold, after two years, might be "redeemed."

Imperial Family

Hirohito is almost unique among emperors; his marriage was a love match, so far as that is possible in Japanese imperial circles. A love match, moreover, in the teeth of a convention established thirteen centuries ago.

At a reception in Tokyo the youthful Crown Prince met Princess Nagako, eldest daughter of Prince Kuniyoshi Kuni. The young Princess was certainly of excellent blood; her mother, for instance, was a member of the Satsuma clan, one of the two clans that made the Meiji restoration. But—the Princess Nagako was *not* directly a member of the great and distinguished Fujiwara family, which, by tradition 1,300 years old, was the sole family group in Japan from which empresses might be chosen. Nevertheless young Hirohito fell in love with her, and the marriage was arranged. There was very serious opposition among the orthodox; wounded feelings were salved, however, by the fact that the Princess Nagako, though not directly a member of one of five eligible lines of Fujiwaras, did have remote Fujiwara blood, which is indeed shared by most of the aristocracy of Japan.

The Empress is an exceptionally pretty woman. Between her betrothal and marriage she made a good many public appearances; for instance, at such functions as art exhibitions, teas at the Tokyo Woman's Club, and so on. In those days she usually wore native-style kimono; since the enthronement she appears as a rule in western dress. But her public appearances nowadays are very rare. The Empress was born in 1903, and thus is two years younger than His Majesty. She is an accomplished musician, so people say. Following the Russo-Japanese border incident in 1938 she wrote a poem, and presented it with a box of candy to the families of each of the Japanese dead.

Seven children have been born to the throne. The first three, one of

whom died, were daughters. Vast pleasure surged through Japan with the birth of a boy, the Crown Prince Tsugu, on December 23, 1933. Since then another boy, Prince Yoshi, has been born. The eldest daughter, Princess Teru, now thirteen, is a student at the Peeresses' School, a long-legged youngster who is seen occasionally in middy uniform. Recently—enormous concession—she was permitted to take a street car ride alone. (But no one else was allowed in the street car!)

The Crown Prince has his own household. As ancient custom prescribed, he had to leave the palace of the Emperor and Empress at the age of three, and move into his own establishment, which is in the grounds of another Tokyo royal residence, the Omiya "detached" palace. He visits his parents constantly, but does not live with them. He entered the kindergarten of the Peers' School in 1938, aged five.

A very remarkable member of the imperial family is the Empress Dowager Sadako, widow of the Emperor Taisho and mother of Hirohito. It was she, by common consent, who supported her son when he insisted on marrying the lady of his choice; it was she who fought off the great court nobles, like Prince Yamagata, who bitterly opposed the marriage. The Empress Dowager, an accomplished old lady with keen political sense, is still a power, though she is no longer conspicuous publicly. She has received few foreigners since Taisho died.⁵

The Emperor's first brother, H. I. H. Prince Chichibu, is a lively personage fond of sports and travel, rather informal in manner, and very popular with the army. His wife, Princess Setsuko, was daughter of Tsuneo Matsudaira, then Japanese Ambassador to Washington and now Minister of the Imperial Household. Matsudaira is a commoner, though a member of one of the greatest families of Japan; the daughter, before her marriage, was adopted by a titled cousin in order to give her a fitting rank. The Chichibus have no children; it would, of course, have been considered a disaster if the brother had had a son before the Emperor. Prince Chichibu visited Europe in 1937, and was a guest of Adolf Hitler at the Nuremberg party congress—a

⁵ The Empress Dowager was a member of the Kujo line and a proper Fujiwara. By Fujiwara tradition she, like other Kujo princesses, was taken from her parents at the age of seven days, and put in charge for five years of peasant farmers near Tokyo, who treated her exactly as one of their own children. She was carried on the back of the peasant foster-mother, who worked in the rice fields.

significant development. Recently it was announced that he returned from the southern front in China "well-tanned." Others there got a tanning of a different kind.

Two younger brothers of the Emperor, Prince Takamatsu, born in 1905, and Prince Mikasa, born in 1915, have so far been inconspicuous. Prince Takamatsu was married into the family of the last Shoguns in 1930, but like Chichibu he has no children. Prince Mikasa became a sub-lieutenant of cavalry in 1938. The titular chiefs of both army and navy are imperial princes; it was considered a striking innovation when both received their appointments in 1932. They have ranks equivalent to Field Marshals, though their duties are largely nominal. Prince Haruhito Kanin, the chief of the army general staff, was the sixteenth son of old Prince Kunii Fushimi, and is an uncle of the Empress. He was educated in France, and has strong French leanings. The chief of the navy general staff, Prince Hiroyasu Fushimi, born in 1875, comes of a family founded by the ninety-third emperor, and is a distant cousin of the ruler.

The Imperial Household maintains a large secretarial staff; in fact 5,000 employees work in the palace, and eleven pages of the official handbook are necessary to name the chief officials, whereas the Foreign Office fills only ten. One group of functionaries is in charge of the imperial forests, another of the orchestra which plays old court music. There are 121 imperial mausoleums in Japan, all of which have keepers; the tomb of one emperor, incidentally, has never been found. Another odd point is that whereas Hirohito is one hundred twenty-fourth emperor, his father Taisho was officially the one hundred twenty-second. The explanation is that, in 1926, it was decided to include in the imperial line an obscure emperor of the fourteenth century who abdicated after a brief reign.

"L'État, C'est Moi!"

By terms of the Japanese Constitution promulgated in 1889, the Emperor has legal powers far exceeding those of a normal "constitutional" monarch. He has (like most heads of states) supreme command of army and navy and is empowered to declare war and make peace; but also he may "determine the organization and peace standing of the army and navy," he may convoke or prorogue the parliament, he may initiate and veto legislation, and in time of crisis he may suspend the Constitution.

But the point is also severely established in Japan that the Emperor is outside politics. He may not, by the rule of unchallengeable precedent, participate actively in political affairs. When, for instance, the military coup d'état in February, 1936, threatened the existence of the state, many people thought that the Emperor should step in; had he faced the mutineers on his white horse, they might have instantly dispersed. But he did not do so. His advisers presumably prevailed upon him not to do so. Even at such a moment, it was inconceivable that he himself should do something.

Thus a paradox. Japan is ruled, not "by" the Emperor, but in the name of the Emperor. The Emperor is a man, as we have seen; he is a god, as we have seen; he is a symbol, as we have seen; he is an embodiment, a projection, of a conglomerate mass of theories and traditions and influences; but is *not* a ruler—much less a dictator—in the normal sense of the term. He is no Peter the Great, no Stalin, no Cromwell.

As *Fortune* says, the object of political struggle in Japan is "control of the means of access to the Imperial Person." In blunter terms, "Since the year 536 the sole political question of any realistic significance in Japan has been the question, 'Who is using the Emperor now?'" The Constitution would make it easy for any strong and ambitious emperor to become a legal dictator; but it hasn't happened yet. The Emperor is the state; but other people run it in his name.

Who Are "They"?

I had not been in Japan twenty minutes before I heard a strange use of the word "they." "They," I was told, had decided thus-and-so; "they" had determined to fight the war to a finish. "They" had suggested recent changes in policy; "they" had decided that the country should do this and not that. "They" had arranged the appointment of Prince Konoye, head of the Fujiwara family, as prime minister; "they" were reasonably well satisfied with him.

A recent premier, General Hayashi, went to the palace to obtain the seal of His Imperial Majesty on a routine matter. He came back to tell his cabinet that the cabinet, including himself, was out. "They" had been to Hirohito.

Who are "they"?

This is the most difficult question in Japan. Beside it comparatively stiff questions like, for instance, how Fascist Japan is, are simple.

No one knows precisely who "they" are, because "they" themselves do not precisely know. The ruling clique is fluid and elastic; yet its policy retains a constant quality. "They" may be unknown, but what they do is predictable, like a ball rolling slightly from side to side, but returning always to equilibrium. "They" are, in a rough sense, like the College of Cardinals—if Cardinals changed more often.

The Japanese have, of course, an almost fiercely perverse love of indirect government. From 1185 to 1868 the country was ruled by mostly hereditary Shoguns (tyrants or dictators) *behind* the hereditary emperor. This passion for indirection reached excessive and acute forms. Sir George Sansom, for instance, writes of a period in the thirteenth century: "We have thus the astonishing spectacle of a state at the head of which stands a titular emperor whose vestigial functions are usurped by an abdicated emperor, and whose real power is nominally delegated to an hereditary military dictator but actually wielded by an hereditary adviser of that dictator."

As everyone knows, the dominating factor of the "they" of contemporary Japan is the Japanese *army*. This remarkable and indeed unique army I shall consider in Chapter III. But, until the outbreak of war in 1941 at least, it was not correct to assume that the Japanese army (and navy) influenced the Emperor exclusively. The army was—and is—the most important *single* factor by far, but it was not the only factor.

Close to the Emperor, even now, there survives a group of civilian officials and advisers who sought to be a check on unmitigated army domination of policy. They are, in a sense, "referees" between the Throne, the army, and the people. They make what is called a "palace group." Since 1940 they have, it goes without saying, either supported army-plus-navy policy, or have been eclipsed. The liberals among them are lying low. But if Japan should suffer defeat, or choose to make peace, the palace civilians or their successors could become very important again.

The Palace Group

The veteran elder statesman, the last of the Genro (pronounced with a hard "g"), Prince Kimmochi Saionji, came uncontestedly first until his death in 1940, aged 91. This old gentleman—he was born in 1849—became a chamberlain of the pre-restoration emperor at the age of six; in 1868 he fought to oust the Shoguns, wearing green armor

and carrying a crimson banner; he was prime minister three times; he spent ten years in France, and knew and admired Gambetta; he was a profound liberal and democrat, at least by Japanese definition; he was ambassador to several European countries, and signed the Versailles treaty; five times he escaped assassination.

The span of Saionji's long career was peculiarly remarkable in that, as Hugh Byas said before his death, "it telescopes the feudal age and the twentieth century in one lifetime." One of Saionji's earliest public acts was to advocate the training of troops with guns instead of bows and arrows!

Once a well-known foreign journalist arrived in Tokyo and asked if he might see three persons: the Emperor, the Emperor of Manchukuo, and Prince Saionji. The foreign office spokesman listened politely, and said that of the three the hardest to see would be Saionji.

The Genro was the original council of elder statesmen who helped make the Restoration and who thereafter became an unofficial advisory council to the Emperor. The group was not mentioned in the Constitution, and had no legal status; it was a sort of super-shadow cabinet, with the privilege of recommending the choice of prime minister. As members died, successors were *not* appointed. The army wanted the Genro to die out. In the original Genro were the great chieftains and Japan-makers Prince Ito, Prince Inouye, Prince Yamagata, Prince Matsukata. Saionji was the last man to be taken in, and was the only survivor when he died.

In recent years Prince Saionji was too old to take active part in politics, though he was sound in health until the end. He lived in a simple cottage in Okitsu, a fisherman's village, and seldom visited Tokyo. But until quite recently he was consulted on important matters—for instance he approved the first appointment of Prince Konoye, his protégé, as prime minister—and his prestige remained enormous. Like many Japanese statesmen of the last generation, he knew French perfectly and got most of his political ideas from France. Once he said, "Nothing is worth learning unless it can be learned in Paris." Prince Saionji is gone. Japan will not see his like again.

Another Elder Statesman, not quite so historic a figure as Prince Saionji, but who has had almost as much influence, is Count Nobuki Makino, born in 1861 of noble blood (his father was leader of the Satsuma clan), who as Imperial Household Minister for some years gained a very close knowledge of the workings of the palace, and

where his influence was profound. Makino and Saionji in effect "ruled" Japan during the illness of the Emperor Taisho and the first period of Hirohito's regency.

Makino is a liberal. The army hates him. There have been several attempts on his life, and like Saionji, he barely escaped assassination in the army Putsch of 1936. Until he joined the Household—he has also been Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal—Makino was a civil servant, provincial governor, and diplomat. He would have been a member of the Genro, if "they" had decided that the Genro should survive. When Saionji had anything to say as he grew older and older, he said it "through" Makino.

I have mentioned the addiction of Japanese to the process of adoption. Both Saionji and Makino were *adopted* into the great families which they head. According to Freda Utley (*Japan's Feet of Clay*, p. 265) Saionji belongs to an illustrious group, the Kuge line, which was traditionally pledged to celibacy, and always adopted its heirs. Count Makino was likewise adopted; his brother is Count Okubo, head of one of the greatest Japanese banks, the Yokohama Specie Bank.

Tsuneo Matsudaira, at present the Imperial Household Minister, and the father-in-law of Prince Chichibu, is another key man, and he holds a key position. He has been ambassador both to Washington and London. He is tall, stoutish, and rather Chinese in appearance. A son of one of the old Shogunate families (the wives of Shoguns were taken from five special families, exactly like the empresses, but the families were different), he chose as a youth to remain a commoner, and he is a commoner still. Matsudaira was born in Tokyo in 1877, and went to the Tokyo Imperial University. His career as a diplomat was distinguished. He has always called himself a liberal, and is supposed to be the chief "liberal" influence at the palace.

Count Kurahei Yuasa, born in 1874, a recent Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal, was supposed to be closer to the Emperor than any man in Japan. No one knows him well. No one knows with great certainty what he stands for. Yuasa was born a commoner, went to the Imperial University in Tokyo, and entered the civil service. For a long time he served in the home office, and he was president of the Metropolitan Police Board in Tokyo at the time of the 1923 earthquake. In 1924 came an attempt to assassinate the Emperor; Yuasa, though of course he had no personal responsibility, had to resign his post. He

was later succeeded as Lord Privy Seal by one of the most important men in Japan, Prince Kido, a close friend of former premier Konoye. Kido's chief duty is to be day-to-day political adviser to the Emperor.

Finally, there is Baron Kiichiro Hiranuma, the former prime minister and president of the Privy Council, who represents a somewhat different point of view. Baron Hiranuma, the son of a knight, born in 1867, a law student, judge, minister of justice, and president of the supreme court, is an extreme nationalist, about whom I shall write more later. For some years he was head of the Kokuhon-Sha, one of the most powerful chauvinist organizations in the country. Baron Hiranuma is the reactionary among the intimate palace advisers, and is a close friend of the army group. Openly he has been called a Fascist.

Imperial Headquarters

In January, 1938, when the Chinese refused to sue for peace even though Nanking had fallen, the Emperor summoned the first Imperial Conference that had been held in Japan since 1914, and the fifth in all Japanese history. At this conference decision was taken to "withdraw" recognition from Chiang Kai-shek, presumably because he was not gentleman enough to call off the China war.

At about the same time an institution known as "Imperial Headquarters" was set up as a permanent advisory council to the Emperor during this period of crisis. The last time such an "Imperial Headquarters" existed was during the Russo-Japanese war early in the century. It may be said to be the ultimate crystallization of the "they" who rule Japan. Every really important decision nowadays comes from this small group.

Obviously the key military and naval authorities are included in "Imperial Headquarters," and doubtless the most important civilian ministers and court officials. The point is significant that no one, even now, knows specifically who all the members are. But what they do is what is important. And we know what they do—too well.

Chapter II

First Course in Japanese

THE word "Japan," like so many things Japanese, comes from China. Literally the Chinese ideographs (日本) for Japan mean "sun-origin"; the Chinese pronounce the word as Jihpen, the Japanese as Nihon, from which comes Nippon. The Japanese add a suffix (*kuo* meaning "country" or "land") and call Japan the "land of rising sun." This name is obviously of great emotional significance. But the Japanese have other names too for their puzzling country. One is Yamato, which is the aboriginal name, predating Chinese influence. Some names are exceedingly flowery; for instance Toyo-ashi-wara-no-chi-aki-no-naga-i-ho-aki-no-mizu-hono-kuni, which means "Land of Luxuriant Reed Plains, Land of Fresh Rice Ears, of a Thousand Autumns, of Long Five Hundred Autumns."¹ The rising sun, in this connection, seems to connote autumnal shortening of the days.

What is Japan? The answer exists in several spheres. Japan is an archipelago of 4,072 volcanic islands, extraordinarily susceptible to seismic disturbances; for instance no fewer than 600 earthquake shocks—all minor of course—were recorded in the single month of December, 1938. Japan is a country containing 72,000,000 crowded people; the birthrate, 31.63, is the highest in the world, and the population increases by 1,000,000 every year. Japan is an empire with considerable continental territory in Korea, Manchukuo, Mongolia, and China, a territory which it is attempting to augment elsewhere. Japan is a contemporary political force of great magnitude, a force which derives strength from an ideal of divine, imperial destiny. Japan is a country waging desperate warfare against the United States and the United Nations. And Japan is many more things.

We must attempt to concentrate something of Japanese historical background in a paragraph or two. Nothing authentic is known about Japan before roughly the 3rd century A.D., when the name first appears in Chinese records. The Japanese did not come out of barbarism till perhaps the fifth century. Some Japanese aborigines,

¹ See *Things Japanese*, by Basil Hall Chamberlain, a remarkable book first issued half a century ago, and still very up-to-date.

the Hairy Ainu, still exist in remote outer islands—tribute to Japanese adhesiveness. Their origin is disputed by scholars, but the early Japanese appear to have been largely of Mongol stock, with strong Pacific and Malayan admixtures. The first Japanese were a combination of Asiatic mainland and oceanic peoples; the country's policy to this day reflects this double push; Japan is possessed by a double atavism, desire to expand on the Asiatic continent, and to expand in the Pacific—as witness the events of early 1942.

In the sixth century A.D. came the Chinese. Invasion by China was basically a cultural phenomenon, not military. (Meanwhile, the Japanese on their side had already shown a certain tendency to militant expansionism; the Empress Jingo attacked Korea in 200 A.D.) The Chinese transformed the life of Japan. They brought the first enticing whisper to Japan of what we call civilization. They brought, first of all, a written language, an alphabet—which the Japanese still use. They brought religion to Japan in the form of Buddhism, which still survives strongly; most Japanese today are Buddhists, though they may be devotees of Shinto too. China gave to Japan—I quote from an impressive list drawn up by Dr. Lin Yutang—the following:

Pottery	Painting
Silk	Lacquer
Printing and Writing	Copper coins
Paper windows	Lanterns
Firecrackers	Confucianism
Tang poetry	Tea drinking
Flowers and rock gardens	Several national holidays

The tremendous debt in culture and religion, in art and handicrafts, in language and philosophy, which Japan indisputably owes to China, is almost certainly a dominant psychological reason for the discord between the two countries today. The Japanese resent violently their obligation to the Chinese. They are jealous of superior Chinese culture. They despise China partly because their debt is so big. Their wars against China are the expression of a subconscious desire to prove to the Chinese that, despite the fact that they owe them so much, they are better men.

Until the 16th century Japanese history is a confused and gloomy business—as, for that matter, is much European history of the same period. The record is largely an account of the growth of great feudal

families and the implacable quarrels between them. Civil war was tempestuous and continuous. The emperor became a puppet, with merely nominal authority, and from 1185 A.D. power resided with the Shoguns (literally "generals"), who ruled on a *hereditary* basis. Their power was that of the sword, plus the wealth they drew out of the land. Under the Shogun were various competing feudal lords, known as the "Daimyo"; their retainers, knights—the men who did the actual fighting—were called "Samurai" (literally "one who serves"). A complicated chivalric code developed, known as "Bushido" (the way of the warrior), which held the Samurai to certain rules, and emphasized such virtues as obedience, conformity, loyalty. The Samurai could at sight cut off the heads of peasants or commoners who showed them disrespect. The ingrained tradition in Japan that privileged individuals may inflict punishment on offenders, with virtual impunity, has its consequences in modern Japanese history, as we shall see.

In 1542 came the first impingement of the west, when some Portuguese ships were wrecked in Japanese waters, and westerners began to come in, especially traders and missionaries. Firearms and Christianity came to Japan in the same year. St. Francis Xavier, a Spanish missionary, started to proselytize. Some Japanese turned Christian, but others resented invasion by a western faith, and bitter religious rivalry led to bloodshed. The Japanese ruling lords noted with apprehension the tide of conquest that followed religious impenetration; they watched the Philippines succumb to Spain. Then missionaries of various Christian orders began in Japan to quarrel among themselves. The Japanese decided suddenly that the world of the west was a nuisance. They decided to get rid of it bag and barrel. So in 1637 came the amazing series of edicts that ejected all foreigners from Japan,² and hermetically sealed it from any hint of intercourse with the western world for 216 years. No Japanese was permitted to leave the country; no foreigner was allowed to enter it; the penalty for building a ship that might reach a neighboring shore was death.

But in 1853 came an American naval officer, Commodore Perry, knocking on the sealed door. His original mission was to ask better treatment of American sailors shipwrecked on Japanese islands; behind it was desire for trade. Perry's orders forbade him to use force,

² Except an infinitesimal colony of Dutch—protestant—traders marooned on an island near Nagasaki.

but the tottering Shogun of the day capitulated. The British presently followed the United States in demanding entry for its citizens. In 1863 an allied fleet bombed Japanese coastal towns—ostensibly because some pioneer westerners had been murdered—and Japan was compelled to open itself up. So, somewhat annoyed, the country rejoined the world, and entered the sphere of international politics. Soon Japan learned to attack the west with its own imperialist medicine.

Ruling Japan at the time was the debilitated Tokugawa Shogunate. It had been in power since 1598. It was corrupt and decadent. The blast of air forced into Japan from the west blew it apart. It collapsed, because obviously it was in no position to meet its new historical responsibilities. Two great families or clans, the Satsumas and Choshus, which had long been rivals of the Tokugawas, combined to establish a new order. They needed a symbol, a figurehead, and they chose a convenient one—the neglected and almost forgotten emperor. They abolished the Shogunate, and resurrected the emperor as the supreme embodiment of power. Luckily, a new emperor had just acceded to the throne, and he was a boy, Mutsuhito; in 1868 he was reinstated to authority and signed a Charter Oath. This event—Mutsuhito became known as Meiji—was the great “Meiji Restoration,” a cardinal event in world history.

Now the Japanese leaped forward with almost inconceivable rapidity, efficiency, and success. The west had forced open their secret doors; the Japanese set out—in revenge?—to beat the west. A case might be made out for Japan as a Pandora’s box. Before the Restoration, the country was a medieval wilderness; ten years after, it was fast becoming a modern state. “Never in all history,” says H. G. Wells, “did a nation make such a stride as Japan then did. . . . She completely dispelled the persuasion that Asia was in some irrevocable way hopelessly behind Europe. She made all European progress seem sluggish and tentative by comparison.” Japan skipped centuries of trial and error by Europe; she jumped full-dressed, full-grown, from feudal times to the modern mechanism of industrial civilization.

This unprecedented overgrowth, this climbing leap from national childhood to maturity without the intervening experience of adolescence, is the root cause of most of Japan’s difficulties to-day. The shock of psychological adjustment to sudden maturity with no preparatory pangs and ardors of puberty has been profoundly disturbing. Japan has never been sweet sixteen.

Japanese and Chinese

I have said that Japan took a great deal from China; but it would be an error to assume that nowadays the Japanese and Chinese much resemble one another. We are apt to think that the two peoples are intimately alike; in reality a Chinese differs from a Japanese at least as much as an Englishman differs from a Russian. Chinese and Japanese dislike each other, and are conscious of their differentiation; intermarriage between Chinese and Japanese is extremely rare, almost as rare as intermarriage between a white American and a negro.

Both Chinese and Japanese are Asiatics; both have yellowish skins, Mongol origins, great regard for the family system, a sense of frugality, and veneration for their ancestors. They share some aspects of the same religions, and the Japanese use Chinese word-symbols. A Japanese can often read simple Chinese, but a Chinese cannot as a rule read Japanese. Both Chinese and Japanese like to take their children to the theater and spend the day there; both eat large amounts of rice with chopsticks (but the chopsticks are shaped differently); both like the company of their own kind; but at these points the resemblance begins to taper off.

Most Japanese are short and squat; some Chinese are six feet tall or bigger. Many Japanese have thick pouting lips (the legend is that Japanese mothers, to economize on food, suckle their children so long that their teeth are malformed) and thick ankles and short legs caused by years of squatting on straw mats, without furniture; most Chinese lack these stigmata. Japanese suck in breath sharply when they talk to superiors and foreigners, a kind of hiss, which is intended to demonstrate respect; Chinese do not.

The Japanese love to drink, and get drunk easily, especially on beer; many Chinese love to drink, but they have good heads and stomachs. Japanese wear "digitated" socks, in order to give space for a strap next to the big toe; Chinese do not. The Japanese love color in clothes; Chinese clothes are more likely to be drab. The Japanese are very good at sports, like baseball and tennis; but most Chinese think that exercise is nonsense. Chinese often westernize their names; Japanese never do. Chinese use pidgin English; Japanese don't. The Japanese buy goods 90 percent made in Japan; Chinese buy goods 90 percent made outside China. The Japanese love Chinese food; Chinese are horrified at Japanese food, though it is beautiful to look

at. The Japanese do not mean much when they smile; the Chinese smile because they are friendly folk, who enjoy laughter. I was told on arrival in Japan never to smile at a Japanese sentry or soldier; the friendly gesture will be misconstrued as a sneer. But you can buy almost any Chinese sentry with a smile.

The Japanese are more stubborn than the Chinese, and less logical. The Chinese are infinitely less efficient than the Japanese, and more disillusioned. In China your visiting card is more important than your passport; in Japan your passport is considerably more important than your visiting card. The Japanese possess those virtues which a cynic might consider rather dull: industriousness and an exaggerated tendency to hygiene, for instance. The Chinese on the other hand have all the charming vices. They love to flirt, to waste time in amiable conversation, to meditate, to gamble. The Japanese almost never smoke opium. But they make money selling it to the Chinese. The Japanese are men in armor, carrying a machine gun; the Chinese are—or used to be—men in undershirts, wondering when it is going to rain. If you ask a Japanese to choose between spending the rest of his life on an island with either a Chinese or an Englishman, he will pick the Chinese, who would presumably become his slave; the Chinese, confronted with a similar choice, would almost certainly pick the Englishman, who he assumes might be educated to become his equal. The Japanese are fanatics. The Chinese are almost indescribably reasonable.

It would be hard to tell whether the Japanese despise the Chinese more than the Chinese despise the Japanese. The Japanese call the Chinese contemptuously the “half-dead” men. I have heard a Japanese dismiss the entire 450,000,000 people of China with a disgusted wave of his hand on the ground that all have venereal disease! The Chinese do not waste time in argument. They simply describe the Japanese as “dwarf thieves,” or sometimes “monkey thieves.” In her official communications, the Chinese Empress Dowager (circa 1900) called the Japanese the “Island Monkey People.” This is in line with the old legend (apocryphal) with which Chinese regale themselves as to the origin of the Japanese people. It is that the Emperor Shih Huang Ti in the third century B.C., the greatest emperor in Chinese history, sent a shipload of beautiful youths and maidens to Japan to find an elixir of youth, since Japan, the source of the sun, might reasonably

provide it. But the shipload never came back. The youths and maidens intermarried with monkeys to found the Japanese race.

A Chinese proverb says, "A rat which gnaws at a tiger's tail invites destruction." The rat is of course Japan.

Things Japanese quotes a remarkable letter from a young Japanese expressing his attitude to China:

Here is an old man whose body is very large; he is about four thousand years of age and China is his name. His autobiography tells me that he was born in early times in Eastern Asia. He was a simple baby smiling with amiable face, and as a young man he progressed hopefully. When he was full grown he accomplished many bright acts; he married a sweet lady who conceived the beautiful children of the arts and sciences. But by and by he became old, lame, blind, and decrepit. I must feel sorry for the sad fate of an old teacher and neighbor of mine.

This sentiment is to some extent echoed by a recent statement by Yosuke Matsuoka, until recently the Japanese foreign minister:

China and Japan are two brothers who have inherited a great mansion called East Asia . . . The ne'er-dowell elder brother turned into a dope fiend and a rogue, but the younger—lean, rugged, ambitious—dreams of bringing back past glories to the old House. The younger brother, Japan, sold newspapers on the streets to support the family. The elder brother flimflammed the younger out of his meager savings, sold him out to a common enemy. So the younger brother, in a towering rage, is beating up the elder, trying to beat him into some sense of shame.

When, according to Sansom, the Japanese in A.D. 607 sent their first envoy to the Chinese court, the opening phrase of the letter of credential was "The Emperor of the Sunrise country writes to the Emperor of the Sunset country." Which the Japanese think to be an exceedingly prescient remark to have been made 1,375 years ago.

Traits and Characteristics

The Japanese are a prickly and difficult people. Japanese character is full of paradox. One can mention any number of startling juxtapositions. Generalizations about national character are always risky, but one may at least attempt to outline a few distinctive Japanese traits.

I have mentioned several of the positive qualities of the Japanese, and there are many others. Take patriotism, for instance. Japanese patriotism is to a certain extent a function of Shinto, which teaches that the country is a single family, a unit. Take Japanese efficiency and industry, which are enormous. One need only point out the manner in which Tokyo and Yokohama were rebuilt after the great earthquake. Japanese sense of detail includes the smallest items: for instance soldiers in China are given printed postcards to send home, which say simply: "I am well. The war is splendid. I will be home soon." The soldier needs merely to write the address and sign his name. Again, the Japanese have an almost unique sense of national discipline, an inheritance from the Samurai tradition, which emphasized conformity and solidarity; to a great extent they are creatures of convention. Most of them never dream of disobeying rules; no police are ever necessary to keep Japanese in line. Hugh Byas tells a wonderful little story of the death of a former Empress, who died suddenly in a country villa. But the rule was that all Empresses should die in Tokyo. So her body, fully and imperially dressed, was inserted dutifully in a special railway carriage and moved to the Tokyo palace. Then the corpse was put to bed and the death was announced in the proper manner.

The Japanese cannot endure demonstrations of lack of discipline. A whole essay on Japan might be written from the fact that in Tokyo the film "Mutiny on the Bounty" was called "Heroes of the South Seas"—and was only shown after drastic cuts.

Another essay might be written on Japanese inventiveness and ingenuity, which are considerable. The Japanese are not only good mimics, as is notorious; they have a very direct and original practicality. For instance, they solved the street cleaning problem in Mukden—where the rikshas are drawn by horses—by the simple expedient of putting a small pail under the tail of every horse in town. To watch the pails dancing down the street is an entrancing experience.

Many Japanese lack grace; many lack poise, charm, tolerance, and a sense of humor—all of which are notable Chinese characteristics. But it is impossible to deny the Japanese stoicism and courage. The episode of the three "human bombs" is familiar: three Japanese privates blew themselves up deliberately in order to make a passage through Chinese barbed wire. I have seen Japanese troops entrain

for the front, while at the same station a second train was unloading a cargo of little white boxes—the ashes of soldiers killed. Women saying good-by to their husbands and sons betrayed small apprehension or emotion. No one wept.

Sansom has written: "In the history of Japanese thought little part is played by the personal sense of sin, which in western man has engineered puritanical complexes and driven him to extremes of restless enquiry and despair. The Japanese have cared little for abstract ideas of Good and Evil, but they have always been concerned with problems of behavior, as questions of a man's duty not so much to himself as to the society of which he is a member."

The question of Japanese puritanism is indeed complex. The visitor to Tokyo may be impressed by the night club sign, WINE WOMEN SONG AND WHATNOT; but he will also be impressed by the fact that dancing is not permitted in hotels frequented by foreigners, that beerhalls close at midnight, that no alcohol is allowed in dance halls, that gambling—even shaking dice for drinks—is forbidden. There is a law, the "anti-necking" law, which makes it obligatory to light up the inside of taxis and closed automobiles after 9 P.M. Japanese puritanism seems insane and monstrous. Yet Japanese brothels are the most extensive in the world; thousands upon thousands of young girls—even children—are sold into prostitution by their parents every year; and the kind of professional hostess known as the Geisha is a distinctive feature of Japanese life. There is little odium attached to prostitution in Japan. If she is lucky, a prostitute may eventually save enough money for a dowry, in which case she will return to her village and marry. Japanese prostitutes, like workers in a Russian factory, have their "culture corner," and take lessons in ethics once a week. Alcohol, gambling, and music are forbidden in Japanese brothels; they may detract from the efficiency of the performance. Prostitution is simply a business—a serious business—from which the government derives revenue.

An American photographer in Tokyo, searching for material for a documentary film, confessed to a friend that he could get nothing to photograph of the lighter side of Japanese life. He asked what on earth he could use as picture material to illustrate, for instance, what the Japanese did on Saturday nights at home. The Japanese friend replied, "I should advise you to consult our vital statistics."

Another Japanese paradox has to do with the national trait of

sensitiveness. The Japanese are incredibly touchy, which may be partly a result of diet; they eat too much iodine in the shape of raw fish, and their thyroids are overdeveloped. Yet, with all their sensitiveness, they continually enact policies that open them to rebuff. Like adolescents, they fear and resent snubs, while at the same time they make snubs inevitable by their course of action.

Still another paradox is the matter of discipline. It is extreme, especially in the army; but the Japanese army is unique in that a youthful colonel may sometimes overrule his superiors. Again there is the Japanese instinct to fellowship, which, even in these times, is very considerable. Japan was a feudal kingdom until 1868 and it is now a military oligarchy; yet all Japanese consider themselves equal—a most challenging and important point—and more than one statesman has risen to eminence from extremely humble origins.

The Japanese have a great sense of team play. When workmen dig up a road, they wield their picks in unison, as if they were practicing calisthenics. The story is that no one in the world is so unintelligent as a single Japanese, and no one so bright as two. They love to pool effort. This instinct for team play, which derives from the basic desire to conform, is one reason why the Japanese—despite their bad eyesight—are such good aviators in formation flying, though as individual pilots they may lack initiative.

Almost all educated Japanese wear eyeglasses, and the assumption is justified that the fantastically difficult language is more responsible for their bad eyesight than any basic optical defect. Children wear out their eyes trying to learn to read. A child should learn about 1,500 different characters by the time he is ten or twelve; he must know about 2,500 to read a newspaper intelligently. These characters are Chinese, but the *language* is different.³ To simplify interpretation of the Chinese characters, the Japanese have invented two phonetic alphabets, called *kana*, which—rather like an elaborate system of punctuation—are printed parallel to the Chinese text and which sometimes replace it entirely. The combination makes Japanese by all odds the most formidable tongue in the world. I have asked a young attaché of the Tokyo foreign office, who went to Oxford, to translate some street signs in a Japanese village; he could not do so—he could

³ Analogy: "pain" and *pain* (bread) look alike in English and French, but they are pronounced differently and they mean entirely different things. So it is with Chinese and Japanese.

not read his own language—because the explanatory *kana* were omitted.

Japanese interest in education is intense and thorough; Japan has a record in education that no Oriental country can remotely match. Very nearly every Japanese child goes to school. In theory at least education is free and compulsory. We are proud of our record in the Philippines, where we lifted literacy to perhaps 60 percent, but Japanese literacy—even if some street signs are puzzling—is probably 90 percent or over. Compare this with India, where literacy is only about 15 percent, or with China where it is 10 percent or less.

One curious Japanese characteristic is lack of tact. For instance an American officer, who had been badly wounded in the attack on the *Panay*, visited Japan subsequently, and called on some Japanese naval men. They insisted on inspecting his wounds—which they themselves had inflicted on him! Another American, seriously shaken up on the *Panay*, avoided Japanese company for a long time afterwards. His Japanese friends then persuaded him to come to dinner on the understanding that the whole *Panay* episode be buried and forgotten. But the Geisha girls invited for the occasion said nothing to the American all evening except “*Panay! Panay!* So sorry! So sorry!”

Japanese literal-mindedness is considerable. An American correspondent was traveling through Manchuria. He happened to say to a Japanese companion, the editor of an English-language newspaper in Dairen, “I hope it will be a nice day. Fair and warmer.” And he knocked on wood. The Japanese asked him to explain the significance of knocking on wood. The next day the weather report of the newspaper read *Fair and Warmer Knock on Wood*.

And Japanese lack of humor is, as everyone knows, famous. When Archibald MacLeish, the librarian of Congress, spoke at a luncheon in Tokyo, he mentioned the difficulty of gathering material for *Fortune's* Japanese number. He said it reminded him of the New Yorker visiting Vermont, who said, “There are so many rocks here. Where did they come from? Do you grow rocks in Vermont?” The Vermont farmer replied, “The rocks were brought here by the great glacier.” The New Yorker said, “What became of the glacier?” The Vermonter said, “It went back to get more rocks.” The Americans in the audience howled with laughter. But none of the Japanese got the point.

One famous story describes the American newspaper correspondent

who wrote to a friend, "I don't know if this letter will ever arrive, because the Japanese censor may open it." A week later he received a note from the Tokyo post office saying, "The statement in your letter is not correct. We do not open letters."

Closely associated with literal-mindedness, with lack of humor and imagination, is the extraordinary Japanese habit of disingenuousness—the combination of naïveté and self-deception which calls a war an "incident," which makes the Japanese say that they wage war only because they are "friends of the Chinese people." Examples may be culled from any Japanese newspaper. A recent one from the *Japan Times*: "What is termed guerrilla warfare by Chiang Kai-shek amounts to disturbing Japan's efforts to maintain peace in China." The Japanese call their daylight saving time, now established in North China, "friendship time." As one friend put it in Tokyo, "The Japanese are forever committing acts of peace."

Here is an example from no less a personage than the former Japanese prime minister, Baron Hiranuma. Prepare to blink:

The peaceful policy of Japan has been evident in all the major problems that have beset our country. The Sino-Japanese war, the Russo-Japanese war, and the recent conflicts in Manchuria furnish examples of the desire of our nation to maintain peace (*sic!*) and stability in the Far East.

But—it is important to remember—such statements are not so much examples of hypocrisy or duplicity as of a peculiar and intense tendency to self-delusion.

The Japanese have—like some other people—an innate tendency to bloodthirstiness. An American official is witness for an occasion when Japanese sailors, half-insane with nervousness, opened fire on a group of Chinese playing with—firecrackers. Recently in a Tokyo newspaper I saw an account of a 22-year-old murderer who had run amok and killed twenty-eight people. The story almost gloated over the accomplishments of this mass murderer; he was portrayed as a hero, if a monstrosity. In a recent *Japan Times* I saw an editorial note to the effect that 300,000 Chinese troops were surrounded. "It is the intention of the Japanese forces," the story said, "to kill all the trapped Chinese." With my own eyes I have seen irritated Japanese soldiers—men in uniform, presumably disciplined—slap Chinese women, kick

old men, and slam coolies on the head with bamboo poles. When the Japanese took Nanking, forty *thousand* Chinese—many of them civilians—were executed, and several thousand women raped.

Another Japanese trait is suspiciousness. The country is ridden with spies, and with spy mania. You cannot, in Tokyo to-day, buy a map of Japan or a plan of Tokyo; recently the police visited the art shops to confiscate some 18th century prints because they portrayed Nagasaki harbor! A few years ago the National City Bank of New York narrowly escaped serious trouble, because, in order to assemble some perfectly innocent publicity material, it took photographs from an Osaka roof. Spies—most of them highly polite—investigate travelers on all the trains; detectives—who become very friendly and useful as guides—are stationed throughout Manchukuo and Korea. Hardly a week passes without some new bizarre case of “espionage.” Recently a Danish citizen was arrested. He had some suspicious photographs. They turned out to be X-rays of a broken rib!

Japan seals itself against infection from the great world outside. Short wave radios, capable of getting Philippine or Chinese stations, are rigorously forbidden.⁴ The Japanese police go in for what they call “thought control,” and thousands of men and women have been arrested for possessing—not firearms or illicit political literature—but “dangerous thoughts.” The Japanese instinct to secrecy, to suspicion, clearly derives from the long period when intercourse with foreigners was forbidden. It also has direct roots in a contemporary political situation, in that the essence of the Japanese naval program is secret building.

Finally one may mention another Japanese trait, which might be called patriotic masochism. It is a trait—among several others—which Japan shares with Germany. The Japanese seem actually to enjoy suffering, if suffering is for the sake of Emperor and country. The Japanese pull in their belts, and say—almost literally—“Thank God! We are hungry to-day! We suffer gladly for the motherland!”

What a lot Commodore Perry did uncork that gray morning in Yokohama Bay 89 years ago!

⁴ But no *law* forbids them. The Japanese have considerable capacity for indirection. The constitution guarantees certain civil liberties; but the police have wide discriminatory powers under the “Peace Preservation Law.” A regulation was enacted licensing radios. And licenses are simply not given for sets capable of getting distant stations.

Hara-Kiri

The other day I read the following news note in the *China Weekly Review*:

A Japanese soldier, wearing his uniform, fell from a truckload of soldiers, which was passing along Kiangwan Road [Shanghai]. A foreign resident passing along the street was amazed to see the Japanese soldier sit up, reach in his pocket, and proceed to cut his jugular vein. The foreigner hurried up but was too late to prevent the man from killing himself.

This is an excellent contemporary example of *hara-kiri*, or ceremonial suicide. The soldier killed himself in shame at having fallen off the truck. It is not, however, a classic example, because correctly the person committing suicide should slice open his abdomen, not his throat. *Hara-kiri* dates back at least five hundred years. Its origin was partly the feeling that death by suicide was preferable to death by torture, in case of capture by the enemy, and partly the Samurai code which taught that suicide was the better alternative to any kind of dishonor or disgrace. Nowadays *hara-kiri* is becoming less fashionable, though it has been a tradition of the Japanese army that any officer taken prisoner must kill himself.

The Japanese do not as a rule call *hara-kiri* by this name; they say "seppuku," which is a transliteration of the same characters, but in Chinese form. It is of some psychological interest that most Japanese prefer a Chinese rendering of the name for this national ceremonial. It is also of interest to point out that a deeply rooted characteristic like *hara-kiri* may, conceivably, express itself some day in national as well as individual terms. I do not mean that the Japanese think that they are necessarily committing suicide in China. But in 1938 I heard several Japanese say that, rather than suffer defeat by China, they would deliberately attack a stronger foe—Russia or the United States for example—and perish in a really first class conflagration.

Japanese Factory

Until the war the most interesting question in Japan was this. How did Japan manage to undersell so cardinally its great industrial competitors; how did she manage to sell silk, toys, electric light bulbs, cameras, cotton goods and rayon, ceramics, canned food, and so on,

in foreign markets, at prices cheaper than foreign countries could produce such goods themselves? How was it possible for Japan to sell a fountain pen in New York City for ten cents?

The Japanese, like the British—another island people—live in normal times by importing raw materials, manufacturing finished products, and selling these products abroad. Let us take a pre-1942 example. Japan buys raw cotton somewhere in India, and pays its transportation to an Indian port, Bombay. From Bombay Japan pays freight on this raw cotton to the mills of Nagoya or Yokohama. Japan processes the cotton into shirts, ships the shirts all the way back to India, pays a stiff discriminatory duty in Bombay again on Japanese imports, and then proceeds to sell the shirts in India two or three cents cheaper than Indian shirts made in India. Not merely cheaper than Lancashire shirts or Egyptian shirts. But cheaper than *Indian* shirts.

How can Japanese manage this? One reason is, of course, low Japanese wages. But that is not the whole story: because Indian wages are even lower than Japanese. The answer is more complex. One reason—for a time at least—was the depreciation of the Japanese yen, which made her exports cheaper abroad; now, however, this is working the other way to damage Japanese economy, since the cheap yen makes it more expensive for Japan to import foreign raw materials. Another reason is efficiency. The country has practically a new industrial plant, spick, span, and shiny; the Japanese use every modern technological device, and one girl, working on the new Toyada looms, can do the work of twenty Indians. Another reason is a centralized purchasing agency for raw materials, plus a subsidized merchant marine. Still another is honesty in industrial organization; there is no corruption in a Japanese factory, no graft, no "jobber" or middle man to pay off. Finally, most important of all, there is the national solidarity of most Japanese, which makes efficient work not merely an exercise in getting wages, but in patriotism. The country is extraordinarily homogeneous (rather like pre-war France) racially, socially, economically. Most Japanese consider themselves cogs in a single giant machine.

Abstractions such as these come to life in a Japanese factory, and a Japanese factory is one of the most extraordinary phenomena on earth.

We visited a silk finishing plant near Tokyo. Most new factories in Japan are suburban. There is an attempt to get out of the cities,

and build industries on green lawns; the plant we saw, with manorial walls inclosing trees and shrubbery, looked like an English country house. It was a "model" factory of course; that was why we were permitted to visit it. Other industrial undertakings are not so elegant. (But most of them, it goes without saying, are neat. I have never seen anything to rival Japanese tidiness and passion for sweeping. On every road, the very twigs are collected and packed neatly into bundles.) There are what might be called "depressed" areas in Japanese cities, but few real slums. Japan, by industrializing herself overnight, escaped the worst evils of the industrial system. Nothing in Japan is comparable to the unspeakable slums of Shanghai or Bombay.

We are inside the factory. 900 girls are employed, 100 men. This means that it is a big factory; most of Japan's 95,000 factories employ only a handful of workers. The girls catch our eye at once. They stand in rows of thirty before the softly oscillating looms. They wear black smocks, a sort of uniform; they are not permitted to sit down. At the end of each tier of looms is either a large birdcage, filled with parrots, or an aquarium splashing with goldfish—apparently to give color and the illusion of outdoors. But the analogy that these animals are also captives comes instantly to mind.

The girls work ten hours a day, from 6 A.M. to 5 P.M. for a daily wage of 85 sen, about 24¢. There is half an hour for lunch, and two rest periods of fifteen minutes each—which are devoted to compulsory gymnastics! The girls get every other Sunday off, but only rarely are they permitted to leave the compound to visit Tokyo. At 5 P.M., free until lights-out at 9, they may don their bright kimonos and flash colorfully through the great gardens, but they may not go outside the walls. The food is simple but apparently ample: the girls looked healthy. They sleep in dormitories, on shelves, six or eight to a room. Everything is spotlessly clean. Culture lessons are provided before bedtime—lectures from the supervisor on flower arrangement, the tea ceremony, ethics, and the like.

The girls are employed on a uniquely Japanese system. The great majority come from country villages; a contractor hires them from their parents, usually for a year, and their wages go in part to pay the parents' debt. The girls cannot leave the factory until the contract has expired; usually it is extended to cover several years. In the factory I visited the girls, beginning at 16, worked till they were twenty or twenty-one, by which time they might save perhaps 300

yen or \$81.00.⁵ Then they were free in theory to return to their villages, and to use their capital as dowry. Most of them marry, and promptly set about producing children to repeat the process.

The system has its overtones of horror. Yet one should point out that, as a result of the continual labor turnover, there is no permanent industrial proletariat among women in Japan. The girls rotate to and from the villages. One gasps at the evils of temporary slavery; yet, as H. Vere Redman points out, "to deprive a young woman of her free will in the matter of selling her labour is obviously an outrage only in a community where the enjoyment of free will is relatively general." We are shocked and horrified at the system. But so will a youthful Japanese be horrified when he learns that, in America or Europe, he or she may grow up willing to work and be unable to find a job. Unemployment in the west seems to him as intolerable as the Japanese system seems to us. There is virtually no unemployment in Japan.

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Japanese industrial wages are low, but so are managerial and other salaries, as well as prices. In Chapter V we shall inspect the great Japanese financial houses, and the princely share of Japanese national income they absorb; underneath these great structures, the bulk of the Japanese people lead frugal and meager lives. The 1938-39 income tax returns show that only seventy people in Japan got more than \$500,000 annually. Today they get less. The average industrial wage for a skilled worker is about 80 sen (21.6¢) per day. According to W. H. Chamberlin, only ten per cent of the people earn more than 100 yen (\$27.00) per month; according to *Fortune*, only two and one-half per cent of the Japanese population earn more than \$3,000 per year.

The Japanese prime minister gets 9,600 yen (\$2,592) per year; other ministers get 6,800 yen. A university professor gets from 175 to 280 yen per month; a local bank manager may get 200. A young man, fresh from college and starting work in an industrial enterprise, is lucky if his first wages are 60 yen per month; a civil servant may get even less. A policeman gets from 45 to 80 yen a month. A good

⁵ Exchange rate as of April 1, 1939, when the yen in New York was worth 27¢.

cook is happy with 10 yen (\$2.70!) a month, and a gardener gets about the same.

But prices, too, are very low—though warfare has lifted them. A pleasant five room house may be rented for 30-60 yen a month, and food for a family of four is calculated to cost only about 75 sen (20¢) per day. Carfare is 7 sen (2¢); lunch in a restaurant is 20 sen; a first class movie is 50 sen (13½¢). One yen (27¢) will buy twenty apples or twenty-five eggs; a haircut, shampoo, shave, and manicure will total 50 sen (13½¢) together. You can buy a pair of wooden clogs for 15 sen, and a mechanical pencil for 30 (8¢). A good pair of leather shoes will cost 12 yen, a suit of clothes containing 40% wool from 20 to 40 yen. Kimonos run from 10 yen up.

A youthful Japanese journalist went to his employer recently. He wanted to get married. The negotiations provided a curious insight into Japanese domestic finance. In order to marry, the young man needed a total of 450 yen (\$121.50) divided as follows: betrothal gifts, 100 yen; remuneration for go-between, photographs, and ring, 160 yen; dinner party for bride, 70 yen; honeymoon expenses, 60 yen; furniture 60 yen. But the bride was giving him a dowry of 50 yen (\$13.50) which cut his needs to a net 400. But the young man's capital was only 20 yen (\$5.40) and his salary only 80 yen a month. So his employer collected a staff fund of 30 yen, gave him a wedding present of 50 yen, and lent him the remainder necessary—300 yen—on the understanding that it would be paid back, out of salary, ten yen a month.

Japan, like the old France, possesses in theory an economy almost perfectly balanced between industry and agriculture. The country is 55 per cent industrial and 45 per cent agricultural. But agriculture in Japan presents serious and pressing problems. Japan is densely populated, but only 15.6 per cent of the land is arable; there is only $\frac{1}{2}$ acre of arable land per head of population, the lowest ratio of any country in the world. Most of the land is held by small tenant farmers, who till every square millimeter of cultivable soil. There are very few big estates. The staple crop is rice, and it has been said that the history of Japan is the history of its rice production. Almost one-third of the rice crop, incidentally, goes to produce *sake*, which is rice wine.

Agrarian Japan suffered severely as industrialization proceeded

apace. Of Japan's 95,000 factories, not less than 30,000 have been built since 1919. The farmer pays high taxes to subsidize industry; the islands are being transformed into a prodigious factory, and the farmers suffer in consequence. Another difficulty is that, worried by the possibility of food shortage, the Japanese have sought to plant more and more rice, at the expense of other crops; as a result the price of rice sagged catastrophically, all but ruining the rice farmers. Rice culture is no longer profitable.

Japan has, however, achieved virtual self-sufficiency in food. If rice fails, the Japanese may dip into the sea, eat more raw fish. It will not be easy to blockade Japan, starve Japan out.

Snapshot of Tokyo

One's first impression is apt to be of the spaciousness, modernity, and dignity of Tokyo, in contrast to the noisy squalor of most Oriental cities—broad boulevards, blunt skyscrapers, neon lights (now dimmed by war economy), a subway, glittering shopwindows. Then one may have luncheon with a Japanese friend and turn back ten centuries. Tokyo seems very western; you see Japanese playing baseball in corner lots! Then you hear a Japanese lady describe the dagger her father gave her as a wedding gift, so that she may kill herself if she should dishonor her husband.

One discovers soon that Tokyo, for all its modernity, is the hardest of the great eastern capitals to get around in. This is largely because a recent Home Minister, in an excess of nationalist spirit, abolished foreign language street signs. In most eastern cities, signs on streets and in railway stations are in English or French; in Japan, they are in Japanese. (Later, when tourists became hopelessly confused, some English signs were permitted to reappear in railway stations.) The authorities frowned even on such picturesque semi-English expressions among Japanese as "Papa-San," which children used for father.⁶ Foreign amusements, too, came to be discouraged. A recent dispatch from Amagasaki announced the formation of a committee "for the extermination of dance halls and western dancing."

Tokyo feels severely—in fact critically—the strain of war. Streets are crowded; shops are full and animated, and one feels a curious kind of artificial excitement produced by the stimulus of war economy.

⁶ "San" is an honorific in Japanese, meaning something between "honorable" and "mister"; it is added to both names and things.

Shortages are becoming more and more acute. Underneath this is a stubborn drabness, a sense that the war is going to last a long time, and that it will cause gigantic sacrifices. Tokyo has an undercoating of bleakness, but not of defeatism. Recently a government department, in coöperation with the "East Asia Costume Designing Committee," announced plans for a compulsory semi-uniform of gray to be worn by all male civilians. The Japanese cannot like this, because they love color. But they submit to it dutifully, because wartime contingencies must override any other sentiment.

The drain of war is tremendous in the entire field of civilian necessities and consumers goods. There is no steel or copper available for private building; no leather or cotton for boxing gloves or baseballs; very little foreign exchange for books or magazines. One gallon of gasoline per day is the ration for private automobiles, and all matches (!) have been shortened .029 inches, which saves \$300,000 a year in timber. The government controls absolutely the distribution of such products as coal, pine, lead, zinc, tin, and nickel. Ersatz materials are being developed as fast as the scientists can invent them; whalehide is being used for leather, and 15,000 Tokyo policemen, it was announced recently, would henceforth be equipped with "substitute footgear." Twenty-two rubber articles are forbidden manufacture, except for military use, including shoes, gloves, garden hose, rubber bands, sporting goods, and (*sic*) chewing gum. No cotton—a serious blow to Japanese—may be used in domestic textiles, which are now made of staple fiber or wood pulp.

Yet it would be grossly inaccurate to assume that Japan is in any danger of internal trouble or collapse. One may ask how long the Japanese ruling classes can depress the standard of living of their people without causing surreptitious resentment to become overt revolution, but the question stated so baldly is almost meaningless; one must take into account the peculiar qualities of the Japanese people, their sense of national solidarity and discipline, the way they are doped by "patriotism." The average Japanese may not have liked the China war. But he felt that he had to finish the job, once it was under way; the mouthful he has bitten off is tremendous, but he must swallow it, else it will poison him. Then came the victories of 1941-2, which of course helped internal morale. Finally, the Japanese has no effective free will; he must do as his rulers say, or go to jail.

Japanese financial statistics—those that are available—are appall-

ing. The China war alone, up to 1942, cost at least seven billion dollars, which is more than six times the cost of the Russo-Japanese war; at present the war is costing not less than 500,000,000 yen a month, or roughly \$4,500,000 per day. This seems a gigantic sum, but after all the national income of Japan is calculated at twenty billion yen per year, which means that the nation can go on spending 500,000,000 per month for a considerable time. The budgeted cost of war, April 1940 to April 1941, was 4,645,000,000 yen, of which all but 400,000,000 yen was raised by loans; this expense was in addition to the *normal* budget of 6,863,000,000 yen, the deficit of which was estimated at over 2,200,000,000 yen. The budget for 1941-42 was the highest in history, with total expenditure estimated at over eleven billion yen, with a six billion yen deficit. The army and navy expect to spend 7,628,000,000 yen this year. No wonder Japanese bonds are written in red ink.

The national debt of Japan rose from roughly six billion yen in 1931, before the Manchurian adventure, to roughly 10,500,000,000 yen in 1937, at the beginning of the China war. Now it is somewhere above 27 billion yen; in other words it has increased 450 percent in ten years. These too are appalling figures. Yet we know from the experience of Germany what complex financial juggleries may be performed by totalitarian states; we know from our own experience that a huge rise in national debt may mean little. The most ominous figures about Japan relate to its export trade, which by 1939 had shriveled twenty percent. Domestic debt means comparatively little, but a fall in exports is a highly serious matter, because, with its gold supply drastically depleted, Japan can pay for essential raw materials and implements of war only by selling goods abroad. Since war with the United States and Great Britain in 1941, Japanese exports have, of course, virtually disappeared.

And now we turn to the fighting services, which manage to expend such a fantastically great amount of cash and credit.

Chapter III

Army Bearing Pamphlets

To die for the sake of the Emperor is to live forever.
—JAPANESE ARMY PAMPHLET

LIKE many institutions in Japan the army is unique, differing from all other armies in a number of important particulars. For one thing, it bears an extremely special relation to the Emperor; for another, it represents a curious combination of feudal tradition and modern technique; for another it plays a political rôle unapproached by any other military force; again, it has extraordinarily strong *social* impulses and ambitions. Then there is the religious factor. When a soldier goes to battle, he tells his comrades, "I will meet you at the Yasukuni shrine"—the place in Tokyo where, if he is killed, his ashes are deified.

A correspondent of the Paris *Excelsior* was recently permitted to ask nine Japanese soldiers why they were fighting in China. (How the correspondent managed to do this is beyond me; to ask direct questions of the Japanese military is like trying to pry open a tin can with cardboard.) The answers:

1. It is the Emperor's wish.
2. The Chinese have broken a treaty with us.
3. My regiment was ordered here.
4. Japan is overpopulated.
5. No idea.
6. Because the Chinese attacked us.
7. The Emperor ordered us to fight.
8. The honor of Japan is at stake.
9. We wish to restore order in China.

(Quoted in Stephen King Hall's News Letter, February 23, 1938.)

In the feudal era, until 1868, Japanese soldiers were peasant retainers of the Daimyo, the lords of the land; each great Daimyo had his own fighting force. The "officers" were an outgrowth of the Samurai class, and in 1868, be it remembered, there were no less than

300,000 Samurai families in Japan. Then in 1872 the army was nationalized and compulsory military service introduced—only 70 years ago!—and the clan armies were absorbed into a national force. The new conscripts cut across the old clan affiliations, and gradually the Samurai were displaced by a new generation of professional officers. But the Samurai spirit remained strong. Result: the Japanese army is a double growth. It is rather like a medieval sword manufactured by a modern assembly line.

Japan has been a military state for at least a thousand years; in most countries the army is the servant of the state, in theory at least; in Japan, in practice if not in theory, the army is, and always has been, the state itself. But roughly from 1922 to 1931, from the Washington Treaty to the Mukden incident, government by civilians on a liberal basis—that best of all importations from the west—did attempt successfully to compete against military influence. Those were golden years. Civilian ministers, though they did not displace military authority entirely, bossed the show. Japan seemed bent on a course of peace. Then came 1931 and the invasion of Manchuria; the army has controlled Japanese policy ever since.

Nowadays the rank and file of the Japanese army—like that of all conscript armies—necessarily reflects the rank and file of population. The bulk of recruits comes from the farms and from small villages, representing the chief reservoirs of population. One hundred and fifty thousand boys of twenty go into the army each year, and they serve two years. The army is considered a school for the man power of the nation; as in the Red Army in the Soviet Union—the Japanese would be shocked at the comparison—service is considered part of education. In fact, the army itself says that "Seishin Kyoiku," spiritual education, is the motive of army training. Two years in the army give the Japanese the rough equivalent of our B.A. or Ph.B.

At twenty, every male in Japan is given a severe physical examination. The system is comprehensive and ruthless; no one is favored, no one escapes. The 150,000 men called up each year are chosen by lot from the group found to be "absolutely fit." This giant game of chance is likewise sternly administered. Every town, every district in the country has its quota; farmers from the rice fields, clerks from the towns, sons of diplomats or hereditary princes, all submit equally to choice. There are no distinctions of class, party, or privilege. Only health and the law of lot determine who will serve.

As to officers, they no longer—a highly important point—represent a special caste. There is no “officer class” in Japan; the great majority of Japanese officers come from humble families, who rise by merit. Samurai spirit may still be evident—with its positive as well as evil accretions—but Samurai blood no longer dominates the army. Hardly ten percent of Japanese officers to-day are of noble or Samurai origin. The army is a people's army, representing the mass of the nation; the officers are people's officers. This is a very important point to keep in mind in connection with the present war. Japanese officers, in general, do not remotely resemble the chic young men who adorn armies in some other countries. Many of them don't shave more than once a week. Nor are Japanese officers well-paid. A full general gets 6,600 yen per year, or \$1,782.

Officers are selected by an interesting process. There are three categories of entrants for the training schools which comprise the Japanese West Point. First, any boy of 14, having completed his compulsory primary education, may enter the junior academy at once. This academy is free, so that poor boys may enter; selection is based on competitive examination. Second, a group of “candidates at large” may similarly enter the academy at 16 to 18, having finished secondary school. Third, conscripted privates may enter the academy until they are 22, provided they pass a stiff examination. This opportunity offered to rank-and-file privates to become officers is unique among modern armies. Before *any* officer is commissioned, he must spend eight months in the ranks.

Promotion of officers depends on merit more than on seniority, and may be very rapid; there are Japanese colonels of unbelievable youth, and a man may be a general at 46 or 47. One interesting point is that few officers reach the rank of lieutenant-general without previous service abroad as a military attaché.

The army is a law unto itself—as more than one unlucky politician has discovered. There are two reasons for this. First, the minister of war (of the navy also) has the inestimably important privilege of immediate and direct access to the Emperor, a right not shared by the civilian ministers. This privilege is not included in the Japanese constitution, but it is sanctioned by custom deriving from the fact that the Emperor, personally, is head of army and navy. The army and navy chiefs of staff have similar direct access to the imperial

person. And, of course, the oath of the Japanese officer is not to the government, but to the Emperor alone.

Second, the minister of war (and navy) is by ironclad rule an officer on the *active* list—another uniquely Japanese phenomenon. Since most Japanese officers are ambitious to reach the top, and since they know the top is necessarily a political post, they develop political interests and ambitions early. The minister of war has immense power, since he can short-circuit civilian ministers by his right of direct access to the Emperor. No politician can form a cabinet without a war minister. The army can overthrow any cabinet by withdrawing the war minister, and can prevent another ministry being formed by refusing to nominate a new one. Finally, a novel item, no *new* war minister may be appointed without the advice and consent of his predecessor, which enforces strict continuity in policy.

Other points are that the Japanese army and navy have never lost a war—and therefore assume to themselves immunity from criticism—and that the army at least quite frankly conceives of itself in terms of its mission, its divine and imperial mission, which is to conquer East Asia. The Japanese army has what might be called a “Yellow Man’s burden” to control the East.

Now we turn to the social and economic policy of the Japanese fighting force, which demands a section to itself.

The Army Pamphlets

Japan’s army not only fights but writes. It shoots guns at the Chinese and Malayans, and ideas at its own people. It utilizes not only tanks and fighting aircraft, but the linotype machine and ink.

Beginning in 1934 the press department of the imperial war ministry began to issue a series of remarkable pamphlets, distributed free or at nominal cost, which flooded the nation. These have appeared intermittently ever since. At first the pamphlets were domestic propaganda setting forth the aims of the fighting forces, and showing the need for bigger military budgets; they developed into what amounts to official army statements on a great variety of matters. The first pamphlet discussed Japanese expansionism; a recent one vigorously attacks the United States. Titles of some pamphlets:

National Defense in Asia

The U.S.S.R. Viewed from the Point of View of National Defense
British and French Activity in Yunnan

Modern National Defense and Economic Warfare
The Disturbed Political State of Europe
Conditions in the South Sea Islands
Progressive Japan and Heavy Pressure of Foreign Powers
National Defense in the Air
Third Anniversary of the Mukden Incident.

So far as I know, complete translations of these pamphlets do not exist in English. But Domei, the official Japanese news agency, makes summaries of some which are printed in the Tokyo press from time to time. Also I have had the privilege of seeing private translations of several.

The most interesting thing about the pamphlets is their appeal for a new type of economic order in Japan. The Japanese army believes very definitely in social planning, as has been proved by the example of Manchukuo. The pamphleteers have sacked the world for material, and have borrowed ideas all the way from Plato to Stuart Chase. The terminology is often bewilderingly reminiscent of the Moscow *Pravda*—though communism in Japan is a crime—and it borrows heavily from the totalitarian doctrine of the Fascist states. The prevailing spirit is of vigorous dislike of communism and capitalism both. The pamphleteers attack orthodox capitalism very severely. What they want seems to be a type of state capitalism with some socialist admixtures.

It may shock and offend good liberals who believe that the Japanese are purely Fascist "reactionaries," devoted to "saving" capitalism, to read quotations from the pamphlets like the following:

Japan is now at the crossroads of her destiny. It is impossible to get sufficient armaments from the present system. The attempt would bring about national bankruptcy and dissolve the unity of the nation. We must set up a new economic system . . .

Again:

Uneven distribution of wealth has led to poverty and unemployment for many people . . . Egotism, individualism, and materialism—these are the evils of modern capitalist society. The time has come when we must liquidate the modern civilization based on individualism . . .

Who wrote that? Comrade Stalin? No. Again:

So long as economic profits, and especially unearned incomes, are

enjoyed by one section of the nation alone, the majority of the people will be left in the utmost misery and distress . . . The situation is such that prompt measures must be taken . . . to readjust fundamentally our policies on finance and economics . . . It is necessary to set our house in order by complete social and economic stabilization.

This paragraph and others like it produced serious alarm in 1934 in Tokyo financial circles. There was a sharp break on the stock exchange, and the big industrialists feared an army coup d'état to put the reforms into effect at once. Several newspapers dared to criticize the pamphlet with some asperity, and the minister of war had to allay alarm by discounting its implications.

In a pamphlet which formally proposes the establishment of a totalitarian state:

The principles of freedom which previously pervaded the entire world are dying out. The world war was caused by conflicts in imperialism which were the ultimate growth of this period of free enterprise . . . A clash now seems inevitable between free enterprise and government control, between individualism and collectivism.

(Totalitarianism, incidentally, is a complex word in Japanese. It is *Zentai shugi-teki-kokka*, literally total-state-structure-ism.)

The pamphlets are full of that wonderful Japanese capacity for self-delusion I have already noted. The writers dip the blade in honey. An example:

It is absolutely necessary for Japan to have a powerful navy sufficient to defeat any state which will attempt to frustrate Japan's noble effort of making the Far East a paradise of peace (*sic!*) and prosperity.

One pamphlet mentions the "pitiable bigotry" of Chiang Kai-shek, who refuses to understand Japan's "true intentions." There is much talk of Japan's "holy task" of achieving "world peace," and of rejuvenating China in the interests of "peace." Also:

If the Japanese nation should lose its zeal for consummation of its three great policies, coöperation between Japan and China, development of Manchukuo as an independent state, and building up of military strength, she will be unable to maintain [now guess what] peace in the Far East.

And, as usual, we have the messianic note, on an ominously cosmic basis:

The rational distribution of territory, national resources, and population—this should be the keynote of international peace. The establishment of world peace is Japan's aim. *No country in the world has so high a mission as Japan to save the world.*

Why should the Japanese army have adopted such semi-Fascist, semi-socialist, and definitely anti-capitalist ideas? There are several reasons.

First, the Japanese army reflects to a certain extent the tradition of Samurai days, when the merchant or trader was a despised underling. It views orthodox capitalism as a comparatively new growth, not indigenous to Japan. And the army hates and fears communism, which, an interesting point, it believes to have been caused by capitalist abuses. Japan blames capitalism for communism, and hence attacks them both.

Second, the majority of Japanese soldiers and officers were poor farm boys. The peasants think they have been sacrificed to the business men of the towns, and army personnel reflects this attitude.

Third, the officers dislike the "international" aspects of Japanese finance capital. They know that the great financial houses, which make money on shipping, on insurance, on banking and trade, preferred peace to war—at least until 1941—and therefore tended to oppose steep military budgets, and to support the civilians in the ministries.

Fourth, the army thinks that the industrialists, who believe in profits, are not as efficient as they might be in supplying the needs of a great war machine. Obviously the capitalists make money. The radical officers think that munitions will be more economically produced and Japan will hence be stronger—if profits are turned back to the state.

In any case it is a remarkable phenomenon that the army, which is usually the repository of conservatism in a nation, should have grasped so eagerly at such "radical" ideas. On the other hand, one should point out that the army, no matter how anti-capitalist it is, has not yet attacked the fundamental principles of capitalism, namely the right to own land, to own production, and to make profit out of labor.

The leftist tendencies of the army naturally produced a bitter sub-

surface conflict with the great Japanese financial houses, Mitsui and Mitsubishi. This we shall discuss in a later chapter. Radicalism in the army also contributed to one of the most extraordinary mutinies in history, the abortive coup d'etat of February 1936. This too we shall deal with soon.

General Itagaki and the Kwantung Clique

The most important officer in the Japanese army from the hierarchical point of view is of course the Minister of War, General Eiki Tojo, who is also prime minister. In the next chapter I hope to describe him briefly. General Tojo works in Tokyo these days, not in the field. Let us meantime say a word or two about some of the ranking Japanese generals on active service, like Lieutenant-General Seishiro Itagaki.

Itagaki, a former war minister and commander-in-chief in Manchukuo, was probably the most important military personage in Japan in the years 1937-41. This derived more from the position he held as boss of the Kwantung army than from his personality. The Japanese army has no single hero or leader. Itagaki was replaced after a time by General Umedzu; his successor did not differ from him much, and policy remains continuous. A group of officers rotate in power; there is no Japanese Moltke or Kitchener, not even a Japanese Schlieffen. Instead there are half a dozen sub-Moltkes, sub-Schlieffens, who work together, each contributing his own specialty to the ensemble. In Japan leadership is usually a composite phenomenon.

Like all armies the Japanese army has cliques. The most important of them comprises the staff officers of the Kwantung army, which is the army of occupation in Manchukuo. These Kwantung officers are the "Young Turks" of the Japanese military establishment. They are a corps d'élite. Kwantung¹ is the name of the tip of the Liaotung peninsula, a part of Manchukuo, which Japan has garrisoned for 37 years, since the conclusion of the Russo-Japanese war in 1905. Thus the Kwantung officers became the spearhead of Japanese penetration into Manchuria and China. The Kwantung army is not an autonomous

¹ To be carefully distinguished from Kwangtung—note the semi-invisible "g"—which is the southern Chinese province of which Canton is the capital. The characters for Kwantung mean "east of the pass." Kwangtung is a geographical expression; a literal translation would be "Extensive border of the ancient Chinese feudal kingdom."

force; regular Japanese divisions comprise it, just as regular English divisions serve in India, but it has a very special tradition and cohesive quality. Kwantung officers stick together. Since 1931 it has not been merely the Japanese army that has ruled Japan, but the Kwantung clique inside the Japanese army that has ruled Japan. It is not merely the army as a whole which is dominant, but the officers of this very special *Kwantung* army. In 1939 Japan had only five full generals. Three were Kwantung men.

In essence this is because General Itagaki and his Kwantung group were the authors of the Mukden incident of 1931, which led to the invasion of Manchuria and thus opened the modern phase of Japanese history. Manchuria, now called Manchukuo, has been their baby ever since. They invented Manchukuo. They created it. The officers were only colonels then. They were the force behind the general staff. Itagaki was the leader. Among his companions were Colonel Doihara and Colonel Ishihara, who have had great careers since, as we shall see. The Kwantung army, another point, is the repository of much of the radicalism of the Japanese fighting forces. It is the young Kwantung officers who are behind the pamphlets, who are most notable for radical ideas.

It is said that the commander-in-chief of the Kwantung army considers himself responsible not to the imperial general staff or to the minister of war, but only to the Emperor himself. This is because he is not only commander-in-chief, but ex-officio Japanese Ambassador to Manchukuo; in other words he is supreme boss of the puppet-state which is Japan's first colonial preserve. Whether or not the Kwantung commander actually has such a close connection to the Emperor, it is certainly true that his army behaves as if he did. The Kwantung army works like a separate organism, a separate and supreme military entity.

General Itagaki is popular. He is what the Japanese like in a soldier: a man who talks little, who does his job, a simple man of the people. He is an officer of broad policy, well rounded and grounded, not quite so specialized as Ishihara, who is a Russian expert, or Doihara, who is a "China man." Itagaki has been called the most intelligent soldier in Japan. His greatest accomplishment is, it goes without saying, the creation of Manchukuo; he was also the inventor of the Autonomous East Hopei Regime, which cost the Chinese millions upon millions in customs revenue; this we shall discuss in Chapter

VII. Itagaki has a fairly strong Leftist slant. In September 1938, he stated, "The Japanese government must undertake planning and control. It must turn from light industries to heavy, from capitalism to the control principle." He is the man behind the Kwantung's army's planning board, which has transformed Manchukuo into a kind of totalitarian experimental station.

General Itagaki was born in 1885 of a poor peasant family in the north of Japan. He was commissioned in 1904, and became a general in 1932, at the age of 47. It is a remarkable fact that, when he became minister of war in 1938, Itagaki was not even listed in the Japanese *Who's Who*, which contains 25,000 names. A man may rise overnight from almost complete obscurity, as far as the general public is concerned, to overwhelming power.

Itagaki's successor as commander-in-chief of the Kwantung army and imperial Japanese ambassador to Manchukuo is Lieutenant General Yoshijiro Umedzu, one of the ablest military men in the country. Like Itagaki, his name was not included in *Who's Who* until he received the Kwantung command. Umedzu is known as the "businessman" officer, and he is supposed to be somewhat cool to the theories of the young left-wingers. He was several times vice minister of war, and he negotiated the Ho-Umedzu agreement, of which more later. Like top-flight civil servants, Umedzu is a man of shadow, who never permits himself to be conspicuous, but who dominates the permanent organization of his department. He has been called "the strongest man in the army," and it was he who was given the thankless job of cleaning up after the 1936 mutiny. He is an exceptionally cautious man. People quote the proverb that "he will knock stone on a stone bridge" before crossing it, to see that it is safe.

One more officer who helped dominate Kwantung—and other—affairs from 1931 on and who may have a striking career in the present conflict is Major General Kanji Ishihara, formerly vice chief of staff of the Kwantung army, then head of the military operations board of the general staff, and later commander of Maizuru fortress (which is across the sea from Soviet territory). Ishihara was born in Yamagataken in 1889, and became a general at 47. He is said to be a very religious man, and is almost worshiped by the younger officers; an Ishihara "cult" exists. Ishihara is the author of the Japanese war plan against the Soviet Union. He believes that Japan's primary military orientation should be northward and he disapproved strongly of

the extension of the China conflict beyond North China. He thought—for a time at least—that it was unsafe to go further. He had a great deal to do with Japanese penetration of Inner Mongolia, which aims to cut China off from the U.S.S.R.

Another Kwantung officer of great importance is General Kuriaki Koiso, born in 1880. He was chief of the bureau of military affairs at the time of the Mukden incident, and he worked closely with Itagaki. For a time he was chief of staff of the Kwantung army, and then became commander-in-chief in Korea. Koiso, like Itagaki, is strongly "social-minded," and is part author of the economic experiments in Manchukuo. Aside from being a Kwantung man, Koiso is a member of another group, that known as the "Twelfth Year Class." Officers in the same academy class tend to stick together—as at West Point—and Koiso had some remarkable classmates: General Araki, former war minister, General Sugiyama, another war minister, and General Hata, a former commander-in-chief in central China.

Then there is General Jiro Minami, an older man, now on the retired list; he has been commander-in-chief of the Kwantung army, governor-general of Korea, and minister of war. A squat, solid officer with a bullet head, General Minami came from a remote village in Kyushu; he was a poor boy, who tramped to Tokyo when he was 14, vowing that some day he would be a general. Once during the march he fainted from hunger, but he had taken the precaution to tie a placard on his neck, giving the name of a Tokyo friend who might help him. A strong-willed man, the Japanese say that he likes *sake* (rice wine) and laughter. The American publicist James A. B. Scherer, in his *Japan Defies the World*, compared Minami to Hitler and Mussolini, saying that he was the hidden but actual dictator of Japan, the real ruler of the country. When Minami saw the book, his friends say that he was stupefied.

The Legendary Doihara

Outside Japan the best known Japanese soldier is Lieutenant-General Kenji Doihara, known as the "Lawrence of Manchuria," who for years controlled Japan's military secret service, and whose exploits in undercover Chinese negotiation made him almost a mythical character. Doihara was born, a poor boy, in Okayama in 1883. He stood first in his class at the military academy, and became a specialist in Chinese, which he learned to speak expertly. He is sociable, a

pleasant chunky man with confident manners and a liking for negotiation. He became a general at 49.

Doihara's special job has been mainly to make trouble, then to smooth it over to Japanese advantage. He is a "fixer." His technique is to go into a disordered area, where the political situation is fluid, meet important people there, get their confidence, and arrange a settlement. He has a gift for getting to the right people, and making them like him. He has a practical mind, and enjoys practical solutions to difficult problems. He has very strong "Pan-Asia" feelings—provided that Japan creates Pan-Asia and remains its boss.

Doihara spent some years in China, learning several Chinese dialects, becoming friendly with Chinese politicians. An early job was support of the Anfu group of Chinese leaders who, with Japan's connivance, ruled Peking and at outrageous prices sold concessions to Japanese. When the Anfu clique broke up, Doihara smuggled the leader to safety—in a laundry basket. Doihara flirted with warlords and purchased generals. Just before the Mukden incident (1931) he went to Japan to report to the war office; the day after, he became mayor of Mukden. A few months later, he appeared in Harbin as chief of the special Japanese military mission there. Promptly rival Chinese began to "fight," and Doihara found it "necessary" to occupy Harbin with troops—Japanese troops. A little later, almost the same thing happened in Chinchow, near the Great Wall, after riots had conveniently "started" in Tientsin.

These riots, which occurred immediately after Doihara arrived in November 1931, were important. Because of them, Mr. Henry Pu-yi, the former Emperor of China, who had been living quietly in the Japanese concession, was "forced" to flee. Doihara and Henry Pu-yi were good friends, since it had been Doihara who, seven years before, had smuggled him out of Peking when his life was threatened. Doihara and Henry Pu-yi "disappeared" from Tientsin the same night; they showed up again, having been spirited away on a Japanese launch, at a seaside resort near Dairen, on Japanese territory. There Doihara held the young emperor until it was time to make him puppet ruler of Manchukuo.

Occasionally Doihara has been outwitted. Once he sought to wean a northern general, Shang Chen, from allegiance to Chiang Kai-shek. But the general refused to be seduced; he failed to keep an important rendezvous with Doihara, on the grounds of illness. The ill-

ness, he said, was "stove-poisoning"; he had sat too near an over-heated stove. China rocked with laughter; Doihara was not amused. At another time he opened secret negotiations with Han Fu-chu, the late warlord of Shantung, to tie him to Japan. Han came to Doihara's secret headquarters in Tsinan, but he refused to accept the Japanese offer. Doihara, in angry mood, said that Han would not leave the house alive, unless he acceded to the Japanese demands. Han took out his watch, and said, "How interesting. It is now 11:25. Before coming here I instructed my troops to massacre every Japanese in the city if I did not return to my headquarters by midnight. Good evening." Doihara could do nothing. Han went.

Doihara's greatest accomplishment, next to the installation of Henry Pu-yi in Manchukuo, was the progressive disintegration of North China. His dream was to detach the Five Northern Provinces² from suzerainty to Chiang Kai-shek and set them up as a Japanese puppet area *without warfare*. He almost—not quite—succeeded. He did succeed, with Itagaki, in establishing the East Hopei Autonomous region; he did succeed in setting up the Hopei-Chahar Political Council, which weakened the Chinese hold on these two important provinces. His method was intrigue plus purchase. But he could not do the whole job. When the 1937 war began, however, Doihara's work still had value, because it had undermined Chinese ability to resist—at least in the north.

During the war Doihara was transferred to command of a division in the field. It was severely mauled in fighting in Lanfeng. Doihara is better known out of Japan than at home. In Tokyo his importance is usually minimized, but we shall hear much of him in this book.

Other Military Men

There are four Japanese armies in China, to say nothing of those fighting in Burma, Malaya, and the Indies. First is the Kwantung army, above the Great Wall and in Mongolia. Then comes the North China army, with headquarters in Peking and Tientsin; then the central army, fighting along the Yangtze and headquartered at Hankow; finally the small force which is in occupation of Canton in the extreme south. These armies do not coalesce, and there is no unified command. Each army is autonomous, and takes orders only from Tokyo, where

² These are described briefly in Chapters VII and XI.

the minister of war holds the strings. Rivalry between the four is considerable.

The commander in the north was for a time General Hajime Sugiyama, born in 1880, the inspector general of military education and later war minister in the first Konoye cabinet. He succeeded one of the few Japanese generals who is of noble birth, General Count Terauchi, who is now commander-in-chief in the Southwest Pacific. The first commander in central China was General Iwane Matsui, who had retired from the army and was president of the "Great Asia" society, a chauvinist organization. Matsui, a small man—he weighs 99 pounds—was subsequently recalled because the younger officers didn't like him, and after he was accused of losing too many men.

General Matsui has certain mild eminence as a poet. A recent work:

Where arises the Yangtze river I fail to see,
 But all the mountains of China in dream I see;
 How noisy is the League of Nations?
 We have fine roads for kings to follow.

—*Asia*, April 1938

Outside the Kwantung group the most important officers in Japan today are General Sugiyama, whom I have just mentioned and who is now chief of staff, and General Otsuzo Yamada, who is commander-in-chief. That is, Yamada is head of the newly organized National Defense General Headquarters set up after Pearl Harbor, with responsibility directly to the Emperor. General Yamada is on the conservative side. He was formerly Inspector General for Military Education and a member of the Supreme War council. He was born in 1881, and worked up from the ranks.

Japanese Navy

The navy in Japan is quite a different kettle of metal. The army is radical, by and large; the navy is conservative. The bulk of army officers are peasant boys; the bulk of naval officers are sons of tradesmen and aristocrats. Rivalry between army and navy is strongly marked, though they cooperated well in the terrific events of 1941.

There are several reasons why army and navy should be so differentiated. For one thing, the imperial naval academy takes boys only at 17, whereas youngsters can begin army training at 14; this

means that a boy entering the navy must come of a family able to afford three extra years of private schooling. Again, the navy grew out of the shipping interests which rose after the Meiji restoration, particularly the Mitsubishi concern which had a tremendous maritime business; thus the navy personnel is associated with ideas of foreign trade. Again, the army was at the beginning dominated by Choshu clansmen, whereas the navy represented—more or less—the Satsuma clan. Again, the army is an expansionist force, which in Manchukuo was glad to undertake economic experiments; the navy has on the whole avoided dabbling in social affairs. Together these factors produced the situation: an agrarian, anti-capitalist army versus a conservative, commerce-minded, semi-aristocratic navy.

Naval limitation as established by the treaties of London and Washington lapsed in 1935, and the Japanese began to build as fast as they could to the Anglo-American level. As early as 1939 it was said that Japan was constructing four battleships of over 40,000 tons, armed with sixteen inch guns, which may be the most powerful fighting craft in the world. When it became clear that Japan was ignoring treaty restrictions, the United States, Great Britain, and France invoked the "escalator clause" of the London treaty, and raised the upper limit for battleships to 45,000 tons.

One cannot in this space go into the complex issue of naval ratios and limitation. Indeed—since Pearl Harbor—the subject seems antediluvian. There should, however, be room for a word about Japanese policy at the 1935 London conference because it throws such sharp light on Japanese character. The conference collapsed because the Japanese, as a matter of prestige, demanded abolition of the Washington ratio, Japan's 3 to 5 for America and England. Japan wanted parity, i.e., the *right* of equal tonnage with both Great Britain and the United States, even if it did not choose to avail itself of this right. The Japanese, however, did not call parity by the name "parity"; they invented the locution "common upper limit." The British and Americans refused to grant parity to Japan, which would have ended the idea of limitation. The British suggested the interchange of information, so that each country would at least be informed of the building programs of the others, since actual limitation seemed impossible. The Japanese refused this, on the ground that they could find out about British and American building, but that the British and Americans could not find out what they were building. Japan traded

on its ability to conceal its naval activity. As a price for exchange of information, the Japanese demanded parity. They said in effect, "If you want to know what we are building, our price is the common upper limit." And the conference broke up.

The most important naval officer in Japan to-day is Admiral Isoroku Yamamoto, who was born in 1884 and who graduated from the Naval College twenty years later. He has been a professional naval officer all his life and at the outbreak of war in 1941 he was commander-in-chief of the combined imperial fleet. It was he, in other words, who bore responsibility for execution of the simultaneous attacks on Hawaii, Hong Kong, Malaya, and the American outposts in the Pacific on December 7-8, after his staff prepared the plans. Yamamoto is—as his campaign showed—much interested in aviation; he was commander of the first naval air corps in 1930. He served as naval attaché in Washington for a time, and he twice represented Japan at "disarmament" negotiations in London. Yamamoto is reputed to be both a good theorist and a man of action. Once, according to *Time*, he commented on the 5-5-3 naval ratio as follows, "I was never told that being shorter than the other delegates at London I ought to eat only three-fifths of the food on my plate." Yamamoto was wounded in action in the Russo-Japanese war in 1905. It was he who boasted after Pearl Harbor that he would dictate terms of peace in the White House in Washington.

Another notable naval officer is Admiral Nobumasa Suetsugu, who was home minister in the Konoye cabinet. As such he was one of the most Fascist-inclined men in Japan; it was he who created the "ideological squads" to rout out "dangerous thinkers." Suetsugu, born in 1881, is a distinguished tactician and submarine commander, but his fame rests on his outspokenness and political extremism. He wants the navy to expand southward; he was the father of the campaign to take Canton; he once provoked a sensation by saying that the white race must be turned out of Asia. At one time he was accused of seeking to establish a private army in Japan; once, while commander-in-chief of the fleet, he called Colonel Lindbergh "a spy." At present Suetsugu is head of the Central Cooperation Council, a new organization for coördinating the home front.

The Admiral has the common Japanese trait of seeing only what he wants to see. On January 17, 1934, he was quoted in the *Japan Advertiser* as follows:

Let me be frank. A great country like the United States, which is self-sufficient, does not need the largest navy in the world, which it has at present. Without a big navy, it would feel no inconvenience. Its possession of a large navy simply menaces other countries. How happy the world would be if the United States did not have so big a navy!

Other important officers are Admiral Shigetaro Shimada, who has been navy minister since October 1941, and—among those on the reserve list—such men as Admiral Mitsumasa Yonai, recently prime minister for a brief period, and Admiral Kichisaburo Nomura, the ex-foreign minister who was ambassador to the United States when Pearl Harbor was attacked. Yonai, a picturesque character, is a former commander-in-chief of the fleet who is unusually tall and husky for a Japanese, and who has a reputation for affability, conservatism, and moderation. Nomura—like Yonai—was the son of a Samurai; he grew up in extreme poverty, became a naval officer, and branched off into politics and diplomacy. He lost an eye when a Korean terrorist bombed a parade in Shanghai in 1932. The Empress ceremoniously gave him a glass one to replace it.

Chapter IV

Japan's Totalitarian Leaders

Japan's mission is to lead the world spiritually and intellectually. . . . Japan will be the cradle of the new Messiah.

—YOSUKE MATSUOKA

SINCE October 17, 1941, Lieutenant General Hideki (Eiki) Tojo has been prime minister, army minister, and home minister of Japan. Never before has any Japanese held such a triple combination of posts. And not for years has the prime minister been an army officer on the active list. "They" in Japan knew that the country was close to warfare with Great Britain and the United States. And "they" wanted a military man to run the government at such a moment.

General Tojo—he was promoted to a full generalship on his assumption of the premiership—has few marked idiosyncrasies. He is not a "character." Indeed he seems to be a kind of composite representation of the Japanese military man. He is short, somber-faced, bespectacled. He was born in 1884, the son of a general, and his career follows the normal pattern. He was graduated from the Military Staff College in 1915, and in 1919-22 served as military attaché in Germany. He rose rank by rank, and for a time was commander of the gendarmerie and secret police in Manchukuo; then—like so many of the generals mentioned in the preceding chapter—he became chief of staff of the Kwantung army. In 1937 he was vice minister of war under Itagaki, and then chief of the army air force. Note well: Japan's new premier and minister of war is highly air conscious. In 1940, at the age of 56, Tojo was appointed minister of war, and the year following he reached the ultimate goal of the premiership.

General Tojo has always had a strong pro-Axis slant; probably his sympathy with Germany dates from his years as military attaché in Berlin. When the Tripartite Pact was signed on September 27, 1940 between Japan, Germany, and Italy, the general said that "he was overwhelmed with a mingled feeling of austerity and joy." Tojo hates Russia. A confident man, he created a stir in 1938 when he said that Japan must be well enough equipped to fight both China and the

Soviet Union at the same time. The general declared, "We must bend every human, equine (*sic*), and material resource available for the construction of new armaments for simultaneous warfare against the Soviet Union and China. The army must . . . be fully equipped perfectly to settle the present incident and to face a combination of the Chinese and the Soviets on two fronts."

When General Tojo was called upon to form a ministry, replacing that of Prince Konoye, he visited the palace and announced, "I have received an imperial command to form a new Cabinet and I am overwhelmed with awe. I retired from the presence of the Throne, respectfully asking the grace of time." He didn't need much time; he formed a government in 36 hours, and his first important ministerial announcement came on November 17. He made three points:

1. Third powers will refrain from obstructing a successful conclusion of the China affair.
2. The countries surrounding our empire will not only refrain from presenting a direct military menace to our empire, but will also nullify such measures of hostility as the economic blockade and restore normal economic relations with Japan.
3. Utmost effort will be exerted to prevent the extension of the European war and the spread of the disturbance into East Asia.

—*New York Times*, Nov. 17, 1941

Just before this Tojo had quietly dispatched the Japanese ambassador Kurusu to Washington—the result of whose errand we well know.

General Tojo's mood during the weeks immediately preceding Pearl Harbor may be gathered from one of his remarks concerning the Republic of Panama. This, he said, was "a small country oppressed by a great power, and he thought reprisals against her might have to be considered, but probably a firm attitude toward the countries surrounding Panama is the way to bring the problem to a successful issue."¹

As his foreign minister the new premier appointed a routine career diplomat named Shigenori Togo. He has been ambassador to both Moscow and Berlin, and his wife is German.

Prince Fumimaro Konoye

"I was a gloomy youth in my student days, with an inclination to read extremist literature from the west."

—PRINCE KONOYE

² *Bulletin of International News*, Nov. 29, 1941.

A much more interesting man than Tojo—and one whose importance behind the scenes is probably just as ponderable—is the man he replaced, Prince Fumimaro Konoye. Here is one of the most subtle, complex, difficult, and diffident men in Asia. He is out of office now. He may come back into office almost any time. I talked with him in 1938, in his modest country house in Ogikubo, near Tokyo. His windows show a rolling valley that might be Surrey or Connecticut, except for the pond full of lotus petals.

Prince Konoye is tall for a Japanese, just under six feet. Because he is so tall, he hates to travel; Japanese railway berths do not hold him comfortably. Sleek, handsome, clean shaven, with close cropped hair (he goes to the barber every five days), Konoye seems younger than his age. He became prime minister at forty-six, the youngest (with one exception) in Japanese history; and forty-six is practically infancy in Japan, where venerability counts as it does in England. A Japanese, like an Englishman, can be a rising young parliamentarian at fifty-five.

Konoye is a patrician. His aristocratic fingers seem eight inches long. His manner is reserved; the head is held high and tilted; the glance, underneath long lashes, is almost supercilious. He is rather Balfouresque; he gives the impression of political dilettantism. He seems to lack energy—or perhaps he is bored; after each sentence comes a sigh and a pause for breath. His subtlety of mind is considerable, and so is his humility. He is one of the very few Japanese ever to have refused the premiership; when in 1937 he finally did take the job, he announced that he was not capable of holding it. His sense of humor is considered odd.

As to his humility, which some people do not believe to be very genuine, his remarks in January 1941 to the effect that the China war was entering its fifth year with little hope of peace, are revealing: "The fighting services are not responsible. It is nobody's responsibility but mine. I feel unpardonable before the Throne and the entire nation that already millions of yen have been spent and thousands of soldiers sacrificed."

His friends say that he makes a cult of languor. When, visiting America in 1934, he played golf in Washington, he would break off the game after two or three holes. He seldom makes appointments before 11 A.M., and his unpunctuality is the despair of secretaries. Once he could not bear to face the Diet—the discussion concerned

the National Mobilization Law—and he simply went to bed for a week, pleading ill health; the journalists in Tokyo called it a "lie-down" strike. To make sure that he would be on time for a recent radio address, he stayed overnight in town, not caring to risk a journey from the country (the drive takes twenty minutes) at 10 A.M., which seemed to him the grisly equivalent of dawn.

He belongs to one of the great families of Japan: his blood is so special that, literally, a Japanese scientist recently suggested medical tests for civil servants, to favor men with a peculiar "O type" of blood which Konoye has. He comes from one of the five families of court nobles, all of them offshoots of the Fujiwaras, from which traditionally the Empress must be chosen. The Konoye branch dates from A.D. 1202. But the Konoyes trace their descent far behind that; they say that, like the Emperor, they are of divine origin, descendants of the god Amenokoyane who welcomed Amaterasu, the supreme deity, when she came to earth.

Konoye was born in Tokyo in October, 1891. He was the eldest son of Prince Atsumaro Konoye, who was president of the House of Peers—a position corresponding to that of Lord Chancellor in England. The father was an intimate associate of Prince Saionji, the last Genro, and Saionji, then Ambassador to Vienna, took him there. Thirty-five years later Saionji similarly took young Konoye, the present prince, abroad; he was one of Saionji's secretaries at the Paris Peace Conference. Thus—another example—did old Prince Saionji span the generations.

Konoye's mother died eight days after his birth. The father composed two poems, one of them a dirge for his wife, the other a lament for his baby son, "who thereafter must be reared by nurses." The father died at 41. From 1904 on, young Prince Konoye was an orphan. He was a lonely, unhappy child. He had little money. It is recorded that the young prince became "melancholy and bitter, brooding over social injustice and absorbing Marxist philosophy."

Indeed Konoye left the University of Tokyo, where he first matriculated, to attend lectures by Professor Kawakami, a radical economist and student of Marx, at the University of Kyoto. He came under the influence of Tolstoy, and wrote a youthful pamphlet on social justice. He decided to renounce his titles and emigrate to the United States. He records: "I began to feel interest in the social sciences. . . . Dr. Kawakami gave me two books, the *Life of Karl Marx* by

John Spargo, and *Contemporary Social Problems* by Professor Achille Loria, of Turin, Italy." When I saw Prince Konoye I asked him about this Marxist "period." He smiled, but his secretary blushed furiously that I should bring up such a gruesome topic.

Then came a dominating event. Young Konoye went to pay respects to his father's old friend, Prince Saionji. "My first impression was not good," Konoye records, "because Saionji (who was at least forty years his senior) treated me like a superior, using the expression 'Your Excellency,' whereas I was only a humble student. I thought he was making a fool of me. So I didn't call on him again." After graduation Konoye chanced to meet him again. This time the old man talked "in a full and very frank manner." He saw the struggle in the youth's mind, and sought to give him comfort and advice. "Prince Saionji said that I should become a provincial governor. He thought everyone could be a provincial governor, since he himself had been one at 18. When told that to become a governor was not easy, the Prince advised me to enter the service of some political party. I, however, did not have the courage to enter a political party." More and more interested in this strange young man, Saionji persuaded him to go to Paris with him.

Konoye returned to Japan, forgot his Marxist leanings, took his hereditary seat in the House of Peers, and in 1933 became its president, the same position his father had held. Aside from occupying this post, he took no active rôle in politics until he became prime minister. But since then he has been prime minister twice again.

His strength in the premiership came, first, because he was favorably regarded by the Emperor, second because the army respected him, third because he was an independent in politics, with no clique controlling him, and no ax to grind. He had no enemies, and very little personal ambition. But he didn't like the job, since he was in the uncomfortable position of having to accept responsibility without real power. He several times attempted to resign, but the China war came, and he could not leave office without causing loss of face to the nation.

Twice he had to reshuffle his first cabinet, as army demands for political control became more pressing. He got rid of Koki Hirota as foreign minister, and in May 1938 acceded to the appointment of General Itagaki as minister of war. A few months later occurred the Mobilization Bill crisis. His civilian ministers came to open conflict

with the military; his foreign minister, General Ugaki, who opposed the creation of the China Affairs Board and who was willing to make some concession to the British in regard to opening the Yangtze and otherwise reducing Japanese military pressure in China, had to go. The army demanded the final word in everything. So, after an interval, Konoye went too. But it is doubtful if he disagreed *basically* with army sentiment.

Konoye married the second daughter of Viscount Takanori Mori, of a distinguished family. He has two brothers, one of them a poet, the other a competent musician who is conductor of a Tokyo orchestra devoted to occidental music. He has two sons. One promises to be a lively lad. As a student at Princeton he was a champion golfer, and was voted the boy in his class most likely to succeed; then he failed to get his degree. When, in October 1937 President Roosevelt made his Chicago speech denouncing the aggressor nations, young Konoye said, "The speech was nothing much—or at least I hope not." When his father made his first speech to the Diet as prime minister, he announced, "It may be impolite to say so, but Father's speech did not impress me." The young man is now in Tokyo, preparing for a career in journalism.

During his first premiership, despite great pressure, Prince Konoye tried to take a moderate line. His main idea was to try to win the war as quickly as possible; and though recognition had been withdrawn from the Nanking government, he wanted to find a formula for negotiation with Chiang Kai-shek, if he would prove himself "sincere." Konoye was asked once if the growing coalescence between England and France did not weaken Japan's faith in the power of the German-Italian combination and hence in the value to Japan of the Anti-Comintern Pact. He paused long before replying. "Ah!" he exclaimed. "But we would like England to join the Anti-Comintern Pact too!"

Certainly Prince Konoye will forever be associated with cardinal events in the history of Japan. The China war came in his first premiership; the Tripartite Pact, or alliance with the Axis, came in his third. It was his government, moreover, which announced for the first time the full extent of Japanese imperialist ambitions in Asia and the Pacific area. For years Japan had talked merely about its destiny in "East Asia," meaning presumably Manchukuo, Inner Mongolia, and parts of China. Konoye went farther, shortly after

assuming office in August 1940, and invented the phrase "Greater East Asia," including Indo-China, the Philippines, the Netherlands Indies, and adjacent territory. In this vast area, Konoye said, Japan would proceed to establish a "Co-Prosperity Sphere" analogous to the German New Order (so-called) in Europe. "Greater East Asia" was not defined precisely, but now, in 1942, we know that Japanese designs go far beyond what Konoye and Matsuoka admitted before the war. "Greater East Asia" will probably turn out to include everything that the Japanese can get.

In the same period Konoye proposed alterations in the domestic structure almost as striking. He organized what was called the Imperial Rule Assistance Association, with himself as ex-officio chairman; its aim was apparently to prepare the way for totalitarian economy in a quasi-totalitarian state. The old style political parties promptly committed suicide, and the trades unions were dissolved. Much inner tension and struggle, much bickering and hesitation, attended these events. Konoye and his advisers never quite dared go the whole way. In December 1940 a so-called "Outline for Establishment of the New Economic Structure" was prepared, with both labor and capital—in theory—harnessed to the new organization, though production for private profit is still allowed. To date the full scheme has not been put into effect.²

Hiranuma and the Extremist Fringe

Baron Kiichiro Hiranuma, whom I have already mentioned in Chapter I, has been both president of the privy council and prime minister. He is a lawyer by training, a bureaucrat by profession, a nationalist in aspiration, aged 76. For a time he was public prosecutor in Tokyo, then a department head in the justice ministry, then minister of justice. Politically ambitious, he became head of a patriotic society, the Kokuhon-sha, which was a sort of combination of Ku Klux Klan and American Legion, with 40,000 service members. The society stood for "the Emperor, Nipponism, and all the advantages of nationalism, Fascism and communism."

In 1936, when he became president of the privy council—a key post—Hiranuma resigned from the Kokuhon-sha. It is said that for years Prince Saionji, the last of the Elder Statesmen, blocked Hira-

² For a full discussion of these events see *Foreign Policy Reports*, April 15, 1941.

numa's path to this job; the old prince, a genuine enough liberal, distrusted his Fascist views. But in January, 1937, Saionji suggested Hiranuma as prime minister—perhaps to squeeze him out of the privy council post, and push him upstairs to the hurlyburly of active politics. Count Yuasa, another of the palace group, went to Saionji's country house to discuss the choice, "on the instructions of the Emperor." This is the way it is "done." Yuasa then called on Hiranuma, offering him the job, but Hiranuma declined it on the ground that it was too heavy a responsibility. . . . Then, two years later, Hiranuma was again picked out to be prime minister, and this time could not refuse.

Baron Hiranuma exemplifies some typical Japanese virtues; he is frugal, industrious, laconic. He has been called the "Hitler of Japan"; this is nonsense. No one could resemble Hitler less than the infinitely cautious and taciturn Hiranuma, who is a dry man, not a demagogue, juridically-minded, and a façade behind which the army works. He sleeps only four hours a night, whereas Hitler seldom gets up till noon. Once during a 90-minute conference, he uttered exactly one word, and it was "No!" He likes such exercise as archery and fencing; Hitler takes no exercise whatever. However, like Hitler, he is a bachelor, a teetotaler, and a vegetarian.

As prime minister he lived in an extraordinary house, said to be "assassination-proof" and "earthquake-proof." Like Frank Lloyd Wright's Imperial Hotel, which withstood the 1923 earthquake, it is built on a kind of floating foundation to resist seismic shocks, and is full of bewildering passage-ways, interior bridges, and rooms within rooms. It contains, too, various devices to impede assassins, including secret exits and bombproof doors; one legend—the Japanese scoff at it but not very convincingly—is that the prime minister, if he is in danger at night, can push a button, whereupon, bed and all, he disappears into a steel vault. When one prime minister, General Hayashi, moved into the house, he announced that even his wife would not know exactly where he slept. This was soon after the 1936 mutiny when cabinet ministers were still somewhat nervous. Prince Konoye loathed the house, and used it only as an office.

I have given one example of Baron Hiranuma's somewhat remarkable prose style. Let it be spoken from their own mouths. Here is another:

Rumors to the effect that the national policy of Japan is imperialistic and aggressive should be deplored. It is ignorance of the true motives of Japan that leads to such unfounded rumors . . . Any student of Japanese history will recall that, since the foundation of the nation, our goal has been peace and security . . . The national policy of Japan is benevolence directed toward *the good development of all*. We wish to extend this spirit first to our nationals, secondly to the Far East, and third to the *rest of the world*.³

The italics are mine. They ought to be.

Hiranuma knew well that the function of a prime minister in Japan is to be an arbiter—if he is strong enough—between the radical army and the conservative industrialists. He did not find it an easy job, and cautiously he sought a middle path. Recently he said that capitalism was not “necessarily evil,” but that it should benefit society as a whole, not be the instrument of private gain. Like so many Japanese, he likes to think of building a new society without quite daring to risk casting off the old.

Hiranuma succeeded Konoye when it became clear that Konoye could not liquidate the China war. The Chinese simply wouldn’t give up. Hiranuma himself went out in August 1939 as a result of the Russo-German pact, which terrified leaders of the army. They saw themselves double-crossed and isolated by Germany, and swiftly—but temporarily—they veered to a more moderate course. In August 1941 Hiranuma was attacked and wounded by a youthful fanatic who thought he was too “moderate,” but in spite of his great age he survived his injuries.

Fascism in Japan

Hiranuma has been called a Fascist, and at this point we must examine critically the position of Japan in regard to Fascism. Is Japan a complete Fascist state? We know, of course, that Germany and Italy are its allies in the Anti-Comintern Pact and Tri-Partite Treaty. We know that Japan, even if it has borrowed some socialist ideas, is bitterly anti-communist, as are the other Axis countries. What else? What other characteristics of orthodox Fascism have the Japanese, those assiduous mimics, acquired?

Fascism has proved to be an extraordinarily difficult and elusive

³ Quotations in this chapter are from the *Japan Advertiser*, which was an admirable newspaper—American owned and edited—until the Japanese took it over in 1940.

concept to define. Perhaps one might list some Fascist characteristics, and see in what measure Japan shares them. First, Fascism is distinguished by the *Führer Prinzip*, by the totalitarian rule of a single man, a Hitler or Mussolini. There is no such man in Japan. The Emperor is a symbol, not a leader. There is a clique, but no single man. Second, a Fascist state is ruled by an exclusive mass party, like the Nazis. There is no such mass party in Japan, though Konoye has flirted with the idea of founding one. Third, Fascism is served by totalitarian private armies, like the Blackshirts in Italy. But there are no shirted organizations in Japan—except the khaki of the army.

The conventional Marxist definition of Fascism is that it is the last stand of private monopoly capitalism against social revolution. I do not find this definition very satisfactory, since it ignores the considerable revolutionary element in Fascism. It ignores the fact that Fascism borrows heavily from Marxism, and makes a pretense at least of establishing a social order in which some of the extravagances of capitalism are curtailed. Under Fascism both capital and labor are at the mercy of the state, which is the supreme embodiment of economic as well as political authority. From this point of view Japan is certainly a Fascist state, though the capitalists are still wriggling.

Again, Fascism stands for race. In this category Japan is Fascist, since it believes in Japanese racial integrity and expansion. Fascism is nationalist, it is aggressive, and it is militant. Japanese policy fills the Fascist bill in these particulars. Fascism makes war, and Japan certainly makes war. Fascism suppresses civil liberties; so does Japan, but in fairness it should be stated that the Japanese government is not so repressive as the governments of Hitler and Mussolini. Japanese politicians still argue with some freedom, though not on questions of major policy, like the war with the United States; the Japanese press still has a voice, even if it whispers more than it shouts.

Fascism is anti-Semitic. And herewith a pretty story. The Japanese saw that anti-Semitism in Germany served a useful purpose (the same purpose served by persecution of the kulaks in the U.S.S.R.); the government needed someone to attack, since attack on a helpless minority was an excellent device for releasing internal pressure, for promoting domestic enthusiasm. So the Japanese began to encourage anti-Semitic speeches and exhibits. They wanted someone, not merely the Chinese, to whack at; they chose those unfortunate and inevitable scapegoats, the Jews. (Indeed it was difficult for them to whack at

the Chinese, since the official yarn is that Japan is "liberating" its "friends," the Chinese people.) But the anti-Semitic campaign failed ignominiously. Reason: there are no Jews in the country, and the Japanese did not understand what anti-Semitism was. Of course, if the Japanese wish to name what they really consider their enemy, they can do so easily enough: the white race. This produces a nice paradox. We whites, whom Hitler calls Aryans, are Jews to Japan.

Finally, Fascism is distinguished by what might be called the totalitarian instinct, that is, submission to national unity and solidarity under an authoritative régime. This instinct certainly exists in Japan. It exists so strongly, in fact, that one might suggest that there is no need for the Japanese to adopt supplementary Fascist ideas. A totalitarian system is unnecessary; everyone is totalitariany obedient anyway. The enormous disciplinary machine of Fascism is useless, since conformity is ingrained in Japanese nature. Army and Emperor are enough.

There are, however, several extremist politicians in Japan who think in overt Fascist terms. Take Toshio Shiratori, for instance, who was spokesman in the Foreign Office for a time, who then became Ambassador to Rome, and who may some day be a rightist foreign minister. Mr. Shiratori told Jane Howard, an interviewer for the United Press: "I welcome the term Fascism as I do the term totalitarianism. There has been enough Anglo-Saxon influence in this country. It is time we allied ourselves with Italy and Germany. The 'glass house' democracy of the United States and the communism of Soviet Russia go hand in hand."

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In theory Japan is still a constitutional monarchy (of a peculiar kind) operating through the mechanism of parliamentary democracy, so-called. The paraphernalia is still intact: universal manhood suffrage (since 1925); a bicameral legislature; cabinet and privy council; a party system. But the Diet meets only a few months a year, and may be prorogued at the Emperor's will, i.e., the will of those nearest him; and the cabinet can do almost anything it wants, without regard to responsibility to parliament. The two great political parties, the Seiyukai and Minseito, were dissolved in 1940, as we have seen. Before this, if the army disliked the result of an election—as in May, 1937—it had its own methods of counterbalancing it. That

election was in a way a rebuke to the military. So promptly the military initiated the war in China.

A movement to abolish the parliamentary façade and inaugurate an outright Fascist-totalitarian party replacing the old parties has been under way several years. Behind it were politicians like Baron Hiranuma and Admiral Suetsugu; its leadership was to have gone to Prince Konoye, but Konoye delayed and wavered. Then the plan collapsed. It was revived in a different form when Konoye set up a "Preparatory Commission" to organize Japan's new "structure" in August 1940. But even this commission has not yet gone the full way toward formal establishment of a unitarian single-party state. Its chief manifestations so far have been the creation of the Imperial Rule Assistance Association and a body for improving domestic morale.

One of the fathers of the single party idea was a remarkably explosive young officer, Colonel Kingoro Hashimoto, who was retired from active service after the 1936 mutiny, and whose name was connected later with the *Panay* incident. Hashimoto, presumably with the backing of the army—which was finding the political situation irksome—organized a group known as the Japanese Youth Party. The international ideas of Colonel Hashimoto and his group deserve a word. Only by incessant quotation can I hope to make clear the extremity of view of prominent Japanese:

Britain, the United States, and France are the sinking sun at dusk . . . National Socialists and Fascists are the crescent moon against the evening sky. The Soviets are a bright star of early night . . . but adequate only to illuminate a corner of the sky. Things can revive only in the morning sunlight of great Japan . . . I am looking far and wide for pure hearted youths to work for the cause of the imperial nation, whose policy is to write itself in letters of fire in the eight corners of the universe.

The chief concrete manifestation of Fascism in Japan is the National Mobilization Law, passed on March 3, 1938, despite vigorous opposition by those members of the Diet who had courage enough to oppose it. The bill is a kind of Enabling Act, insisted upon by the army, which gives the government complete control of the resources and productive capacity of the nation. It was drafted by the Government Planning Board; it empowers the government to

- Determine wages and labor conditions
- Control exports and imports
- Expropriate goods, plants, land, houses, mines, water rights
- Fix transportation charges
- Store raw materials
- Make vocational censuses
- Subsidize industry
- Censor publications

This is certainly totalitarianism of a very complete kind, but almost all governments adopt totalitarian measures in time of war. Not all the provisions of the Mobilization Law have been invoked as yet.⁴ There was a fierce dispute in November, 1938, when the industrialists and civilians, fearful at last that they were being socialized, summoned strength for a last ditch fight against application of Article XI of the law, which provides for government control of private profits and dividends. The army fought back, and a compromise was reached, limiting profits of any business enterprise to ten percent for the duration of the war. (Ten percent? Not bad!)

Another totalitarian creation is the "China Affairs Board," which controls exploitation and development of the areas occupied in China by the Japanese. This follows the example of Manchukuo, which we shall soon inspect.

* * * * *

A word about the traditional political parties now extinct. In a vague sense the Minseito (179 seats) was "liberal," and the Seiyukai (175 seats) "conservative," but there was little serious difference between them. The Minseito tended to represent commerce, trade, and the urban communities, and for a time was more or less allied to the Mitsubishi financial interests. The Seiyukai was the party, by and large, of the aristocrats and landlords; the Mitsui interests supported it, though Mitsui was never so unintelligent—in the days when Japan was more of a democracy—as to put all its eggs in one basket.

One leader of the Minseito was 75-year-old Chuji Machida, an old-line parliamentarian. He was the son of a Samurai; he had a dis-

⁴ In August 1941 the provisions of this act were extended to include control of industry and shipping.

tinguished career as a private banker, and then went into politics. The man behind him, the chief secretary of the Minseito, was Sachio Sakuruchi, whose origins are humble; he began life as a *tofu* (bean curd) peddler. The Minseito traditionally stood for peace with China and a pacific foreign policy, but after 1931 it had to adjust itself to the prevailing winds. In January 1939 it came out for establishment of an "East Asiatic League" comprising Japan, Manchukuo, and China.

The Seiyukai had been moribund for years before it died. It had no single leader after the retirement of aged Dr. Kisaburo Suzuki in 1936, and was managed by a board of four men; of the four the most interesting is Chikuhei Nakajima, a minister of railways and former head of a prosperous aviation company. Though a civilian, he might be called a triple-threat man from a military point of view: he served in the army, went to the naval engineering school, and traveled abroad to study aviation. He was the first Japanese to get a pilot's license in the United States. Nakajima became minister of railways partly because he is independently rich and honest. At the time of his appointment no fewer than three railway ex-ministers were in jail, all having been charged with corruption.

Nobles and Peers

The composition of the upper house of the Diet is peculiar. First come hereditary princes and marquesses; incidentally the number of these is limited, since Japanese are commoners until the titled father dies; sons do not, as in England, take on lesser titles while awaiting inheritance. Lower categories of nobility come next; they choose from among themselves members for seven-year periods. Then there are peers appointed to the Diet by the throne: distinguished educators, scientists, and the like, some of whom serve for life, some for seven years. Finally the fifteen richest taxpayers in each prefecture elect one of themselves for a seven-year term.

Nobility in Japan is in three categories. First come members of the Imperial House, who are outside politics. Next are great court nobles, like the Fujiwaras and Konoyes, who have had titles for centuries. The third group comprises those whose titles were created after the Meiji Restoration, when—roughly on the English model—a peerage ranging from viscount to prince was set up. Roughly 600 peers have

been named in seventy years; one reason for creating the system was to break the power of the old feudal barons.⁵

The most eminent of present-day nobles is probably Prince Iyesato Tokugawa. He is an adopted son of the last Shogun; if there had been no Meiji Restoration, Tokugawa—he is eighty—would be Shogun now, ruler of Japan. The old man is married to a Konoye princess. He was for twenty-four years president of the House of Peers—between two Konoyes—and was chief Japanese delegate at the Washington Disarmament Conference. He is head of the Japanese Red Cross and was chairman of the Japan Olympic Committee; when the army canceled the 1940 Olympic games scheduled for Tokyo, the news was at first withheld from Tokugawa because his family feared it would break his heart.

Ugaki and Hirota

A squat, decisive, red-faced, bullet-headed little creature. Not more than five feet four, and seemingly as broad. The vigor of a man of thirty. The hiss of Japanese politeness increased almost to a whistle. Punch and clarity in the conversation. This is General Kazunari Ugaki, one of the last of Japan's great foreign ministers.⁶

Ugaki was—and is—a moderate. Konoye chose him as his first foreign minister hoping that he would be a bridge between the civil administration and the military. But the army hated him, though he was one of its own. This was because, when minister of war in 1924, he cut the Japanese army by two divisions (perhaps 30,000 men), and reduced military expenditure by 20,000,000 yen per year, pursuant to the Shidehara policy of peace. In 1937 Ugaki was named prime minister, but he could not form a cabinet; the army radicals refused to give him a minister of war. They pushed him out of the foreign office the next year.

Ugaki is a picturesque and attractive character, who might come

⁵ Titles are by no means universally popular in Japan. My friend Frank Hedges told me that the great financier Dr. Dan, who was murdered when he was head of the House of Mitsui, refused a title twice. Finally he consented to be named a Baron, partly because, a democrat of democrats, he was fatigued even by his innocuous title Doctor (he was a Ph.D. from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology); the ruse did not work, because promptly he was dubbed "Baron Dr. Dan."

⁶ The given name is sometimes romanized to Kasashigi instead of Kazunari. Kazunari means literally "To Become First." Ugaki adopted it when he entered the military academy. And he became first in his class.

back if peace ever comes. He was born in Okayama prefecture in 1868; he belongs, like Baron Hiranuma, to what is called the "Okayama circle." His origins were humble; as a youth he taught school for 6 yen per month. He managed to get into the military academy, and had an excellent career; for seven years he was governor-general of Korea. He is widely read, and intellectually more curious than most Japanese. He likes to drink.

General Ugaki was succeeded in the foreign office by a career diplomat who was much more pliable in the hands of the military—Hachiro Arita, a former Ambassador to China. As a professional diplomat he never expressed views on politics; as a China specialist he was competent but hardly striking. He was born in 1884, and served in Manchuria, Siam, China, Washington, and Brussels. When his appointment was announced the Japanese press said that it "lacked vitality," though in a former term as foreign minister he had signed the Anti-Comintern Pact.

A favorite game in Tokyo—before Pearl Harbor—was to try to determine what the rank and file of foreign-office men thought of the policies the army made them adopt. A safe guess is that most approved of army design, and disliked army tactics. Most of their work was finding *ex post facto* excuses for what the army did. The professional diplomats are apt to be ignored these days. At least a dozen active ambassadors are cooling their heads and heels in the outer corridors, awaiting posts.

Mr. Koki ("Cocky") Hirota, a bright and forceful man, was General Ugaki's immediate predecessor at the Foreign Office. Previously he had been a prime minister: and specialists in protocol say that he erred in accepting a lesser post after having been on top. To which Mr. Hirota's friends would say that he was self-sacrificing, that he would take any job to serve his country; and to which his enemies assert that he takes what crumbs he can get, because he is tremendously ambitious—a "subtle equilibrist in careerism," I heard it said.

Hirota was born in 1878. He was a poor boy,⁷ whose father was a stone cutter. He has no noble or Samurai blood. He struggled to get an education, and came under the influence of the nationalist philosopher Toyama, in whose neighborhood he lived. He entered the diplomatic service in 1906, and served widely abroad. In Wash-

⁷ Once he asked for a job as translator to General Pershing, then American military attaché in Japan.

ton he was fairly popular. He is called a "deadly earnest" man, whose only avocation is the collection of tulip bulbs.

An important item in Hirota's career is his membership in the Black Dragon society, the most potent and militant of the 200-odd semi-secret societies which infest Japan. The Black Dragon, a collection of young men devoted to active pan-Asia policy, reached great importance after the Great War, though its roots are older; originally it derives from the *soshi*—unemployed Samurai who had no place in society after the Meiji Restoration. In the Black Dragon are hooligans, army officers, chauvinistic politicians, avowed terrorists, quite respectable cabinet ministers, and secret agents who worked closely with the Military Intelligence in continental Asia. Japanese ideographs for "Black Dragon" are identical with those of "Amur River," which is an interesting coincidence, if coincidence it be—since the Amur River is the frontier between Manchukuo and the Soviet Union, where Japanese ambitions run very high.

Hirota's policy was frankly "positive." It was he, as foreign minister, who announced that Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek would be beheaded when—or if—the Japanese got him. Recently he said:

The United States should keep her hands off Far Eastern Affairs and place implicit confidence in Japan's efforts to maintain peace [again!] and order in Asia. The world should be divided into three parts, under the influence of American, European, and Asiatic Monroe doctrines.

The Japanese often seek to justify their conquest of China by adducing the "analogy" of the Monroe Doctrine. This is nonsense, of course.

Meet More Japanese

One cannot but begin with the incredible Araki. General Baron Sadao Araki, born in 1877 in Tokyo of a Samurai family, a former minister of war and education, is the extreme type of military chauvinist. He is the most pronouncedly anti-Russian personage in Japan. Also he is a good deal of a mystic, and something of a philosopher.

The old general has a hot temper and a quick tongue, and his indiscretions, particularly in regard to the U.S.S.R., have once or twice caused embarrassment. Once he was quoted by an interviewer

for the *Japan Advertiser* as hinting that Japan, in signing the Anti-Comintern Pact, was influenced by "opportunist" motives. A storm of protest came from Japanese officials. Negotiations began between the *Advertiser* and the General. Finally the *Advertiser* printed a brief statement, "General Baron Araki has asked the *Japan Advertiser* to amplify an interpretation conveyed to an interviewer last week. In addition to sharing a common antipathy toward the Comintern, Japan entered the Pact, says Araki, because of certain natural and spiritual affinities between the Fascist countries, and there was in no sense a feeling of 'expediency' which might suggest 'sacrifice of moral principles for the sake of an end.'"

Soon afterwards Araki gave an interview to the Tokyo correspondent of the Associated Press, in which he asserted that a war between Japan and Russia was inevitable and necessary—an opinion which, indeed, most Japanese officers would support, though it was maladroit to state it openly. The Russians raised pained eyebrows, and asked the A.P. if the interview were authorized. The General said, "Let the Russians protest to me!"

Sometimes Araki is misquoted because his language is so difficult. He likes oriental imagery and abstractions. He talks in metaphor and allegory. Once, in fact, a distinguished American newspaper executive saw him, and never understood a word he said, though an expert interpreter was present. When he talks—a storm of eloquent words—he scribbles on a piece of paper, then ceremoniously signs the paper, and gives it to the interviewer. Sometimes he scrawls pictures of tigers, sometimes maps of Manchukuo, sometimes indecipherable designs.

His house is full of tiger heads and skins. He was born in the month devoted to the tiger by the Japanese zodiac. He also preserves carefully a stuffed crane and a stuffed tortoise, which are symbols of old age. Other decorations are suits of medieval armor and chain mail. These ornaments aside, he is a frugal man. He disapproves of *sake*, and cultivates the Spartan virtues. He saw to it that his son entered the army as a common conscript. He fences—against a robot—every morning.

Araki, though of Samurai descent, grew up in extreme poverty. At the age of 14 he was an apprentice in a soya bean factory. He entered the army, fought in the Russo-Japanese war, and during the World War was attached to the Japanese military mission in Moscow; he learned Russian, and ever since has been more inter-

ested in Russia than in any country—except Japan. As minister of war, it was his custom to visit relatives of dead soldiers incognito; they would be informed simply that an “officer” would come to see them.

He once told a friend that he disliked Napoleon, whom he called a professional warmaker. He said:

Napoleon could do nothing except kill his enemies. Viewed from my point of view, which is that of the Japanese Imperial Army, a messenger of world peace, [again!] Napoleon was a hateful being with vicious attributes. The armies of Europe are organs for the executions of militarism . . . The imperial army of Japan is ever peaceful in its message.

Once communists broke up an Araki meeting. A 19-year-old boy was arrested as the ringleader. The boy's father went to the General to apologize, and Araki summoned the boy. The *Japan Advertiser* said:

In the interview that followed between the General and the somewhat frightened student, the General patiently listened to the youth's views on communism and why he believed in it. The General then engaged his visitor in philosophic discussion and in the end convinced the young man that his conception of radicalism was in substance identical with the national imperialism of Japan.

Araki, it is said, wept when the Lytton Commission refused to believe his testimony that the occupation of Manchuria was “peaceful.” Such is Japanese capacity for fixity of ideas and self-delusion.

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Another Japanese rightist with mystical overtones is the redoubtable 88-year-old Mitsuru Toyama, likewise an apostle of pan-Asian nationalism, who has been called Japan's “superman.” For a time he ate only grass and leaves. Once, competing in endurance with a Zen priest, he sat motionless, sleepless, foodless, waterless, and silent, for five days and five nights. Even in midwinter, he refused to heat his house, and sits in a kimono on a bearskin. Once he was arrested after a political opponent had been bombed and injured. No damaging evidence was found among his effects—except a lot of love letters.

Toyama is a native of Fukuoka province, like his protégé Hirota. For a time his activity was spiritual and literary; he was a kind of

Japanese Tagore, and "aspired to transcend human nature as far as possible." Then he became interested in Asiatic nationalist movements; he was a close friend and associate of the Chinese revolutionary leader Dr. Sun Yat-sen, and for eight years he contrived to keep hidden an exiled Indian agitator, Rash Behari Bose, who fled to Japan in 1915, though the British tried to extradite him. He wanted to liberate the Philippines from their "oppressors." Then Toyama turned to nationalism more exclusively Japanese, and reached great fame and influence as head of the Black Dragon society.

Too old now to take active part in politics, Toyama is a waning influence. But few men in Japan are more revered. It is said that he is the only man in the country who can collect a crowd of 50,000 on two hours' notice.

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Another Fukuoka man, Seigo Nakano, is leader of the only party in Japan that admitted to being Fascist before the war. A youthful nationalist of extreme views, he became a journalist, and then visited Europe and saw Hitler and Mussolini; returning to Japan he founded the Tohokai group in the Diet, with outright Fascist ideas and policies. Nakano is a highly articulate young man. He wants vigorous prosecution of the war in China and elsewhere, and a reformed industrial and social structure in Japan. In September 1941 he said that "time was running short" and that Japan must blast its way to Singapore and the Persian gulf. For some time amalgamation of his group and the Social Mass or "labor" party was contemplated, but it never came about.

A semi-Fascist party is the Kokumin Domei (People's League), led by the former minister of communications, Kenzo Adachi, born in 1864 and nicknamed "God of Elections." He has sat in the Diet thirteen times in a row. Like so many Japanese "patriots" he is a direct actionist, with a tendency to justify direct action by appeals to mysticism. Adachi was one of the bright young men who prepared for the annexation of Korea by political intrigue there; he was accused of complicity in the murder of the Korean queen, and served a term in jail. Later he built an "Eight Saints' Hall" for pilgrims, where his eight heroes are enshrined: Christ, Buddha, Confucius, Socrates, Mohammed, Lao Tse, and two Japanese saints Kobo Daishi and Nichiren.

Matsuoka in Mid-Career

"To wait for political parties to improve is like waiting for pigs to fly."
—YOSUKE MATSUOKA

In a class by himself among Japanese politicians is Yosuke Matsuoka, who was once a bus-boy in a Seattle hotel, and who became president of the South Manchuria Railway, probably the biggest enterprise in the Japanese empire, and then foreign minister. Matsuoka came of good family; he is a prominent member of the Choshu clan. He was born in 1880, and went to America at 12, where he worked his way through the University of Oregon. He entered the diplomatic service, and was the slippery and unquenchable Japanese delegate at Geneva during the occupation of Manchuria. He is easier to talk to than most Japanese; at Geneva he was as hard to grasp as an eel, but normally he is exceptionally concrete in conversation, a practical man, a realist:

Listen to him on the China war:

At last Japan is in for the final, the knockout decision . . . The task calls for heroic surgery . . . Japan will permit no foreign interference whatever . . . A historic fact dominates Asia like Mt. Fuji—without Japan, there can be no China . . . We are free to admit that Japan has been exceedingly annoying to her neighbor China. And what expanding country ever failed to be trying to its neighbors? Ask the American Indian or Mexican how excruciatingly trying the young U. S. A. was once upon a time . . . Japan's expansion, like that of America, is as natural as the growth of a child. Only one thing can stop the growth of a child—death.

What is Japan fighting for? For the fulfillment of her mission in Asia. That is the whole answer.

This is candor of a type extremely rare in Japan.

Returning from Geneva Matsuoka entered politics, and became a deputy. In 1933, fed up, he resigned his seat, and also his position in the Seiyukai party. He announced that he no longer believed in political parties, and set up an organization for their extinction. "If there is to be a rebirth to the nation," he said, "the parliamentary system must be abolished. I believe the future of Japan lies in . . . the establishment of government by the Emperor." Then he became a "Showa Restorationist," i.e., one who sought to "redeem" Japan by stronger service to the ruler.

Matsuoka's movement was a failure. Few deputies imitated his resignation, and soon the "Showa Restoration" group became severely unpopular, because the 1936 army mutineers used the phrase. Matsuoka spent several years in the wilderness, trying to organize a single political party. "Neo-Nipponism" (whatever that may mean) became his creed. Then he was appointed suddenly to the presidency of the South Manchuria Railway, one of the biggest jobs in Japan. It was called the greatest "come-back" in Japanese political history.

Next Matsuoka became foreign minister under Konoye in July 1940. His cunning, his glibness, his enterprise, his considerable ability, made him indispensable—at least for the time being. Within two months Matsuoka helped negotiate the Tripartite Pact with the Axis—one of the great landmarks in Japanese annals—and prepared the way diplomatically for the Japanese occupation of French Indo-China. Early in 1941 he visited Germany and Russia. In Berlin he said that he was convinced that Germany would win the war, and that "if Germany and Italy should be hard pressed, Japan would have to help them." In Moscow he stated that he found "marvelous progress," but he told Stalin and Molotov blandly that their "communism would not succeed." Then he proceeded to sign a friendship and neutrality pact with the Soviet Union, which is still theoretically in force.

One of Matsuoka's recent remarks comes ominously to mind in 1942, when Japanese troops have penetrated Burma and stand on the edge of India. He said that his country "admits the necessity of making the Indian masses understand Japan's real intentions."

Matsuoka was replaced as foreign minister after the German invasion of Russia. Apparently this event was disturbing to the Japanese, though from most points of view they stood to gain by it.

Opposition—If Any

Until recently the Japanese equivalent to His Majesty's Loyal Opposition was the Social Mass party, with thirty-six deputies, led by the venerable professor Iso Abe. This was theoretically a party devoted to Fabian socialism of a very mild variety; but during the China war it decided to support the government, and thus lost practical significance. In 1939, astonishingly enough—almost anything can happen in Japan—it came out for a military alliance with Germany and Italy.

Professor Abe, 76 years old, is a mild-mannered and respectable

socialist. His ideas are in the main those held by British Fabians thirty years ago; he says that his ideal is "Marxism minus revolution." He is an academician with a long record at Waseda University and his ambition was to make the Diet "a schoolroom for gentlemen." He was badly beaten up by nationalist rowdies early in 1938, apparently because he opposed the National Mobilization Bill.

There should be a line at least for the grand old men of Japan, the old-line liberals, who are on the shelf today, who play no further rôle in politics, but whose past careers are admirably distinguished. Old Yukio Ozaki, "the Elihu Root of Japan," is 83; he has sat in the Diet without interruption since its foundation, a unique record. He was once mayor of Tokyo; he befriended Sun Yat-sen; he advocates romanization of the Japanese language—an unpopular idea nowadays. As recently as February 1941 he dared to question and criticize the government for its international policy . . . Another veteran liberal is Viscount Kikujiro Ishii, born in 1866, foreign minister during the Great War and for many years chief Japanese delegate at Geneva.

Baron Kijuro Shidehara, born in 1872, and Baron Reijiro Wakatsuki, born in 1866, are the only conspicuous survivors of those civilian ministries which in the 1920's stood for conciliation and peace—without quotation marks—in international affairs. Their colleagues have passed into complete obscurity, or have been assassinated by "patriots." Baron Shidehara, one of the ablest living foreign ministers, must be guarded by police wherever he goes, for fear that some fanatic may attack him. Shidehara and Wakatsuki are called "traitors" by the inflamed radicals, whereas no Japanese alive have finer records of public service.

In a special category is the Christian salvationist, Toyohiko Kagawa, who for a time bade fair to be a Japanese Gandhi, but whose importance was obliterated by the war. Kagawa is a poet, an evangelist, and a social reformer. He was a well-to-do boy, of Samurai descent; an American missionary converted him to Christianity, and he turned to social work. He opposed violence, like Gandhi, but led strikes in the rice fields; he organized the Japanese federation of labor, and was the father of Japanese coöperatives, which now have almost 20,000,000 members. For a time the authorities considered Kagawa a dangerous radical, but his work organizing relief after the 1923 earthquake made him "respectable."

Kagawa is a strong nationalist. One of his poems:

A new day has come
A new day;
The buds are swelling,
Fresh leaves are bursting,
And from the brown clay
Green plants are sprouting.

The day of God is come;
The day of God
That none expected
Is now at hand.

On that great day
The League of Nations
And the Anti-War Pact
Both lose their luster;
For only love's eternal truth
Can crowned be
With God's glory.

The ablest genuine left-winger in Japan is probably Kanju Kato. He is in his early forties, and gained prominence before the war as the most radical deputy in the Diet, and leader of the All-Japan Council of Trade Unions, now abolished. Kato is not a communist, but he is in sympathy with communist ideas. There are very few communists in Japan; and any man who is a communist would be foolish to admit it. Kato was arrested late in 1938, when Admiral Suetsugu, the home minister, rounded up between three and four hundred liberals and radicals who had somehow escaped the police until then, and jailed the lot.

Between 1933 and 1936, according to the semi-official *Japan Times*, the police arrested no fewer than 59,013 persons charged with "dangerous thoughts," i.e., political dissidence. Of these, however, only about 5,000 were indicted and tried; the rest were presumably freed after police examination which in some cases was brief, in some cases prolonged. Of the 5,000-odd who were tried, about 2,500 went to prison. The Japanese assert that every man arrested is given a public trial, but he may have to wait in jail months or years before the trial occurs.

Prospects of social revolution in Japan are not bright. Radical ferment exists, and is probably more extensive than the Japanese like to admit, but it is not a major phenomenon, and it is ruthlessly extirpated when it appears. There are several obvious reasons for the slow development of radical opposition to Japanese institutions. For one thing, there is no proletariat in our sense of the term, and, although the standard of living is very low, unemployment scarcely exists. Again, one must remember the unique solidarity of Japan under the Emperor; discontent is the equivalent of treason to one's own family. Again, there is the Japanese tradition of conformity and discipline. Finally, the country is at war.

Chapter V

Men of Yen

JAPANESE are small men. But Japan is a land of giants from the point of view of finance and industry. We come now to the mammoth "Five" of Japanese economy—the Houses of Mitsui, Mitsubishi, Sumitomo, Yasuda, and Okura—which embody a concentration of financial power unparalleled in the world, and which are a unique and extraordinary factor in the life, private and public, of the country. These five houses control not less than sixty-two percent of the *total* wealth of Japan. Seventy percent of Japanese textiles, forty percent of Japanese bank deposits, are in their hands. The three biggest of them, Mitsui, Mitsubishi, and Sumitomo, control about one-quarter of all Japanese trade and industry, and 16.54 percent of Tokyo's capital investment is held by Mitsui alone. In no country in the world does a single giant concern account for such a share of the national economy. Mitsui is a colossus beside which organizations like Du Pont, Standard Oil, Imperial Chemicals, seem like children.

Statistics tell the story briefly. According to the admirable analysis in the Japanese number of *Fortune*, Mitsui and its subsidiaries control fourteen percent of *all* Japanese cotton business, fifteen percent of rayon, seventy-eight percent of paper, seventeen percent of cement, seventeen percent of mining, five percent of engineering, eleven percent of coal and shipping, five percent of electro-chemicals. Mitsubishi controls 4.6 percent of *all* Japanese banking, ten percent of trust business, thirty-nine percent of marine and fire insurance, thirty-seven percent of shipping, twenty-two percent of warehousing, six percent of life insurance, forty-seven percent of glass, nineteen percent of sugar, seventeen percent of beer, forty-seven percent of wheat. Sumitomo controls twenty percent of warehousing, thirty-two percent of wires and cables, ten percent of trust business. Monopolies of such grandiose longitudinal direction are unique.

Searching for explanation we must again turn to feudalism. Japanese industry was not fragmented by generations of competition and free development. The industrial revolution came overnight. A handful of families controlled wealth and opportunities for production when

the machine age came, and they expanded throughout industry assiduously. The nation voraciously needed—almost without warning—a vast industrial equipment, and only those rare merchants and traders who already had some hold on economic resources were able to supply the spectacular demand. They seized this opportunity; they proliferated; they entrenched.

The House of Mitsui

Mitsui history goes back a long way. Like almost everything else in Japan, it has medieval roots, a modern surface. The legend is that the Mitsuis were originally Fujiwaras (of course it is convenient to talk about relationship to such noble blood), but that a young man Kanpaku Michinaga, who lived from 967 to 1028 A.D., disliked the Fujiwara connection, and assumed the name Mitsui from the village where he lived. Apparently he walked out of the court circle in Kyoto to discover himself and explore his soul among humble surroundings. Generations later, in the 16th century, the Mitsui family found itself without an heir. So it adopted a successor named Takahisa, who came from the exalted Minamoto family. From that date to this most Mitsuis have the syllable "taka" in their names. "Mitsui" itself means literally "three wells."

At about the time the original Mitsuis became Takahisas, the head of the family in some unaccountable way decided that the life of a Samurai was a bore—or perhaps the rice crop failed or perhaps he didn't want to earn a living by pillage—and unprecedently he entered trade. This was an iconoclastic step. Trade was little respected in those days. But his business, largely of handicraft textiles, grew handsomely. By the late 17th century the Mitsuis owned warehouses for cloth in Kyoto, had a kind of embryo department store in Yedo (the old name for Tokyo), and did a flourishing cotton trade in Osaka. The family then necessarily became bankers. They had to deal in money as well as goods. In fact, to make business easier, they *invented* money, substituting tokens of metal instead of the unwieldy bags of rice that hitherto had served as cash. Then, a natural progression, they developed credit too.

A member of the family named Takatoshi had eleven sons. This was still in the 17th century. He took eight of them, and set them up as heads of eight parallel family groups. (Why the other three sons were eliminated we do not know; perhaps they were too young, per-

haps they were ne'er-do-wells . . .) The eldest son was selected as the leader of the eight. These eight Mitsui families persist to this day. They are bound by a family law, which was written more than two hundred years ago, which is amended from time to time, and which in theory at least is followed in every particular by contemporary Mitsuis. Some of its provisions:

1. The members of the House shall deal with one another in close friendship and with kindness. A single stick may be easily broken. Do not forget this fact; make the family fortune more secure by mutual harmony.
2. Do not endlessly increase the number of families in the House. Everything has its limits. Know that over-expansion, which you may covet, will beget confusion.
3. A certain part of the income earned by all branches of the family shall be set aside as a reserve, and only after this is accomplished shall each family receive its individual share.
4. Thrift enriches a House, while luxury ruins a man.
5. In making marriage, incurring debts, or underwriting the debts of others, act always with the advice of the family council.
6. Each family shall select one man to be known as the Elder. He shall direct all acts of the family.
7. Quarrels between the families are forbidden, as is extravagance.
8. The head of each family must know everything, great and small, about his family.
9. Weak soldiers do not exist under a strong general. See that able men are selected for important tasks, so that there shall be no grumbling among the workers.
10. All Mitsui sons shall work for a certain time in the company, under identical conditions with other employees.
11. The life work of a man lasts as long as he lives. Therefore, do not, without reason, seek the luxury and ease of retirement. The most important thing in business is to know when to retire.
12. The essential of a business enterprise is to employ men of great ability and take advantage of their special talents. Replace those who are old and decrepit with young men of promise.
13. You who have been born in the land of the gods, worship your gods, revere your Emperor, love your country, and do your duty as subjects.

When a Mitsui son comes of age he swears allegiance to these family laws at a semi-religious ceremony. This is the oath, in the form it has been prescribed for more than a hundred years:

In obedience to the precepts of our forefathers, and in order to strengthen the everlasting ancestral foundation of the families of our House and to expand our enterprises bequeathed by our forefathers, I solemnly vow in the presence of the August Spirits of our ancestors that, as a member of the House of Mitsui, I will observe and follow the regulations handed down in the Constitution of our House, and that I will not wantonly seek to alter them. In witness whereof, I take the oath and affix my signature thereto in the presence of the August Spirits of our ancestors.

Note well the extraordinary resemblance between the Mitsuis and the European Rothschilds. Both grew to eminence in about the same period; both were merchants who became dealers in exchange; both had a strong family sense, grew up in parallel families, and obeyed a family constitution. The Mitsuis simplified greatly the technique of domestic credit; similarly the Rothschilds invented the technique of international money transfer and exchange. Both made great fortunes by an industrial revolution. Both played politics. Mitsui consolidated its power by becoming financial agent for a government, which is exactly what the Rothschilds did with several governments. That two such financial families should have pursued almost precisely the same development, at approximately the same time, while separated from each other by many thousands of miles, and with no conceivable opportunity for exchange of information until 1868 or later, is an extraordinary example of parallelism in economic affairs, of an essential likeness in financial problems, and of the insatiable activity of finance capital whether white or yellow.

Came the Restoration in 1868. Before that the Mitsuis were merely a big business. Afterward they became a dominating national institution. They had helped to finance the tottering Shoguns; they helped now to finance the new imperial government. The government needed cash quickly, in part to crush a rising of Shogunate troops; Mitsui provided it, and thus helped win the civil war. For generations, when the Emperor was a puppet, Mitsui had managed and collected the imperial revenue; with the Emperor restored, this duty and privilege was retained and amplified. The new government set up two organizations, the Office of Specie and Currency and the Office of Commercial Law; Mitsui men ran both. Mitsui became the fiscal agent of the government. For a time, so indispensable was the House in this con-

nection, that it was permitted to use funds of the national treasury without security or interest.

For thirty years after the Restoration Mitsui history is so remarkably like Rothschild history that one blinks. As exclusive treasury agents the Mitsuis became incredibly wealthy, and they began to invest their profits in industry, which grew enormously. They became manufacturers and traders as well as merchant-bankers. In 1874 the new paper money began to wilt; Mitsui alone had the cash to make it good, and thus saved the government; after which Mitsui was shrewd enough not to ask too many favors—at the beginning. Like the Rothschilds, the Mitsuis flirted with various political groups, obliterated competitors by adroit purchase, backed promising statesmen, and financed wars. The old Marquis Inouye, one of the Genro, became a "Mitsui man." And wealth tumbled into the Mitsui basket like golden rain.

Another point is a very Japanese point. Throughout this entire period of inordinate expansion the House of Mitsui was not actually operated by Mitsui men. This is true to-day. "Like the English kings, the Mitsuis reign but do not rule," I heard it said. The executive head of the enormous conglomerate organization is, by invariable rule, *not* a member of the family but some one imported from outside as a director-specialist. He is known as the "Banto," literally "watchman." The Mitsuis own the business exclusively (no outside capital is permitted), but it is operated by a hired employee. This system of control by a subordinate is, of course, strikingly analogous to the way Japan itself is operated, until 1868 by a Shogun behind the Emperor, and nowadays by an army behind a constitution.

We have no space to describe the complex organization of the Mitsui domain at present. Even a simplified chart of the family enterprises fills a large page; one virtually needs a slide rule and a pair of dividers to understand it. Suffice it to say that a gigantic holding company, the Mitsui Gomei Kaisha, is on top. The head of each Mitsui branch has unlimited liability in this company, which is the fountain-head of the organization. It controls directly six great subsidiaries (shipping, insurance, banking, trust business, mining, warehousing), and eleven indirect subsidiaries; the structure then ramifies down to ninety-six different "main enterprises" or "relationship companies." One subsidiary, the Mitsui Bussan Kaisha, the largest trading company in the world, handles nineteen percent of

Japan's total exports, fourteen percent of its total imports. The authorized capital of all Mitsui enterprises is 2,146,409,000 yen.¹ No one knows what the aggregate wealth of the family is.

The head of the House of Mitsui until 1933 was the Honorable Takamine Mitsui. He had been created a baron in 1896—he was an obvious choice for a Restoration peerage—but subsequently, like so many Japanese, he gave up his title. He was succeeded in nominal control of the House by Baron Takakimi (the consonants change slightly) Mitsui, his second son, who was born in 1895. This Mitsui was educated in political science at the University of Tokyo, came into the Mitsui house as a young man, and has had no other career. His wife is a Matsudaira.

Actually the "Banto" who ran Mitsui for many years is Seihin Ikeda, who was also Prince Konoye's minister of finance. Ikeda, one of the most cultivated of modern Japanese, a charming old gentleman, went to Harvard.² After a year of newspaper work he entered Mitsui service in 1895—the word in those days was that the best brains of the country went either to the army general staff or the Mitsui board of directors—and eventually he succeeded Baron Dan as Banto. For a time he was governor of the Bank of Japan, and was called—rather inappropriately—the "Tiger of the Money Market." He has a great reputation for value in a crisis. In the eloquent and somewhat Americanized language of the Tokyo *Nichi Nichi*, "Ikeda is a de-luxe pinch hitter. It is up to him to knock a home run with the bases loaded." But the army didn't approve of him in the finance ministry, and out he went.

Relation to the Army

The present situation is peculiar. For the first time in generations the Mitsui house is tucking its heels in, confronted with a power

¹ If any specialist in investment should be interested in how Mitsui Gomei Kaisha distributes its holdings, the list is as follows:

Banking and Insurance	10.86%	Trade	11.33%
Textiles	12.67%	Steel	1.75%
Foods and Beverages	6.61%	Machinery	5.73%
Chemicals	19.31%	Transport	3.03%
Mines	16.72%	Light and Power	0.62%
Warehousing	1.74%	Miscellaneous	2.64%

² It is interesting that for a time the financial brains on each side in the China War were Harvard men. China's T. V. Soong went to Harvard in 1915. Ikeda, incidentally, is a widely traveled man in Europe and America, but has never once been in Manchuria or China. This is rather typical of prominent Japanese.

stronger than itself. Obviously Mitsui still pulls enormous and cohesive weight, and obviously it is all but unassailable in its special sphere. The army needs Mitsui, because only through the great industrial houses can it get munitions. But this does not much modify the fact that the army, particularly the young radicals, dislike Mitsui and all it stands for, and have hinted at the necessity to nationalize it. The army's point of view is quite simple. Why should Mitsui continue to make enormous profits, if the army itself can utilize them, absorb them, to make more munitions, to make a stronger Japan? Thus the quarrel—and compromise—on Article 11 of the National Mobilization Law, which curtailed if it did not abolish Mitsui—and other—profits.

The Mitsuis and their allies are as a result in a fine state of apprehension. They customarily influenced affairs by partial control of the political parties; their influence has naturally suffered as that of the parties waned. And now the army subtly but implacably attacks the capitalist system itself. Mitsui has replied by several maneuvers. First, it has attempted to make itself popular by huge charities for "national service"; recently the House created a 30,000,000 yen "national welfare fund." Second, the Mitsuis are performing patriotic service by buying up the government's "red-ink" bonds, which so far have scarcely begun to reach the public at large. Third, they are assiduously cultivating friendships among army officers, particularly those of a conservative trend. (The army does not repay in kind. Recently a company of rookies, en route to the front, was quartered in the Mitsui residence. This is as if the American general staff billeted doughboys at the New York home of J. P. Morgan.) Fourth, the Mitsuis seek to make their wealth as inconspicuous as possible. For instance, the present heir, a boy of twelve, goes to an ordinary school, and wears the cheapest clothes. The Mitsuis are terrified of spending money—which is an odd situation to say the least. The Baroness Mitsui—whose husband is probably worth \$100,000,000—hardly dares have a dinner party for more than eight, or appear in the street in a new costume.

That the army is a "puppet" of the House of Mitsui is, it goes without saying, nonsense. It is as much nonsense as it would be to say that Hitler is a puppet of Dr. Schacht. Nor is the House of Mitsui a puppet of the army—at least not yet. The two, despite jealousy and friction, still manage to work together. But the tension between

them is slowly, steadily, mounting. The more it mounts, the weaker Mitsui becomes, what with the present distribution of power in Japan.

House of Mitsubishi

Mitsubishi is not a family name. It is a trademark meaning "three lozenges." The family which owns the huge Mitsubishi concern, junior only to Mitsui, is the Iwasaki family, and it is of comparatively recent origin. The Iwasakis are not of feudal or Samurai blood. The basis of the fortune, rather like the great American fortunes of the last century, was accumulated in a generation. Much of it was amassed in the lifetime of the founder of the family, the late Yataro Iwasaki, who died in 1885.

Mitsubishi differs from Mitsui not only because it has shallower roots but in its special type of business. It is organized like Mitsui, with a gigantic holding company at the top (capitalized at 120,000,000 yen as against 300,000,000 yen for Mitsui), but its activity is different. Mitsui is par excellence the company of cotton, metals, rayon, mining—basic industries. Mitsubishi is more particularly a finance and trading company; its specialties are banking, shipping, insurance. It controls the N. Y. K. shipping line, and it founded the Japanese merchant marine. This division of interest between Mitsui and Mitsubishi has its advantages. They split the field.

Yataro Iwasaki, the founder of the house, was entirely a self-made man. His father was a "Ronin"—a Samurai without master or employment. One of Iwasaki's first feats was an attempt to rescue his father from jail, where he was incarcerated after a quarrel with a friend; the adventure ended with Iwasaki going to jail himself. He was a violent young man, and he grew up to be "ruthless, calculating, and utterly selfish," in the words of one of his biographers. From the beginning he was interested in ships; he discovered and explored several remote islands. Then, still a youngster, he managed to organize a coastwise shipping service, and at the time of the Meiji Restoration his ships became highly important in transporting government troops who fought the Shogun. By 1880 he was expanding in other lines of business, and had become extremely rich. He was a buccaneer in finance. Like that of the late John D. Rockefeller, his general policy was to buy up competitors when he could not destroy them otherwise. He died in 1885, aged only fifty-two.

This Iwasaki was succeeded by his younger brother, named Yano-

suке, who had educated himself in the United States; the saying was that his only baggage as he worked his way through American schools was a dictionary. Yanosuke performed incredible speculations in Tokyo real estate; he bought most of the business district of Tokyo for 1,500,000 yen. In 1896 he was created a baron, but at first refused the title. His successor was Yataro's son, Hisaya, who is still head of the house, though active operation is in the hands of two younger Iwasakis and their Banto.

The Mitsubishi house played politics exactly as the Mitsuis did. Its "man" was the murdered Marquis Okuma, one of the first great Japanese nation-builders. For years it more or less controlled the Minseito party, which believed in overseas trade and hence deplored warlike adventures. The army radicals have not forgotten this, and to-day they probably dislike Mitsubishi even more than Mitsui. But Mitsubishi, like Mitsui, is useful to them—in fact indispensable—and it seeks to buy favor by proper deference.

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Of the other great houses we cannot write in detail. Sumitomo, which is older than Mitsui, has a fascinating history. It is a single family, with no collateral branches; its activities center in Osaka rather than Tokyo, and emphasize engineering and heavy industry; it is known for conservatism and "aristocratic" methods. The Sumitomo line goes back to the Emperor Kwammu (782-805 A.D.), whose younger son founded the house. Nineteen generations later it adopted the Sumitomo name. But at the moment—Japanese paradox again—the house contains not a drop of Sumitomo blood, since the present family derives from a court noble named Kichizaemon, who was adopted by the Sumitomos—apparently their own blood had given out—as recently as 1892.

The foundation of the Sumitomo fortune was a copper and silver mine discovered in 1691. A shrewd series of Bantos preserved it in Restoration times, when several wealthy families were wiped out because they lent money to the various Daimyo, whom the Restoration ruined. The Sumitomos, like the Mitsuis, quickly dropped the Shogun, and supported the new government. The present head of the house, Ogura, is now a cabinet minister supervising war industry. One article in the house law is "Secrets are secrets." Sumitomo had

a close connection with the late Prince Saionji, who was a relative of Baron Kichizaemon.

The House of Yasuda is as new as Sumitomo is old. Its origin was a money-lending business which began in the 1860's, and its leader, Baron Yasuda, was assassinated in 1921 at the age of eighty-four. The Yasuda bank is the biggest in Japan—bigger even than Mitsui. . . . The House of Okura is the smallest of the Big Five. It is of comparatively recent origin, it specializes in trade and engineering, and it has a strong "East Asia" policy, seeking expansion on the mainland.

Among old-line financiers must be mentioned Baron Seinosuke Goh, 76 years old, stout, independent, and a liberal. Goh came of a noble family, and studied abroad in Germany and Belgium; he is a Ph.D. from Heidelberg. He has never had a government job, but his importance as president of the Japan Federation of Commerce and Industry is considerable. He has been called the "Andrew Mellon of Japan." In 1940 he sought to establish a voluntary corporative structure for Japanese business in order to head off Konoye's plans for complete totalitarian economy.

The Upstart Generation

A different type of financier altogether is Yoshisuke Aikawa. This resourceful promoter and organizer compares to the Mitsuis as, say, the young automobile men of Detroit compared twenty years ago to J. P. Morgan. Born in 1880 of a trading family, Aikawa came to the United States to study the steel business, and for a time worked as a laborer in a Pittsburgh mill. His importance has notes of iconoclasm. For one thing, he opened his companies to the public, and thousands upon thousands of small shareholders invested in them, whereas Mitsui and Mitsubishi are owned absolutely privately, with the public frozen out. For another, the army likes him, thinks he understands "modern conditions," and backs him against other interests. Finally, he is concentrating in Manchukuo.

Aikawa is president of an enormous company, capitalized at 450,000,000 yen, called the Manchuria Industrial Development Corporation. Its subsidiary and associated companies are occupied in mining, glass, fisheries, iron and steel, phonographs, soya beans, automobiles, matches, animal fats, rubber. In 1927 Aikawa was hardly known. Ten years later he was a tremendous force, because he invaded Manchuria in competition with the historically entrenched South Man-

churia Railway. But the railway was, as we shall see, engaged in covert conflict with the Kwantung army, which is the real boss of Manchuria, and the Kwantung officers threw their support to the rising Aikawa. He picked up pieces of the South Manchuria Empire as a kind of agent for the army, which wanted to break the railway's hold on Manchurian economy.

If he does not overreach himself, Aikawa may become a dominant figure in Japanese finance. He is certainly its most conspicuous contemporary star. Before the war he visited the United States drumming up capital—not very successfully—for his Manchurian enterprises. He wants to be the economic viceroy of the new Manchukuoan state. Mitsui and Mitsubishi are jealous of him, but in a way he serves their inmost design: he keeps the army off.

Chapter VI

The Story of Two Twenty-Six

FEBRUARY 26, 1936, was a cold morning in Tokyo. Snow glistened on the streets, and people shivered on the way to work. Then they noticed an unwonted concentration of troops, and they began to shiver with more than cold. Hours passed before anyone had certain knowledge of what was going on, whereupon it became clear—military rebellion. The army had cut loose! For eighty-one hours, under martial law, Tokyo waited in suspense. Then the mutineers quietly surrendered. The story of the attempted coup d'état contains picturesque as well as tragic features. Its importance was that, in these eighty-one crowded hours, the triple struggle I have adumbrated in these chapters, the confused and shifting grasp for power by army, politicians, and financiers—with the life of Japan at supreme stake—came to abortive climax.

The mutineers murdered three eminent Japanese: Admiral Viscount Saito, 77-year-old Lord Privy Seal and former prime minister; General Jotaro Watanabe, inspector general of military education, aged seventy-one; and the veteran finance minister Korekiyo Takahashi, who was eighty-three and probably the most popular man in Japan. They gravely wounded the Grand Chamberlain to the Emperor, Admiral Suzuki; and the prime minister, Admiral Keisuke Okada, escaped with his life only because his brother-in-law was killed in his stead—an almost Hollywoodian episode. Several other escapes were almost as remarkable, including that of Count Makino of the inner palace circle. At least twenty-four eminent Japanese were to have been killed in all—Prince Saionji, the last Elder Statesman; the heads of the Houses of Mitsui, Mitsubishi, and Okura; Baron Shidehara, Baron Goh, Seihin Ikeda, and several cabinet ministers. It was probably the most comprehensive murder plot in modern history.¹

The mutiny failed, though several of the assassinations were successful. Let us tell the story briefly.

¹ Some of the financiers—who had their spies in the army—got out of town just in time. And some stayed out of town for a considerable period thereafter.

For several months radical officers in the army had been restive. The finance minister was resisting their budget demands, and the Manchurian campaign was dying down. A group of young extremists, officers and civilians both, became converted to the idea of what they called the "Showa Restoration," whereby Japan was to be "purified" in the name of the Emperor, for the sake of the "Kingly Way." They of course did not dare to attack the Emperor himself, but sought to gain imperial authority to effect their ends. A book called *Plans for the Reconstruction of Japan*, by a young socialist Ikki Kita, was their guide to politico-economic reformation. The "Showa Restorationists" were united by a general dissidence. They were against the privileged classes and aristocrats, against the exploiters of national wealth, against the high army command, even against those closest to the Throne, whom they accused of frustrating their aims. Then, a torch in a pool of oil, came the Aizawa-Mazaki-Nagata incident.

A serious quarrel was proceeding in army circles over military education. General Watanabe, one of the officers killed, was on the conservative side. His predecessor as Inspector General of Military Education had been General Mazaki. He was a zealot, a schemer, a politically minded officer rather like General Schleicher, but a radical—and dangerous. Mazaki was dismissed from his post; he was too extreme. So a friend of Mazaki's, Colonel Aizawa, went to another of the conservative group, General Nagata, an important man in the War Office, to complain. Aizawa demanded that Nagata change his methods. Contemptuously Nagata dismissed him—an insolent underling daring to insult a superior. Whereupon Aizawa took up his sword, and slashed Nagata to death.

This was in August 1935. On January 28, 1936—just before the February outbreak—Aizawa was brought to court-martial. The trial stirred public opinion deeply. Aizawa was presented as a patriot and hero. Mazaki testified in his behalf, and a strong wing of the army backed him. Aizawa told the judges that he had no regrets for his action, and that he had taken it only after prayer at the Meiji shrine. He said:

The Emperor is the incarnation of the God who reigns over the universe. The aim of life is to develop according to His Majesty's wishes . . . The world is deadlocked by capitalism, communism, anarchism, atheism . . . I came to realize that the elder statesmen, those close to the throne, the powerful financiers and bureaucrats,

were attempting . . . to corrupt the Government and Army . . . Internal conditions are becoming deplorable . . . Mah-jong and cafes are becoming a fad in the country. . . . When I observed these conditions, the teaching on which I was educated—to give up everything for the Emperor in an emergency—burst out and encouraged me.

Aizawa's court-martial was still proceeding amid an explosive atmosphere when the February 26 mutiny (the Japanese usually call it the "2.26 incident") occurred.

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The conspirators were carefully but inadequately organized. Their roots were in the Third Guards Regiment, and in the First and Third Infantry regiments of the First Division, which—ominous indication—was part of the Imperial Guard. These detachments were en route to Manchukuo, and had just got arms, provisions, and ammunition for active service. The fact that they had been marching around Tokyo for several days diminished suspicion when, at dawn on February 26, they began to dispose their forces for rebellion. No leader was of higher rank than captain. But they looked to eminent military figures like Mazaki (who was court-martialed after the mutiny) as friends. They also looked for financial support to certain radical industrialists, including one Fukunosuke Kuhara, who had flirted with army "ideas." Kuhara was tried later for complicity in the affair, but acquitted.

Various conspirators were selected for the concrete jobs of assassination which were the kernel of the plan. One group went to the house of Viscount Saito. They burst in at 5:30 A.M. The old Viscount had been a dinner guest of the American Ambassador, Joseph C. Grew, the night before. The admiral's wife, Viscountess Saito, threw herself at the assassins, shouting: "My husband's life belongs to the state. If you have to shoot, shoot me." They did, but only wounded her. The admiral was killed. Previously there had been no fewer than six attempts on his life.

Another group "called on" General Watanabe, who grabbed his pistol and tried to repel the murderers; his ammunition gave out, and he was machine-gunned to death with his wife and daughter looking on. Madame Watanabe tried to save him. . . . A third group went to the house of the aged finance minister Takahashi.² He was asleep

² Old Korekiyo Takahashi was one of the most remarkable men of modern Japan. He was illegitimate, born of a 15-year-old mother. He went to the

on an upper floor. His maid woke him, hearing noise outside. To reassure her, he said, "It's probably snow falling on the roof." But he knew better. The mutineers shot him as he was lying there. In his hand was a copy of the *London Times*. . . . Admiral Suzuki was similarly attacked early in the morning. He looked incredulously at the uniforms of his assailants, demanded to see their commanding officer, and was promptly shot. Miraculously, he recovered.

Another group left Tokyo to find Prince Saionji and kill him—he got away—and still another went to Yugawara, a hot-spring resort where Count Makino was vacationing. Makino's escape was dramatic. His personal guard saw the soldiers approaching, and killed three of them before he himself was shot. Makino (who is 78) heard the shots; he aroused his wife, granddaughter, two maids, and a sick nurse, and climbed with them out of a back window. The cavalcade, all in night dress, streamed over a brick wall toward escape in the hills, while the mutineers burned down the house, on the chance that it might not have been Makino himself who escaped. This was the third time Makino had escaped death in ten years.

But the most remarkable adventure was that of the prime minister, Admiral Okada, who is probably the only man in history who attended his own funeral alive.

At 5 A.M. the mutineers, shivering with cold and the burden of their job, arrived at Okada's official residence. They shot the four policemen guarding it, and forced their way in. A system of alarm bells had recently been installed; these began to ring, and the prime minister's brother-in-law and secretary, Colonel Matsuo, woke up. With two maids he rushed to warn Okada, who was a character noted for stolidity, occasional bibulous indulgence, and a sense of humor. Okada groaned in his sleep, refused to wake up, and said, "Well, if it's all up with us, there's no use getting excited."

Colonel Matsuo forced Okada out of bed, and pushed him into the curious kind of large steel vault which, in most important buildings in Japan, is an earthquake shelter. Matsuo slammed the vault door, and at that precise moment the mutineers burst in. They mistook Matsuo for Okada—the facial resemblance between the two was striking—shot him dutifully, and took command of the establishment. Dying, Matsuo cried out, "*Banzai* (a cheer meaning literally 10,000 years) for *Dai* (great) Nippon. *Banzai* for the Emperor!"

The mutineers assumed that their job was done, and grew careless. Two servants had seen Matsuo hide the prime minister in the vault. They waited patiently for their chance, rescued him (he had nearly suffocated) and smuggled him into the kitchen where he disguised himself in rude clothes. There he waited in tense secrecy while the announcement went around the world—issued in terms of great solemnity and mourning from the imperial palace itself—that he was dead.

The problem of getting him out was solved ingeniously. The funeral, by Buddhist canon, had to take place at once, and the mutineers politely allowed relatives to call for the body next day. A loyal gendarme, who had somehow escaped being killed and who had learned that Okada was alive, managed to insert himself next to the representative of the family who arrived. He had time only to whisper, "Show no surprise." The relative looked at the dead man's face, saw that it was not Okada, and almost perished of shock. He recovered quickly, and escorted the body out. Other relatives asked to see the face. He said smartly, "The head has been too much damaged by bullet wounds."

Among the mourners who departed with the body was—Admiral Okada himself! He could no longer risk discovery by the rebels of their mistake. Dressed inconspicuously, his head bowed, he slipped out with the funeral cortège, and spent long hours mourning publicly at his "own" bier. A day later the bewildering announcement came to Tokyo—and to the mutineers who thought they had murdered him and still held his residence—that he was very much alive. This contretemps brought typically Japanese difficulties. One might think that the Admiral would have been greeted as a hero, or at least as a remarkable apparition. Not so. He was bitterly abused—because, by being still alive, he was embarrassing to the Emperor, who believed him to be dead!—and he had to resign office as prime minister at once. There were even indignant suggestions that he should commit *hara-kiri*, presumably so that he might attend another funeral dead.

One should note that among the conspicuous victims or would be victims of the mutiny were three admirals. Two other admirals were on the death list. The mutiny was made by the army; and the navy did not forget this for some time.

Meantime 1,400 troops had occupied the central district of Tokyo. Snow was still falling; the mutineers whistled on their fingers, shuffled in the mud. They took over the metropolitan Police Office, the War Office, the bureau of the General Staff, and the Home Office. They fortified themselves, set up machine guns in the streets, and surrounded the imperial palace. Then they prepared to see—what would happen.

But nothing happened. It became clear that, having made a start toward seizing power, the insurgents did not know what to do with it. They waited: which was fatal. They summoned the war minister and General Mazaki, and offered them command of the rebellion; both refused. And loyal troops began to converge on the circle held by the rebels; there were in effect two circles around the palace, with the rebels inside gradually being surrounded by government forces. The rebels did not dare go into the palace itself.

Young insurgents continued to picket the street corners, and with rather touching innocence handed civilian passers-by the mimeographed pronunciamento they had prepared. This deserves quotation in part:

The essence of the nation of Japan, as a land of the Gods, exists in the fact that the Emperor reigns with undiminished power. . . . The present time is a favorable moment for Japan to bring about a greater expansion of national power and prestige. In recent years, however, there have appeared many persons whose chief aim and purpose have been to amass personal material wealth, disregarding the general welfare and prosperity of the Japanese population. . . .

The Genro, senior statesmen, military cliques, plutocrats, bureaucrats and political parties are all traitors who are destroying national polity. They infringed on the Imperial right of Supreme Command when they concluded the London Naval Treaty of 1930 and changed the Inspector-General of Military Education in 1935. . . . Japan's relations with Russia, China, Great Britain and the United States are so strained at present that a single misstep will cast the Divine Land of Japan into ruin. The Imperial work will fail unless we take proper steps to safeguard the Fatherland by killing all those responsible for impeding the Showa Restoration and slurring Imperial prestige. . . .

It is our duty to remove the evil retainers from around the Throne and to smash the group of senior statesmen. It is our duty as subjects of His Majesty the Emperor. . . .

What happened, after eighty-one hours, was that this army revolt

was put down by the army itself. But careful and discriminating negotiation was required. The authorities were sure that, if they invoked the name of the Emperor, the mutineers would disperse, but they disliked having to put the imperial prestige to this stringent test. So they had to work delicately. One peculiarly Japanese touch: large balloons customarily used for commercial advertising were sent overhead, festooned with patriotic appeals to surrender. The mutineers were also attacked with pamphlets, instead of bombs, which urged them to give up peaceably rather than subject Tokyo to street fighting. Finally the rebels did surrender. Not a shot was fired.

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Cleverly the army command rebuked the underlings of the conspiracy as lightly as possible. Only a very few privates were punished, and it was announced piously that they were a minority with misguided notions of their duty to the throne. The government announced its "awe and regret," and in effect told the boys to go home and behave better the next time. It was continually stressed that the rank and file mutineers were dupes of the ringleaders, which indeed they were.

One insurgent officer committed *hara-kiri*. Only one. Other officers were arrested, and after a long trial were given severe sentences. Fourteen officers and three civilians were sentenced to death, and of these, fifteen were duly executed—the first time in twenty-eight years that any Japanese met the death penalty for a "patriotic" murder. Five officers were condemned to life imprisonment, and forty-four others received shorter sentences. Colonel Aizawa, incidentally the murderer of General Nagata, was duly found guilty when his trial was resumed, and to everyone's surprise was executed.³ One youthful lieutenant on active service—who had nothing whatever to do with the plot—was so shamed and horrified that, with his wife, he committed ceremonial *hara-kiri* when the bulk of the mutineers did not do so. "I must atone for their disgrace," he said. A Buddhist priest likewise killed himself at the Meiji shrine.

The Emperor, the core of the whole story, was, it was announced, profoundly disturbed by the episode. For thirteen days he took no exercise, and "almost forgot to eat and sleep." As to the army, it might be said to have gained from the incident. It became "a trustee for

³ He had boasted at the trial that soon he would be on active service again.

fundamental reform," and has in fact adopted much of the program of the mutineers.

"I Come Fairly to Kill Him Honestly!"

Of the eighteen Japanese prime ministers since the first Great War, five have been assassinated—Hara, Takahashi, Hamaguchi, Inukai, Saito. A sixth, Admiral Okada, only narrowly escaped assassination, and at least two others have been in danger. This is not merely a post-war phenomenon; Japanese statesmen were murdered wholesale in pre-war days, for instance such great Japan-builders as Ito and Okubo. Assassins usually got off with light sentences; at least one murderer of a premier is now free after having served a short term. The situation developed that any politician tending to be liberal or conciliatory, especially in foreign affairs, was liable to murder. Among modern peoples only the Arabs have such an instinct to consider assassination as an acceptable political weapon.

In 1921 Prime Minister Hara was stabbed* at the Tokyo railway station. He was the first commoner to become premier of Japan. He had opened the way to the Washington naval treaty, and thus was damned.

In 1930 Prime Minister "Lion" Hamaguchi was shot, to die later of his wounds. He was a liberal, who believed in retrenchment, and who insured the ratification of the London naval treaty. This cost him his life.

In February, 1932, a former finance minister, Inouye, was murdered by members of a "Blood Brotherhood League," who were inspired by fanatic Buddhist priests. Inouye was a liberal too.

In March, 1932, Baron Dan of the House of Mitsui was murdered by a young peasant. He was one of the best liked—as well as the most powerful—men in Japan; but neither his popularity nor power counted with the radicals who hated him.

In May, 1932, Prime Minister Inukai was killed by cadets. He believed in a peaceful policy toward China; he had been a friend of Sun Yat-sen's. He was seventy-seven. On this occasion, too, attempts were made to bomb the Mitsubishi bank, the police headquarters, and Count Makino.

Four years later came the carnival of Two Twenty-Six. Since then there have been no important political murders.

Japanese Miscellany

In Japan a belch is a compliment. In Japan the monstrous professional wrestlers wear their hair up, women were for generations forbidden to climb Mt. Fujiyama, and manicurists stand at work. When a Japanese politician gets drunk it may be prominently reported in the papers, since little stigma attaches to drunkenness in Japan.

In Japan the northwest corner of a garden is protected by shrubbery, because this is the direction from which evil spirits may enter; in Japan no one will have 4 or 49 as a house number, because these numbers are considered unlucky like our 13 (the ideograph for 4 is pronounced similarly to the one for death, and 9 means sadness); in Japan an officer sentenced to death is shot through a curtain, since it is inconceivable that a private should actually see that he is shooting a man of higher rank.

In Japan a person's age is counted from the date of conception, not from birth; nouns have no inflection or number and verbs no person; a cup of tea should properly be drunk in exactly three and one-half gulps; and pillows are made of wood.

In Japan the traffic policeman and school children wear nose guards to keep out the dust and influenza germs; the color and shape of the *Obi* (a kind of sash) gives evidence of a woman's age and social station; newspaper extras are announced by bells; and snake soup is a considerable delicacy.

Chapter VII

Japan Makes War

JAPAN'S foreign policy, which is the expression of its urgent will to expand, is based on a trinity of factors. First, economic shortages at home. Second, population pressure. Third, political considerations, which include ethnic and semi-religious items.

The position in regard to shortage of raw materials is not quite so serious as is generally assumed. From several points of view it is rather difficult to call Japan a "Have-Not" nation—if only because a country which has swallowed Manchuria and a considerable part of China is suffering from a glut of unassimilated hinterland, rather than a lack of it. Japan is the first nation in the world in exports of textiles, and first in rayon manufacture and export, the first in silk, the first in manufacture of plate glass. It is the third country in cotton spinning, the third in shipping, the fourth in hydro-electric development, the fourth in chemicals. Japan is self-sufficient in food, as I have already noted, and it produces ninety-five percent of its own coal. It is very nearly self-sufficient in graphite, sulphur, and some minor metals.

Conversely Japan has drastic weaknesses in other important raw materials. It must import very nearly all its raw cotton, the basis of its pre-war export trade. It must import one hundred percent of its nickel and mercury and—of critical significance—ninety percent of its petroleum, sixty-five percent of its iron and steel. It is seriously deficient in lead, zinc, aluminum, copper.

Of course the fact that a country lacks raw materials does not justify aggression to secure them. Switzerland and Sweden are "Have-Not" powers; but they do not make wars. The Japanese could normally purchase raw materials quite freely. No one objected to selling them rubber or cotton or anything else so long as they behaved themselves internationally. The difficulty was not that the Japanese could not buy raw materials, but that they wanted to gain them by conquest, not through normal purchase.

As to population pressure the Japanese are beyond doubt in a unique position. The density of population, 2,750 per square mile of

arable land, is the highest in the world.¹ The area of Japan is 148,000 square miles, which is less than that of California. Yet in that area, of which less than one-fifth is arable, Japan must support a population approximately half of that of the entire United States. In pre-war days we heard much of the claims of Germany and Italy, the other so-called "Have-Not" states, to expand on the ground of population pressure, but this was obviously a dubious argument: the Germans and Italians asked for room *because* their population was expanding, while at the same time they did everything possible to encourage more babies. In Japan this is not quite the case; birth control is legal—though no one seems to pay much attention to it. Four Japanese babies are born every minute, and by 1960 the population of Japan will be 90,000,000 people if the present birthrate and deathrate are maintained.

Despite the fact that they are so unbelievably congested the Japanese are very indifferent colonizers. The average Japanese hates to leave his own country, unless to go to some warm place with a much higher standard of living. They dislike cold. Hokkaido, the northern island, part of Japan itself, is only half occupied. Many Japanese have gone to Brazil, and until the American Exclusion Act of 1924—which greatly irritated Japan and which was a contributory cause to the "active" China policy—they liked California. But it has been almost impossible to persuade Japanese to emigrate to the colonies which they now possess, a point which makes it doubtful if population pressure *per se* is any justification for the expansionist program. Japan has had Formosa since 1895, and Korea since 1905, but very few Japanese have settled in either place; in Formosa the Japanese have had actually to import Chinese labor. Japan has had Manchukuo since 1931, but only about ten thousand agricultural colonists have emigrated there—an infinitesimal number—although it is both rich and underpopulated, though Chinese went there by the millions, and though the Japanese authorities have made every effort to encourage and indeed subsidize emigration.

Above and beyond the economic and demographic factors are considerations of politics. Here is what really counts. Japan wants to

¹ Figures for England are 2,170, Italy 819, Germany 806, France 467, U. S. A. 229. The island of Java has a greater density of population, but only if all land is taken into account, not arable land.

expand because it considers itself a world power invested with an imperial mission to dominate East Asia. This mission has racial and religious overtones—as the quotations in the preceding chapters have, I hope, indicated—but the main motive is *political*. Japan wants to expand in order to be stronger vis-à-vis the Soviet Union, in order to squeeze Great Britain out of China, in order to extend its nationalist influence southward into Asia and Australasia and the Pacific. It regards large sections of Asia as we regarded the land west of the Mississippi in our own expansionist days. Questions of ultimate *power* move Japan. It wants political hegemony over what it calls its hinterland—which, in Japanese eyes, may even include India and Australia. We know this well since Pearl Harbor.

Let us point out nevertheless that Japan was by no means the only country which bit off chunks of Asia in recent times. By no means. Prostrate China was loot for all. The French successively nipped pieces off Indo-China, almost as unconscionably as Japan snapped up Manchuria. France seized Cochin-China and Cambodia, which were then integral parts of China, in the 1860's, without bothering to ask anybody's permission, and later took Annam. In 1858 Czarist Russia calmly stole the Amur River region and the Maritime Provinces of Siberia. The British have swashbuckled through China for almost a century. They grabbed Hong Kong, pinched off Burma (which was once part of China), and "absorbed" some subordinate Chinese provinces, like Bhutan and Nepal, just as Japan "absorbed" Jehol. Pre-war Germany took the Kiaochow region in Shantung.

Japan was late to the imperialist feast, and certainly her methods were more brusque, more brutal and direct. But in essence Japan did nothing that the other powers had not done. No European hands are clean. The Japanese are, we have noted, excellent mimics; and the technique of modern imperialism was something they were very quick to copy—and augment. The fact, of course, that they imitated and amplified the European system of seizure and exploitation does not make the system any pleasanter, or the exploitation more justifiable. And, as we are aware, their ambitions developed into a megalomaniac urge for conquest of half the world in 1941-2.

So much for general aspects of Japanese foreign policy. We have already in Chapter II indicated something of Japan's particular attitude to China. Let us proceed, since China is the core of everything.

Japanese Expansion: First Phase

In a sense Japan for some years looked at the China seaboard much as Great Britain looked at the low countries, Holland and Belgium, a century ago. In another sense Japan versus China resembled Germany versus pre-Nazi Austria: a new, powerful, and ambitious state attempting to seize an older, mellower state with which it shared a common origin. A highly placed Japanese statesman told me, "You must never forget that China is the woman, and we are a man. She must be punished." I asked what would happen if the woman continued to resist. "Ah," my friend replied, "we cut off her arms and legs."

Then there is trade. Eighty percent of all Japanese overseas investments are in China, amounting to roughly \$600,000,000; the great mills in Shanghai—with their hideous slums—are 24 percent Japanese owned. In normal times China took ten percent at least of Japan's total exports, which amounted to 16 percent of China's total imports. Of China's total export trade, 15.7 percent went to Japan in 1933, 14.5 percent in 1936. This trade was of fabulous value to Japan. It became disastrously crippled by Chinese boycott and the war. But one must assume that Japan hopes to revive it, hopes to resume exploitation of the China market, which potentially is the greatest in the world. Thus the double aspect of Japan's policy. Crush China—in order that it may be forced to buy. Make war on China—but don't kill it altogether. Cut off the arms and legs—but leave the profitable torso.

For a long time it was as impossible to get a Japanese to define precisely what Japan's *ultimate* policy toward China was as to get an inclusive definition of "East Asia." For a long time no one—in Tokyo itself as well as outside—knew if Japan would be satisfied with the Five Northern Provinces of China, or would attempt conquest southward. We did not know if Japan wanted to establish a colony, or a puppet state, or a military protectorate, or all three together—which is what is happening in the areas the Japanese control. We still do not know how far Japan intends to go militarily—or how far it *can* go. But in 1938 Japanese designs toward China at least were officially made concrete, with the announcement that Japan, Manchukuo, and "China" were to become a single political and economic bloc.

We cannot presume to include a history of Sino-Japanese relations

in this brief space. We can only barely mention such events as the first Sino-Japanese war (1894-95), as a result of which China was forced to surrender Formosa to Japan and to give up her claims to Korea, or the Russo-Japanese war (1904-5), which established Japan firmly as a world power. Both these wars were fought basically over Korea, which Japan needed as a preliminary toehold on the mainland. Korea has been a Japanese colony since 1910. Politically it is a land of 20 million slaves. Beyond Korea—China.

In 1915 came the famous Twenty-One Demands, which were forced on China during the Great War, when China was helpless and when Japan's then allies—Great Britain, Russia, France—had neither the energy nor the will to make the Japanese modify their position. We cannot list the Demands in full; they presented China with a 48-hour ultimatum virtually imposing Japanese sovereignty on the country. Japan was to control Shantung, to extend her influence in Manchuria, to obtain special rights in Fukien, and to have mining and railway concessions elsewhere; China was to purchase most of her munitions from Japan, give her partial control of the Chinese police, and appoint Japanese political advisers. Through a variety of circumstances the Demands were watered down before they were accepted—partly as a result of vigorous protest from the United States, which insisted that the “Open Door” (equality of all nations in China) be maintained—but they clearly marked a new and ambitious stage in Japan's foreign policy.

In 1927—another milestone—came the Tanaka Memorial, which purported to be a statement by General Tanaka, then prime minister of Japan, of the trenchant aims of his country. It said: “For settling difficulties in Eastern Asia, Japan must adopt a policy of Blood and Iron . . . In order to conquer the world, Japan must conquer Europe and Asia; in order to conquer Europe and Asia, Japan must first conquer China, and in order to conquer China, Japan must conquer Manchuria and Mongolia. Japan expects to fulfill the above program in ten years.” Remember all this with Pearl Harbor and Singapore and the Netherlands Indies in mind! Japanese steadily have denied authenticity to the Tanaka Memorial, but the document, genuine or not, certainly contained some accurate prophecy. Japan has followed it almost as faithfully as Hitler has followed *Mein Kampf*.²

² One line in the Memorial is, “In the future if we wish to control China the primary move is to crush the United States.”

The next great milestone was the Mukden (Manchuria) incident of September 18, 1931, from which all subsequent history of the Far East derives.

The Manchurian Complex

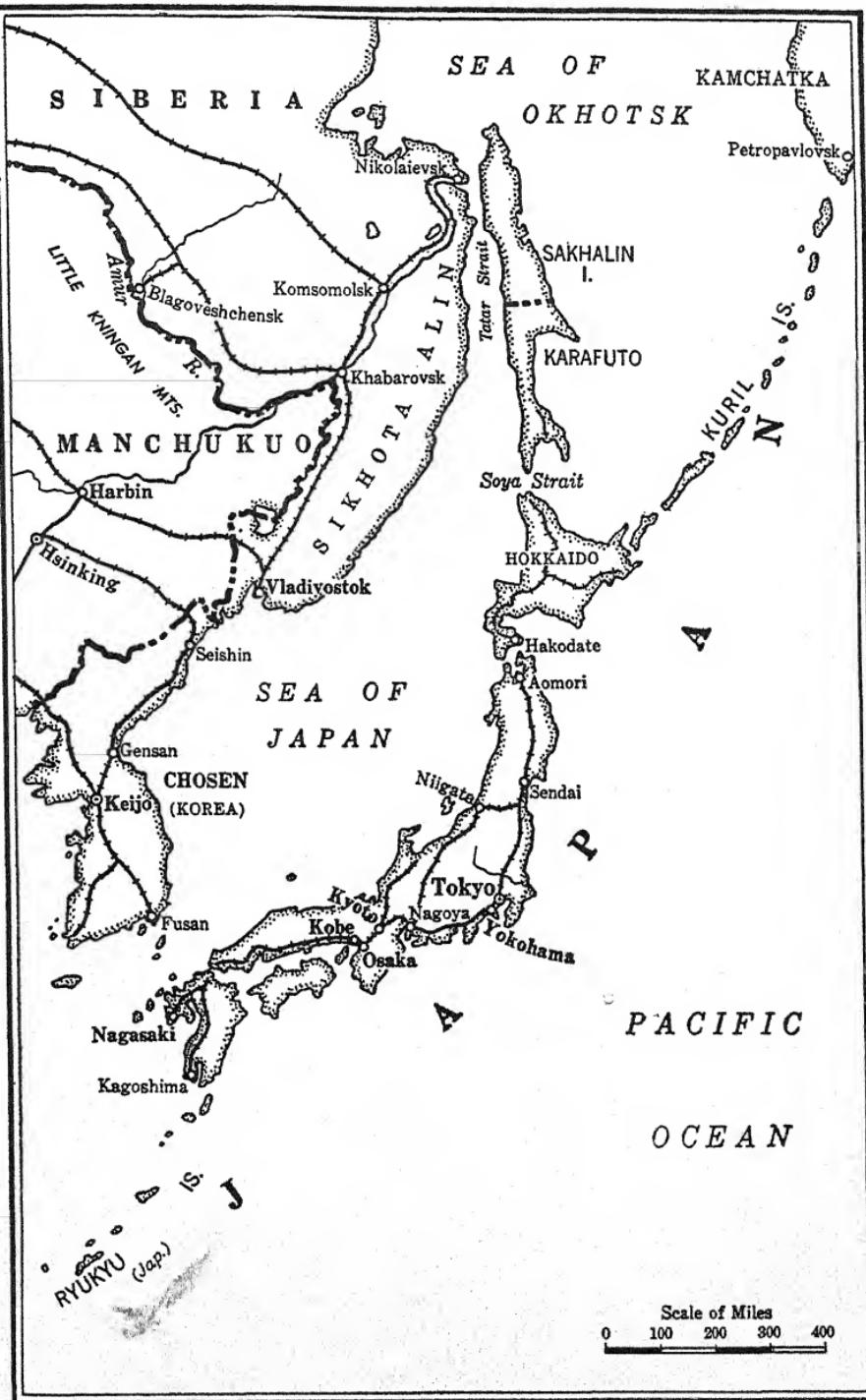
I pause now to inspect Manchuria. It is impossible to proceed without a survey of Manchurian background. Known nowadays as Manchukuo, it is one of the most fascinating regions in the world, a country twice the size of pre-war Germany (503,000 square miles), with roughly 35,000,000 people. For many years its chief characters were two great railroads and a war lord.

By almost every criterion—geography, language, history, the impact of several migrations—Manchuria was indisputably a part of China. It was the China “above the Wall.”³ But it is one of those unfortunate regions where permanent international conflict is inevitable. Its position gave it formidable strategic importance, because it had a common frontier with Russia, and was exposed closely to Japanese penetration. It has even greater importance now, because it is the tremendous buffer between Japan, China, and the U.S.S.R. When Japan took it in 1931 the march to empire really began.

Turn back a little. I have mentioned the Sino-Japanese War of 1894-95. This was a staggering catastrophe for China. What happened was that not only Japan but other powers took advantage of the Chinese defeat to grab loot, as noted above. The best loot was in the Manchurian provinces. But it was not the only loot. The chief thieves were Russia and Japan in Manchuria. But the Germans seized Kiao-chow, the British “leased” the port of Wei-hai-wei and the Kowloon peninsula opposite Hong Kong, and the French took the Bay of Kwangchow in the far south. (What the United States did was to enunciate the Open Door principle, without sticky fingers.)

The rivalry over loot between Russia and Japan at this time is a germinal fact the sprouting of which we still see to-day. The story is complex. *First*, China was forced to cede to Japan not only Formosa but that crucially important Manchurian area known as the Kwantung or Liao-tung peninsula—a sort of dagger pointing to Korea and Japan. *Second*, the great powers were so alarmed by Japanese acquisition of

³ From this point on there will be considerable mention of Chinese affairs, but treatment of China proper does not begin till Chapter XI. For the Great Wall, see Chapter XI, p. 181.



this Kwantung peninsula that they formed a "Dreibund" (France, Russia, Germany), demanding that she give it back. Japan was forced to do so—but China didn't get it. It went to China in theory, but a member of the "Dreibund," Russia, actually took it. So Czarist Russia came to seize the chief fruit of Japanese victory, which made the Japanese, a long-minded people, violently resentful of "western" methods.

Third, China was assessed a considerable indemnity, and could not pay. So a Franco-Russian loan was floated, the proceeds of which went to China—in order to pay Japan—in return for which Russian interests (behind whom were French investors) obtained highly important rights and concessions. A Russo-Chinese bank was established, and its main function was to finance railway construction in Manchuria. Meantime Russia and China signed a secret treaty of alliance against Japanese aggression. Russia and France, in other words, were on one hand giving Japan its cash indemnity, on behalf of China, while on the other, Russia and China were attempting to freeze Japan out of further Chinese loot, especially in Manchuria. The result was inevitable (following Russian occupation of Manchuria and penetration toward Korea): Japan's successful attack on Russia in 1904.

We must pause now to tell the story of the railroads, which is also germinal. The struggle between railways in Manchuria and Siberia is progressing to this day. First, the *Chinese Eastern Railway*.

This was the Russian line in Manchuria. It was built following the events just described. Nominally the Chinese had a share in its direction, but in fact it was almost totally a Russian institution. It ran from Manchouli, on the western frontier of Manchuria, to Vladivostok, the Russian port on the Pacific, and thus traversed Manchuria in roughly a north-west to south-east direction. Strategically it was of great importance, and for two reasons: (1), it ran parallel to the Trans-Siberian, which was exclusively on Russian territory, but by cutting through Manchuria it shortened the distance to Vladivostok by several days; (2), it gave Russia a life-line into Manchuria, with all manner of derivative rights, for instance that of maintaining a military garrison there—and Manchuria, be it remembered, was still technically part of China. Presently the Chinese Eastern was extended with a spurline, running roughly north to south, from Harbin on the main line down through the Kwantung peninsula to Dalny (now called Dairen) and Port Arthur, which was then Russian territory.

Second, the *South Manchuria Railway*. Japan licked Russia in

1905, and by terms of the Treaty of Portsmouth promptly took back the Kwantung area, of which she had been deprived ten years before, and which thereafter became the spearhead of Japanese penetration into Manchuria. Also—and most importantly—Japan demanded and got most of the southern spur of the Chinese Eastern, which she renamed the South Manchuria Railway and promptly reorganized and extended. Thus arose one of the greatest railway systems in the world. The South Manchuria—commonly called the S. M. R.—was for twenty-five years and still is the artery of arteries through which Japan pumped money—and blood—into Manchuria. Japan got the right to keep troops in Kwantung—the origin of the Kwantung army I have already described—and in the railway zone. Southern Manchuria, by reason of the railway, became a Japanese sphere of influence, which it has been ever since. The Russians were forced to retreat into the north.

(It is convenient at this point, even if it means jumping ahead of the story, to deal briefly with the subsequent history of the Chinese Eastern. Friction was rife for years between the Japanese with their railway in the south, and the Russians with theirs in the north. After the Great War the Soviet Government, much less imperialist than that of the Czar, surrendered its extraterritorial privileges in China, and in 1924 partially turned back the Chinese Eastern to the Chinese, whose railway it should have been in the first place. But rivalries continued to bring trouble. First, the Chinese wanted more control, and provoked an incident in 1929 that brought actual if abortive warfare; Mr. Stimson had to invoke the Kellogg Pact. Second, tension between Russians and Japanese kept on mounting, and the Chinese Eastern remained the scene of interminable "incidents"—murders of rail guards, wreckages of trains, and so forth. In 1935 Russia sold the railway outright to Japan, after Japan had ousted China from the area. The Russians asked for 625,000,000 yen, and took 160 million, plus certain allowances. Promptly the Japanese changed it from the Russian broad gauge to normal, and incorporated it in the South Manchuria system. So the Chinese Eastern, after a history as noisy as that of any railway in the world, disappeared.)

To return. While after 1905 the Japanese and Russians resharpened their tongues and sabers, the government of Manchuria was vested theoretically in Chinese hands. Manchuria was legally part of China. What were the Chinese doing to protect and preserve this

vital province? Very little—because from 1913 to 1928 Manchuria was under the control of a semi-independent war lord, the redoubtable Chang Tso-lin. We must have a paragraph or two about this gentleman. Enormous numbers of Chinese were pouring into Manchuria, which was empty, from the northern provinces of China proper, which were suffocatingly crowded. How was Chang Tso-lin ruling them? Mostly by playing China and Japan against each other.

Life and Death of Chang Tso-lin

Chang Tso-lin was born in 1873. Probably he was the most picturesque of all the great Chinese war lords. He was the son of a shepherd; he was a servant for a time and then a soldier; he became a guerrilla chieftain and was hired by the Japanese to harass the Russians. He maintained his connection with the Japanese until his death; but it was they who killed him. In 1922 he boasted to a group of American newspaper men that in the past few years the Japanese had given him eight million yen, and that before he was finished he would milk them of eighty. He said that he never rendered service for the money until the last moment, and then only when he could not avoid it. When he died he was worth at least fifty million Chinese dollars. At one time a great American bank set up a branch in Manchuria merely to take care of his investments. His fortune went largely to his son, the "Young Marshal" Chang Hsueh-liang, of whom we will hear much in this book.

Chang Tso-lin was unlettered; but a great gentleman. He was a bandit and a killer; and he had a tidy acquisitive mind. He was a small man, paunchy toward the end, and pale with opium; he had exceptionally small and delicate hands, and was proud of his neat, finely formed features. Once he dined at the American Embassy in Peking; his host was somewhat shocked at his bringing a body-guard of twenty-five men, who also had to be fed. One servant stood all evening before his chair, holding ready a succession of lighted cigarettes. The legend is that he drank tigers' blood as an aphrodisiac; the story is probably untrue, and derived from the fact that tigers' whiskers were popular among Manchurians of the period, since, tied together like a fly whisk, they were supposed to be a love charm. So were the powdered horns of a certain kind of deer. Chang Tso-lin was fond of this powder.

The Marshal rose by his own efforts, and by the sound practice

of paying his troops well. The money of course he sucked out of the countryside. By 1913 he had become military governor of one of the Manchurian provinces and by 1918 he was in control of all Manchuria. He sided, but coyly, with the Kuomintang revolutionists who made the Chinese republic; his allegiance was a phenomenon subject to fluctuation. In 1924 he decided that Manchuria was too small for his ambitions, and he expanded into China below the Great Wall; he took Peking, made it his capital, and wanted to become Emperor of China under a new dynasty. He started making his own imperial porcelain (a sure indication of monarchical ambition); he prayed in those sections of the Forbidden City closed to all except the former Emperor; when he left his palace, the streets were shut off, and showered with golden sand. But rising in the south was Chiang Kai-shek, the new nationalist leader. Chang and Chiang had worked together—at a distance—but they didn't approve of one another. Chiang Kai-shek was setting out to unify China as a republic, and his armies approached Peking. Marshal Chang's allies melted away, and presently he himself had to flee. He had never surrendered his hold on Manchuria, and with this giddy Peking period apparently terminated, he decided to return to Mukden, his home and original capital. He never got there.

The bomb that killed him was carefully prepared and placed. The explosion took place just outside Mukden (June 4, 1928) as his special train, traveling on the Peking-Mukden line, crossed under the viaduct of the South Manchuria line to Dairen. The bomb, well within the Japanese railway zone, was apparently detonated by wires leading past Japanese sentries on the viaduct. Japanese workmen had been seen there in unusual circumstances during the day—protected by the concrete pillboxes guarding the line—and Chinese who attempted to approach are said to have been shot. Chang Tso-lin was not in his own carriage when the bomb ripped the train apart. He was in the next car, and the explosion was timed perfectly to get him. The presumption is that the assassins had confederates actually on the train. . . . Few people know the precise details. Few will ever know.

The Japanese—especially the young military—wanted to get rid of Chang Tso-lin for several reasons. First, he was too powerful; he was an essential obstacle to their plans to take Manchuria. Second, they feared that, even though he had left Peking, he might come to

an arrangement with Chiang Kai-shek rather than with them for the future development of Manchuria. Another cause of Japanese dissatisfaction was that "patriotically" they resented his spending a vast amount of Manchurian revenue in Peking instead of Manchuria itself. He was draining the country white. So they drained *him*—of the blood in his small body.

The Young Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang, his heir, succeeded in concealing for seven days the fact of his death, though everyone knew that the attack had taken place. Thus the young man had time to consolidate his position. Then he became a very serious disappointment to the Japanese, who had had certain hopes of him. He negotiated an agreement with Chiang Kai-shek when Peking fell, and raised the Kuomintang flag in Mukden, thus denoting subservience to the new nationalist régime. Manchuria became closer to China than it had been for a generation. The Young Marshal accepted a high post with the Kuomintang government, and it seemed that all China—above as well as below the Great Wall—was in truth on the way to unity at last.

This the Japanese could not countenance. New plans were laid. For three years they maneuvered for position. After a period of mounting tension there came another bomb explosion. It took place on a section of South Manchuria track not far from the one that killed Chang Tso-lin. The date was September 18, 1931. This explosion killed more than that which killed Chang Tso-lin. It killed Manchuria. Its echoes were heard around the world. They have not ceased sounding yet.

The Mother of Incidents

The most extraordinary thing about this so-called Mukden incident was that quite possibly there was no incident at all.

Sometime between 10 and 10:30 P.M. on September 18, 1931, according to Japanese accounts, Chinese agitators or soldiers blew up a section of the South Manchuria track just north of Mukden, at a place near the Peitaying (Chinese) barracks. (Remember: Manchuria was still in theory part of China, except the Kwantung Territory and the narrow railway zone.) A fight took place between Chinese troops and Japanese railway guards—according to the Japanese. The explosion was an exceedingly minor one. The only evidence adduced that the track *was* blown up was a collection of damaged plates

and splintered ties, plus one slightly bent one-hundred-pound rail. No one was allowed to visit the scene; the "evidence" was probably assembled later. A most amazing detail is that the regular express from Changchun to Mukden arrived at 10:30 P.M. on time, suffering no harm. At first the Japanese explained this by saying that the train passed the damaged section of track before the explosion; later they unbelievably asserted that—although the track was ripped up for a yard or so—the heavy express had hurdled the broken rail without the slightest injury. No one on the train, so far as is known, heard any bump.

A great deal has been written about this affair. To date no evidence whatever has been produced to show that the Chinese had anything to do with it. Nor is there any *direct* proof of Japanese complicity. We simply do not possess the details. The case is startlingly like the Reichstag fire in Germany, which prepared the way for Hitler to seize power; no one has yet *proved* that the Nazis started the fire, but their connection with it was highly suspicious to say the least, and they derived enormous profit from it. Similarly the Mukden incident was the signal by which Japan seized Manchuria. Of course a fire did actually burn in the Reichstag—perhaps two fires. But we are not absolutely sure of what happened at Peitaying. Lord Lytton himself, who led the League of Nations commission, is careful to point out that his report never refers to the explosion itself as a fact, but merely to the incident as a whole and the events which indisputably followed it. Possibly the Japanese military "framed" the whole thing. They might have exploded a harmless bit of dynamite next to the track, then placed there some bits of damaged wood and rail. As to the armed encounter with the Chinese, little evidence about it exists.⁴

Of what happened almost instantly after the incident there is overwhelmingly full proof. The Japanese seized on it even more thoroughly than the Germans seized on the Reichstag fire. Indeed proof is complete that the Japanese put their forces in motion—or knew that they were going to put them in motion that night—*before* the incident. Troops moved into Manchuria from Korea before midnight. The whole of the Japanese military establishment on the mainland marched with smooth precision. By dawn of September 19, a few

⁴ A judicious account of this puzzling episode is given by Ben Dorfman, who was on the spot, in *Harper's Magazine* for September, 1934. I am following several of his conclusions.

hours after the explosion, their troops had captured the Chinese barracks and arsenal at Mukden, and were in action in the whole South Manchuria zone, from Dairen up to Changchun. The Chinese made no resistance. Within four days Japanese conquest of southern Manchuria was complete.

There were several reasons why the Kwantung army chieftains engineered the Mukden incident at this time. First, they were aware that a critical period was imminent in China, since the Young Marshal and the Chinese nationalists were working closely together. Second, they feared that they were losing influence vis-à-vis the civilians in the Tokyo cabinet. It may, incidentally, be said with complete assurance that Baron Shidehara, the Foreign Minister of Japan at the time, knew nothing whatever of the preparations for the incident; probably he first heard of it when he saw the morning papers. The Japanese military wanted to force the hand of the conciliatory element, and take Manchuria while the taking was good. Third, the international situation was propitious, as I shall note later on; there was small chance that America or England would interfere. Fourth, the military were taking advantage of what is known as the Nakamura affair. Captain Nakamura was a Japanese agent caught and executed by Chinese soldiers near the Mongolian frontier. Indignation and rage had swept Japan.

The international repercussions of the Mukden incident are hardly part of our story. We must mention, however, that the League of Nations sent an exploratory commission to Manchuria, headed by Lord Lytton, and that Mr. Stimson, the American Secretary of State, announced in January, 1932, his policy of non-recognition, by which the United States refused to recognize "any situation, treaty, or arrangement brought about by means contrary to the Kellogg-Briand Pact." The Japanese were held to have infringed this pact, to say nothing of the Nine Power Treaty associated with the Washington Naval Conference of 1922, which pledged the signatories—including Japan—to respect the territorial integrity of China. In October 1932 the Lytton commission found Japan guilty. To forestall the Lytton finding, the Japanese, working fast, set up Manchuria as an "independent state" under the name "Manchukuo"; soon afterwards Japan left the League, the first great power to do so.

Meantime the Japanese extended their conquest in North Man-

churia. And savage warfare broke out in China proper. Here the Chinese did resist. There was bitter fighting in and around Shanghai early in 1932. It came partly because the Japanese navy, not to be outdone by the army, wanted an adventure too, partly as a result of the general strain in Sino-Japanese relations. The Chinese had established a damaging boycott on Japanese goods, and resentment at this by Japan led to local incidents, of which the Japanese took advantage to make unprovoked war. Fierce and heroic resistance by the Chinese 19th Route Army, a Cantonese force, was unavailing, and Japan extended her sphere of influence in the Shanghai area. This was the second Sino-Japanese war. A truce was patched up, which lasted—more or less—till 1937.

Philosophy of Undeclared Warfare

Thus occurred the first in the modern cycle of undeclared wars. Later we had the Italians in Ethiopia and Albania, the Italians and Germans in Spain. Why did not the Japanese declare war frankly? There are several reasons.

First, the conflict in its earlier stages was *sub judice* by the League of Nations, and Japan was doggedly hoping at that period not to be condemned by the League. Nor did it want to "violate" the Kellogg-Briand Pact.

Second, the word "war" still possessed an ugly connotation, even in Japan. The Japanese had their own public opinion to consider. The militarists were willing to wage war in the field, but not on paper. Overt warfare was not considered quite respectable in 1932. It gave people a moral headache, even in Japan.

Third, the Japanese had public opinion in China to consider also, and it would have been invidious to declare war while they concurrently claimed to have only the friendliest feeling toward the Chinese, whom they wished to "liberate." Additionally an open declaration of war would have added impetus to the boycott in China and perhaps other countries.

Fourth, the Japanese did not want to risk denunciation by the United States for violation of the Nine Power Treaty of 1922, which they certainly did violate, but which they could claim they were not legally violating so long as war was not declared. Subtle people—the Japanese!

Politics by Jiu-Jitsu

From 1932 to 1937 the Japanese performed a complex series of further maneuvers in North China. A new period in expansion and penetration got under way. The Japanese were like their own wrestlers, grappling with the much larger opponent by stratagems, by muscular coördination, by sharp awareness of the object desired. Among successive steps were the following:

1. Japan extended the borders of the new Manchukuoan state by conquering Jehol, the mountainous district which is the eastern section of Inner Mongolia, and which lay between the old Manchuria and North China proper. Jehol⁵ like Manchuria fell without a struggle, and its war lord, Tang Yu-lin, known as the "Opium King," fled ignominiously. The story is well told in Edgar Snow's *Far Eastern Front*, a book not so widely known as it should be. The obliteration of Jehol was important; not only was the province rich—especially in opium, which can be a highly lucrative commodity—but strategically its 65,000 square miles opened the way to Inner Mongolia. Jehol fell to the Japanese in February 1933.

2. In May of the same year came the Tangku Truce, which ended the Manchurian hostilities and by which the Chinese were forced to give up their territory above the Great Wall. Additionally it further opened the way to Mongolia, which the Japanese coveted, by creating a demilitarized strip in East Hopei just *below* the Wall, in China proper. By the Tangku Truce the Japanese were able to claim new military rights within China itself.

3. What is called the "Amau statement" was issued in Tokyo in April, 1934; Mr. Amau was one of those famous "spokesmen" in the Tokyo foreign office who obliquely "explained" Japan's actions to the world. On this occasion he told other powers to keep hands off China, especially in the matter of financial assistance (which was beginning on a considerable scale), and in effect made declaration of a Japanese "Monroe Doctrine" for the Chinese hinterland.

4. General Doihara began his peregrinations to separate the Five Northern Provinces from China by intrigue and if possible without hostilities. Japan felt that the moment was at hand. First, Manchuria.

⁵ Jehol is pronounced "Ruh-ho." But don't laugh. Think how we pronounce Cholmondeley or Cirencester in contrast to the spelling, or how the French pronounce St. Quentin or Rheims.

Second, Jehol. Third, North China itself. Doihara very nearly succeeded. He *almost* got by facility in negotiation (of course he was negotiating mostly with prostrate and corrupt Chinese underlings) and without firing a shot what it took the Japanese army years of expensive and bloody warfare to get later.

5. Several steps accompanied the development of the Doihara "detachment" policy. The Japanese garrison in Tientsin was increased, and General Tada, its commander, announced that the Five Northern Provinces would be set up as an autonomous government independent of China proper. Chiang Kai-shek could not protest; he was too busy chasing communists in the south. Came the Ho-Umedzu agreement of June, 1935. The Japanese forced the Chinese minister of war, General Ho Ying-chin, to accept demands which have never been published in detail, but which certainly diminished gravely Chinese suzerainty in the north. China was compelled to abolish the "Peking Political Council," one of the agencies of the national government in Peking, and to suppress Kuomintang activity in the north.

6. The first concrete result of detachment was the Hopei-Chahar Political Council created late in 1935. Hopei is the province that contains Peking and Tientsin; Chahar is part of Inner Mongolia. The new Council was "appointed" by the national government, and was in theory "responsible" to it, but on the understanding that it would be virtually autonomous under Japanese control. The Hopei-Chahar Political Council outlined a puppet state, but did not actually establish it. Its head, General Sung Cheh-yuan, had to take orders from the Japanese, though he continued to look to Chiang Kai-shek for "supreme" authority.

7. The Japanese carved out in part of Hopei an actual autonomous area, which did not maintain any pretense of allegiance to Chiang Kai-shek, called the East Hopei Autonomous Council. Here an overt puppet ruled, the feeble Yin Ju-kung, who had a Japanese wife and who spoke Japanese. East Hopei came to be of great importance, because it adjoined the sea, and the Japanese could thus smuggle goods into China customs-free. They inundated North China with textiles, sugar, and other commodities, without paying a cent of duty; the Chinese government is said to have lost \$50,000,000 per year revenue as a result. Here was a new technique in imperialism: conquest through smuggling.

8. In January 1936 Foreign Minister Hirota enunciated three

points for Sino-Japanese "coöperation," which were to govern all future intercourse between the two countries. First, cessation of anti-Japanese activity in China, including the boycott; second, recognition by China of Manchukuo and inauguration of economic collaboration; third, joint action, presumably by military means, of Japan and China to wipe out the Chinese communists—who had become the chief anti-Japanese elements in China. The Nanking government could not, obviously, accept these demands and remain an independent nation. Chiang Kai-shek, playing for time, made no definite answer.

9. The Japanese began actual military invasion of Suiyuan (one of the Five Northern Provinces, and a part of Inner Mongolia) though the attacking force was called "Manchukuoan." This was late in 1936. It was part of the Ishihara policy, in contrast to the Doihara scheme of conquest by negotiation. General Ishihara thought that Japanese occupation of Inner Mongolia was an essential part of Japan's "defense" against the Soviet Union. The invasion was a failure. Presently it was obscured by a much more important event—the kidnaping of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek at Sian by the Young Marshal and the Chinese communists, who resented his apparent yielding to Japanese demands. This event we deal with in detail later.

The Japanese became somewhat too confident as a result of these five years of impenetration and maneuver. And the Chinese dragon, which had been a worm, showed signs of becoming a dragon again. Students in the north, members of the National Salvation Group of Mme. Sun Yat-sen, created serious agitation. There was uneasy stalemate for a few months, and in July 1937 the Japanese military at last precipitated the Marco Polo Bridge incident near Peking. Presumably this was to be merely the excuse for taking over the Peking area. But hostilities quickly spread to the south. China rose. So the third Sino-Japanese war began. So war—a real war—came. It is still going on.

Anti-Comintern Pact and Tripartite Treaty

Japan and Germany signed the treaty which came to be known as the Anti-Comintern Pact in November 1936. Its chief architects were the German ambassador in Tokyo and the Japanese military attaché in Berlin, and it is commonly said that the Tokyo foreign office, which had little to do with it, greeted it somewhat wanly.

Meantime Germany and Italy established the Rome-Berlin Axis, and in November 1937, Italy joined the Anti-Comintern Pact between Japan and Germany as an "original" signatory. Thus the Rome-Berlin-Tokyo "triangle" came into being. In September 1940 it was consolidated into a formal Tripartite Treaty.

Japan and Germany at least have strong community of interest. Both countries believe in race, and Japan has begun to flirt with anti-Semitism; both are expansionist states, which were once put in the "Have-Not" category; both fear and dislike the U.S.S.R. on nationalist grounds. Japan borrowed its constitution from a German model, and built its schools and trained its army with German methods. In Japan, conversely, I felt that I was beginning to understand something of Nazi religious impulses and ideas. Worship of the state, with Hitler as its prophet, is strikingly like Shinto and Emperor-worship in Japan.⁶ In 1938 a "culture accord" was signed between Japan and Germany, and one of its first results—though one would not normally put it in the culture classification—was complete publication of *Mein Kampf* in Japanese. As regards economics Japanese-German collaboration has amounted to little, since Japan above all wanted credit, a commodity which neither Germany—nor Italy, the other Axis partner—could export. An Italian economic mission visited Japan in 1938, but did not accomplish much. An Italo-Japanese "culture treaty" followed in 1939.

The Anti-Comintern Pact is not an anti-Comintern pact at all, as even official Japanese will (after argument) concede. It is an anti-Russian pact. The Comintern (Communist International) has been dormant since 1935 when Stalin adopted the Popular Front policy, that is, coöperation with bourgeois parties abroad instead of revolutionary activity. Revolutionary communism may certainly revive in time, but contemporaneously the German and Japanese fear, not communist propaganda in their countries, which they assert to be integrated states completely free of subversive elements, but the formidable geographic and military power of the Soviet Union. They

⁶ An interesting subsidiary point is that Japan, like Germany, began to cultivate assiduously Moslem sentiment throughout the world. Mohammedan missions have visited Japan, and the Japanese, like the Germans, warmly support the Arab cause in Palestine. This is partly reflection of a general anti-British attitude, partly an aspect of policy in China, where there are many Mohammedans—particularly in the Kansu region adjacent to Soviet Russia—whom the Japanese would like to win over.

had designs on Russia, as both freely admitted; therefore they combined against her. The situation has changed little since the days of the Czars. *Russia*, whatever its internal politics, is the enemy, and the Germans and Japanese use the "anti-Comintern" phrase mostly as a blind.

The Tripartite Treaty—a formal Axis alliance—was signed in Berlin on September 27, 1940 by Count Ciano, Herr von Ribbentrop, and Saburo Kurusu, at that time Japanese ambassador to Germany. Its main provisions are, first, that Japan recognize and respect the leadership of Germany-Italy in establishing a New Order in Europe, and that conversely Germany-Italy recognize and respect Japan's leadership in establishing a similar New Order in *Greater* (italics mine) East Asia. The signatories agree to coöperate with these ends in view, and to "assist one another with all political, economic, and military means when one . . . is attacked by a power not at present involved in the European War or in the Sino-Japanese conflict." In addition it is generally assumed that the treaty contained a secret oral clause giving Japan freedom of initiative and action in the Pacific.

Japan's ostensible motive in signing this pact—after prolonged hesitation and equivocation—was desire to strengthen itself vis-à-vis the Soviet Union, Great Britain, and particularly the United States. Prince Konoye stated this at once: "Speaking frankly, one of the real objects of the Tripartite Pact lies in preventing the United States from joining the war." The Japanese hoped to frighten us into isolation. Hitler, on his side, assumed that the Pact would sterilize United States forces in the Pacific, reduce the amount of aid America could send Britain, weaken the British in the East, and confront the United States with enemies on both ocean fronts.

The Japanese sought to explain carefully—to their own public opinion as well as externally—that the Pact did not turn them into German puppets. A few weeks after its signature it was announced that "Japan has not committed its destiny into Hitler's hands. We have not surrendered autonomy in foreign policy. It is for the Japanese government to decide what brings the treaty into operation. Japan retains the sole right to decide what constitutes an attack." (*Bulletin of International News*, Oct. 11, 1940.)

Then Prince Konoye made a new and important declaration. If, he said, the United States would recognize Japanese, German, and Italian leadership in East Asia and Europe, then the Axis powers

would "logically" recognize American leadership in the western hemisphere; if, on the other hand, the United States refused to do this and considered the Pact a hostile act, then the Axis countries would "fight to a finish." As to Russia, Konoye said that "the adjustment of political and economic relations with the Soviet will be continued in the future." Indeed they were—by the Neutrality Treaty signed with the U.S.S.R. in 1941. So the Japanese ambition became clear—close association with the Axis, neutralization of Russia, and freedom of action against the United States.

In view of Tokyo's insistence that Japan alone was empowered to decide whether or not to enter a Pacific war, it is interesting to conjecture if, in fact, Japan made the attack on Pearl Harbor without consulting Hitler. Most experts agree that the Germans were, indeed, not specifically informed, although they knew perfectly well that some kind of explosion was imminent. But it was almost certainly part of the oral agreement that if Japan should attack the United States, instead of being attacked by it, Germany and Italy would join in declaration of war at once.

A Sense of Timing

The Japanese have a wonderfully developed instinct for accurate timing. For instance they arranged the Mukden incident in September 1931 when Chiang Kai-shek was facing a new civil war, when England was about to go off gold, when America was distraught with economic crisis.

For instance they made the Marco Polo bridge incident in July 1937, which provoked the China war, with full consideration of the fact that Stalin had just purged the Russian army, that China was becoming strongly united as a result of the Sian kidnaping, that Britain was too worried by Hitler to pay attention to much else, and that in Japan itself the army had met electoral rebuff.

Important events in Europe usually find quick repercussion in Japan. Immediately after the Munich settlement in October 1938 the Japanese took Canton; immediately after the fall of Barcelona two months later they took Hainan; immediately after the seizure by Germany of what was left of Czechoslovakia, in March 1939, they took the Spratly Island group near Singapore.

Which leads us to the next and contemporary stage in Japanese aggression and expansion—the long push south.

Indo-China, Next in Line

In the spring of 1940 Germany, as we all know, overran the Low Countries and conquered France. This provided wonderful opportunity for the Japanese expansionists. Instantly their course became more positive; they contrived, through Berlin, to put irresistible pressure on Vichy, and they cast hungry eyes on the formidable loot that might be provided by the Netherlands East Indies, now that Holland had fallen. Konoye became prime minister again, with hot ambitious army backing. A Japanese "Federation of South Seas Associations" was promptly formed.

But the first objective was Indo-China. Here was a pretty plum indeed. This vast colonial preserve was ruled, in theory at least, by the decrepit and shivering government of Vichy. Acquisition of Indo-China by Japan would be of tremendous advantage to the Greater East Asia policy of the Tokyo régime. (1) The railway from Haiphong and Hanoi to Yunnan, though it had theoretically been closed to shipments, was still a highly important source of Chinese arms supply. Once Indo-China became Japanese, this artery so precious to the Chinese would be cut. (2) The Burma Road might be more easily bombed from airfields and bases in Indo-Chinese territory. (3) Occupation of Indo-China would make a good vantage point for an attack on the southerly Chinese provinces of Kwangsi and Kwangtung. (4) Indo-China had—and has—considerable wealth in raw materials. (5) Above all, its occupation would enormously assist the inevitable future push toward Malaya, Thailand, and the south. Indeed, any serious expansion in a southerly direction was impossible without Indo-China safely in the bag.

So the Japanese got busily to work. It is hardly necessary to summarize point by point the tangled details of the story. In September 1940—a few days before signature of the Tripartite Pact with the Axis—the Japanese formally obtained from Vichy the right to establish "certain facilities of a military nature" on Indo-Chinese territory. Penetration thus became "legal," though the United States protested vigorously. Soon Japanese troops began to seep into the country, and within a few months the Japanese were in control of the French customs, gendarmerie, telegraphs, and so on. The Japanese forbade any shipping from Indo-Chinese ports except to Japan, and they set up military and naval establishments in such vital bases as Camranh Bay.

A formal agreement was signed with the Indo-Chinese government, a hapless sub-puppet of puppet-Vichy, and victory was complete.

Later we shall note and note well the extreme importance of this evolution. If Indo-China had not gone under, Singapore and Malaya might still be standing.

The Japanese then turned their covetous eyes to Siam (Thailand) next door. The story is peculiar. Siam and Indo-China had for some time been squabbling over a disputed boundary along the Mekong River. The Japanese, delighted at an opportunity to make profit out of trouble, egged the Siamese to aggression against Indo-China. They were, in effect, encouraging an attack against their own protectorate—but for a reason. Siamese troops invaded Cambodia in Indo-China, and desultory fighting took place. Then Japan stepped in—the peace-maker! Tokyo offered to “mediate” the dispute, and in January and February 1941 an agreement was ironed out. Despite grumbled protests from Vichy—even Vichy thought that the Japanese were going too far—Indo-China was forced to cede some 25,000 square miles of jungle to the Siamese. Thus Siam found itself in Japan’s debt, and became a helpless partner in the “Co-Prosperity Sphere.”

Then the Japanese worked fast. They reinforced their hold on Indo-China (for instance they established three important air bases near Tongking), and began an intensive “peaceful” penetration of Siam. By April 1941 Japanese “tourists” were arriving in Siam at the rate of 1000 per week—they followed almost exactly the technique of German penetrations in the Balkans at about the same time—and the Bangkok government became practically a Japanese puppet organism. This, as we shall see, played a considerable rôle when war finally came.

We turn now to vaster fields. We follow the Japanese into the Pacific—and beyond.

Chapter VIII

Pearl Harbor and the Pacific

EARLY in the morning of December 7, 1941, the catastrophe of Pearl Harbor smote the United States and the world. It is still too early to write judiciously of this most formidable defeat in American history. Suffice it to say that the United States suffered grievous casualties in ships, airplanes, officers, and men. Our defense was caught seriously napping, and our consequent punishment was great.

The Japanese onslaught was shrewdly planned and timed. As everyone knows, it took place under cover of the negotiations being pursued by Ambassadors Nomura and Kurasu in Washington. The Japanese not only attacked Pearl Harbor but also the American outpost islands of Midway, Guam, and Wake at almost precisely the same hour, to say nothing of British Hong Kong, which shows how competent and confident their staff work was, and how long they had been preparing the blow. It will (or should) be a long time before any American can scoff at the Japanese as "bluffers." On the same morning the Tokyo government declared that it had entered into a state of war with Great Britain and the United States. So—at last—Japan struck. The seed of the Mukden Incident, the mother of all incidents, bore bitter fruit at last on the bland beaches of Oahu. So—at last—the United States became a formal belligerent in the most tremendous of all wars. So—at last—the supreme crisis of modern history came.

Results for America were promptly seen to be double-edged. First, we became plunged into warfare as a result of sudden and surreptitious attack, so that no human being could say that we were the aggressor. Thus a long and debilitating period of equivocation and hesitancy was brutally ended. United States morale improved a hundredfold. Pearl Harbor gripped the country into unity. Second, we found ourselves caught by an immense initial disadvantage. For a long time we had hesitated to affront Japan because our defensive preparations were not complete, because we faced an enemy on the other side, because our navy was a one-ocean navy. Now we discovered ourselves dangerously at war with our one-ocean navy damaged, and still with two oceans to have to fight in.

The Background to Pearl Harbor

Turn back a moment to October 19, 1939. On that date the American Ambassador to Tokyo, Joseph C. Grew, spoke at a luncheon of the America-Japan society, and told the Japanese some homely truths. "The American people," he declared, "regard with growing seriousness the violation and interference with American rights by Japanese armed forces in China in disregard of treaties and agreements . . . The American public strongly resents what Japan's armed forces are doing in China today . . ." He said that America had been profoundly shocked at the widespread bombing in China, that public opinion was unanimous on the subject, and that he spoke "right from the horse's mouth."

This speech irritated the Japanese. But they must have known that it was bound to come. A few months before the United States had given notice that it was abrogating the Japanese-American trade treaty, and the treaty duly expired early the next year. This was a serious blow to Tokyo. In January 1940 the American "moral embargo" on airplane shipments to Japan (which had been leakily in force since 1938) was augmented so that it included petroleum refining machinery and the like. Next the United States initiated a license system for exports of aviation gasoline and iron and steel scrap, and in July went farther and embargoed the "shipment of aviation gasoline to any country outside the Western Hemisphere."

But these were little better than quarter measures. They cut across a witless paradox. With one hand we were gradually applying pressure to Japan, diplomatic and otherwise; with the other we, the United States, were providing the means whereby Japan could go on fighting. In the years 1937-40 the United States exported more than one billion dollars worth of supplies to Japan, of which about \$670,000,000 was essential war material. Our exports of petroleum averaged \$50,000,000 worth a year; in 1939 alone we sold Japan more than \$25,000,000 worth of machine tools, \$30,000,000 worth of scrap, and approximately the same amount of copper. In 1940 American oil was still pumping across the Pacific at an unprecedented rate. All told it is calculated that Japan got between 85 and 90 per cent of her total war supplies from the United States in this period.

In 1938—I quote from a pamphlet called *Should America Stop Arming Japan?*—the Japanese exported goods to the United States

worth \$131,820,000, of which \$83,750,000 were represented by silk. These silk exports alone enabled Japan to buy from America \$26,921,000 worth of pig iron and steel scrap, \$22,146,000 of copper, \$23,614,000 of machinery, and \$11,069,000 of aircraft and aircraft parts. Japan's favorable balance of trade was \$48,070,000, which was enough to buy \$29,956,000 worth of crude petroleum, \$7,713,000 of gasoline, \$10,142,000 of automobiles and trucks, and \$2,614,000 of lubricating oil. These facts—and figures—make the sane voice choke.

Sentiment for a complete embargo of Japan, so that it could not continue to buy from us the indispensable materials with which it was attacking China and intended to attack us, grew steeply during 1940 and 1941. The Lend-Lease Bill was passed, and Mr. Roosevelt indicated that China should share its benefits. It was decided to base the Pacific Fleet on Hawaii, and we began belated reinforcement of the Philippines. Then Germany crashed through France and the Low Countries, and the Japanese began to filter into Indo-China, as we have just seen. Crisis mounted, and the ABCD (America, Britain, China, Dutch) bloc came into informal being as a countermeasure. Pressure for extending the embargo became irresistible. Finally, on July 25, 1941, President Roosevelt took the drastic step of freezing Japanese assets in the United States, and the background to conflict was complete.

We were obliged by every moral and political and strategic consideration to embargo war materials to Japan, but once we did so, the outbreak of war was inevitable. Rather than retrench at home and give up China, Japan would strike.

Kurusu in Washington

On November 5, 1941, just 32 days before Pearl Harbor, the *Japan Times and Advertiser* sent out a highly significant trial balloon. It openly defied the United States and outlined what we must do to ameliorate the crisis or "face the consequences." This announcement, be it noted, came two days before Ambassador Saburo Kurusu, on an hour's notice, left Tokyo for Washington as a "negotiator." The Japanese terms were:

1. All military and economic aid to Chungking must cease.
2. China must be left "free to deal with Japan," and Chungking must be advised to make peace with Japan.

3. Military and economic encirclement of Japan must end.
4. Japan's "co-prosperity sphere" must be acknowledged, and Manchukuo, China, Indo-China, Thailand, the Netherlands Indies and other States and protectorates must be allowed to establish their own political and economic relations with Japan without interference of any kind.
5. Manchukuo must be recognized; "nobody will undo what has been done there."
6. The freezing of Japanese and Chinese assets must be ended unconditionally.
7. Trade treaties must be restored and all restrictions on shipping and commerce ended.

—New York *Times*, Nov. 5, 1941.

Kurusu duly flew across the Pacific, and by the time he reached Washington the shadow of impending warfare had deepened. The United States wanted peace, and offered reasonable enough terms; the Japanese did not want peace, and therefore fought. During those agitated weeks our best people knew that war was coming and we played for time. We wanted to delay an outbreak just as long as possible, not only for the sake of peace in itself but in order to better our defenses. We hoped strongly for two or three months more of peace at least. The Japanese knew this; therefore they struck.

On November 26, Mr. Hull presented the Japanese delegates with a memorandum proposing a basis for settlement. Its heart was contained in paragraphs 3 and 4 of Section Two:

The Government of Japan will withdraw all military, naval, air and police forces from China and from Indo-China.

The Government of the United States and the Government of Japan will not support—militarily, politically, economically—any government or régime in China other than the National Government of the Republic of China, with capital temporarily at Chungking.

Everything in fact hinged on China and the future of the Chinese. A compromise might conceivably have been patched up on Indo-China. But not on China proper. Here was the basic issue. China must be free, or we had no course but to fight. We could not let the Chinese down. China was the *sine qua non* of peace.

On December 2, however, the question of Indo-China came up again as a provoking detail. The United States got word that still more Japanese troops were pouring into Indo-Chinese territory, and

that concentrations of troop ships and material were increasing. Mr. Hull asked the Japanese what this meant, especially since—in the words of President Roosevelt—"attacks on unspecified objectives were being prepared." The Japanese reply was "evasive and specious." Admiral Nomura said that his government would give the American question "weighty consideration," nothing more.

Not until the correspondence between Mr. Hull and the Japanese was published after December 7 did we know that, in August 1941, Prime Minister Konoye of Japan had invited President Roosevelt to visit Tokyo for "a discussion of important problems between the two countries covering the entire Pacific Area." Mr. Roosevelt, in his subsequent speech to Congress, said, "I should have been happy to travel thousands of miles to meet the Premier of Japan for that purpose, but I felt it desirable, before so doing, to obtain some assurance that there could be some agreement on basic principles." The United States government tried hard, but no such assurance ever came.

The Japanese did not reply to the American memorandum of November 26 until December 7. By this time they were ready to attack. They had had eleven free days for their final dispositions. They rejected the American position completely, and broke off negotiations. As to Mr. Hull's proposal for a return to older conceptions of international law, equity, non-interference, and good behavior, the Japanese replied:

Of the various principles put forward by the American Government as a basis of the Japanese-American agreement, there are some which the Japanese Government is ready to accept in principle, but in view of the world's actual condition it seems only a Utopian ideal on the part of the American Government to attempt to force their immediate adoption.

Again, the proposal to conclude a multi-lateral non-aggression pact between Japan, the United States, Great Britain, China, the Soviet Union, the Netherlands and Thailand, which is patterned after the old concept of collective security, is far removed from the realities of East Asia.

This Japanese statement was, however, never intended to be read seriously. It had one function only: to terminate the negotiations. But they had already been terminated by something else. The reply was handed to Mr. Hull actually while the attack on Pearl Harbor was taking place. The Japanese asked to be received by the Secretary at

1:45 P.M. on December 7, and they arrived at his office at 2:05. Mr. Hull received them at 2:20, which is 8:50 A.M. Honolulu time. The assault on Oahu had been going on for almost an hour. Mr. Hull's reaction was characteristically salty:

I must say that in all my conversations with you (the Japanese Ambassador) during the last nine months I have never uttered one word of untruth. This is borne out absolutely by the record. In all my fifty years of public service I have never seen a document that was more crowded with infamous falsehoods and distortions—infamous falsehoods and distortions on a scale so huge that I never imagined until today that any government on this planet was capable of uttering them.

On December 6, Mr. Roosevelt had dispatched a personal message to the Emperor of Japan, making a last-minute appeal for peace. He got an answer—four days later.

Report by Roberts

It is hardly the province of this chapter to summarize in any detail the report of the Commission of Inquiry, headed by Mr. Justice Roberts, which sought to fix responsibility for the Pearl Harbor disaster. I confine myself to the briefest outline. The report found both Admiral Husband E. Kimmel, commander-in-chief of the Pacific Fleet, and Lieutenant-General Walter C. Short, the commanding general of the Hawaiian department, derelict in duty. They had failed to take sufficient note of repeated warnings from Washington, and above all to consult and confer with one another.

The commission examined 127 witnesses, and held sittings both in Washington and in Hawaii almost continually from December 18 to January 23. Oral evidence amounted to 1887 typewritten pages, and 3000 pages of documents and records were scrutinized. Admiral Kimmel and General Short were removed from command, and late in February it was announced that they would be court-martialed.

Naval intelligence officers in Hawaii certainly knew in December that *something* was brewing . . . One report, issued on December 1 under the title "Japanese Naval Situation," said intelligently enough:

Deployment of [Japanese] naval forces to the southward has indicated clearly that extensive preparations are under way for hostilities. At the same time troop transports and freighters are pouring continu-

ally down from Japan and Northern China coast ports headed south, apparently for French Indo-China and Formosan ports.

Present movements to the south appear to be carried out by small individual units, but the organization of an extensive task force, now definitely indicated, will probably take sharper form in the next few days. To date this task force, under the command of the commander-in-chief, Second Fleet, appears to be subdivided into two major task groups, one gradually concentrating off the Southeast Asiatic coast, the other in the mandates.

Note that the Japanese mandated islands, from which the attack on Hawaii probably came, are mentioned here.

The Roberts report outlines the repeated warnings and orders from Washington in regard to defense precautions. As far back as January 24, 1941, the Secretary of the Navy told the Secretary of War "that the increased gravity of the Japanese situation had prompted a restudy of the problem of the security of the Pacific Fleet while in Pearl Harbor." The writer stated:

If war eventuates with Japan, it is believed easily possible that hostilities would be initiated by a surprise attack upon the fleet or the naval base at Pearl Harbor.

The dangers envisaged in their order of importance and probability are considered to be: (1) air-bombing attack, (2) air-torpedo plane attack, (3) sabotage, (4) submarine attack, (5) mining, (6) bombardment by gunfire.

But this warning fell unheeded in the main. The Report states that the ranking officers of both army and navy in Hawaii without exception "believed that the chances of such a raid while the Pacific Fleet was based on Pearl Harbor were practically nil. The attack of Sunday . . . was therefore a complete surprise to each of them." Even urgent messages in the first week of December were disregarded, or inefficiently acted upon. The last message reached Hawaii—too late.

Other items in the Report are that defense measures in the islands were impeded by "restrictions which prevented effective counter-espionage"; that the Japanese had superlatively good information about the disposition of the American forces, down to the smallest detail; that many American planes were destroyed because they were concentrated together on the ground instead of being dispersed (the reason for this was fear of sabotage); that the army was not maintaining its inshore airplane patrol; that the anti-aircraft warning

system was not operating; and that the anti-torpedo net at Pearl Harbor was open when the attack began.

One fabulous detail describes a non-commissioned officer at one of the aircraft warning stations, which were operating only from 4 to 7 A.M. He happened to ask permission to remain overtime at his station, and was granted leave to do so. Then:

At about 7:02 he discovered what he thought was a large flight of planes slightly east of north of Oahu, at a distance of about 130 miles. He reported this fact at 7:20 A.M. to a lieutenant of the Army who was at the general information center, having been detailed there to familiarize himself with the operation of the system.

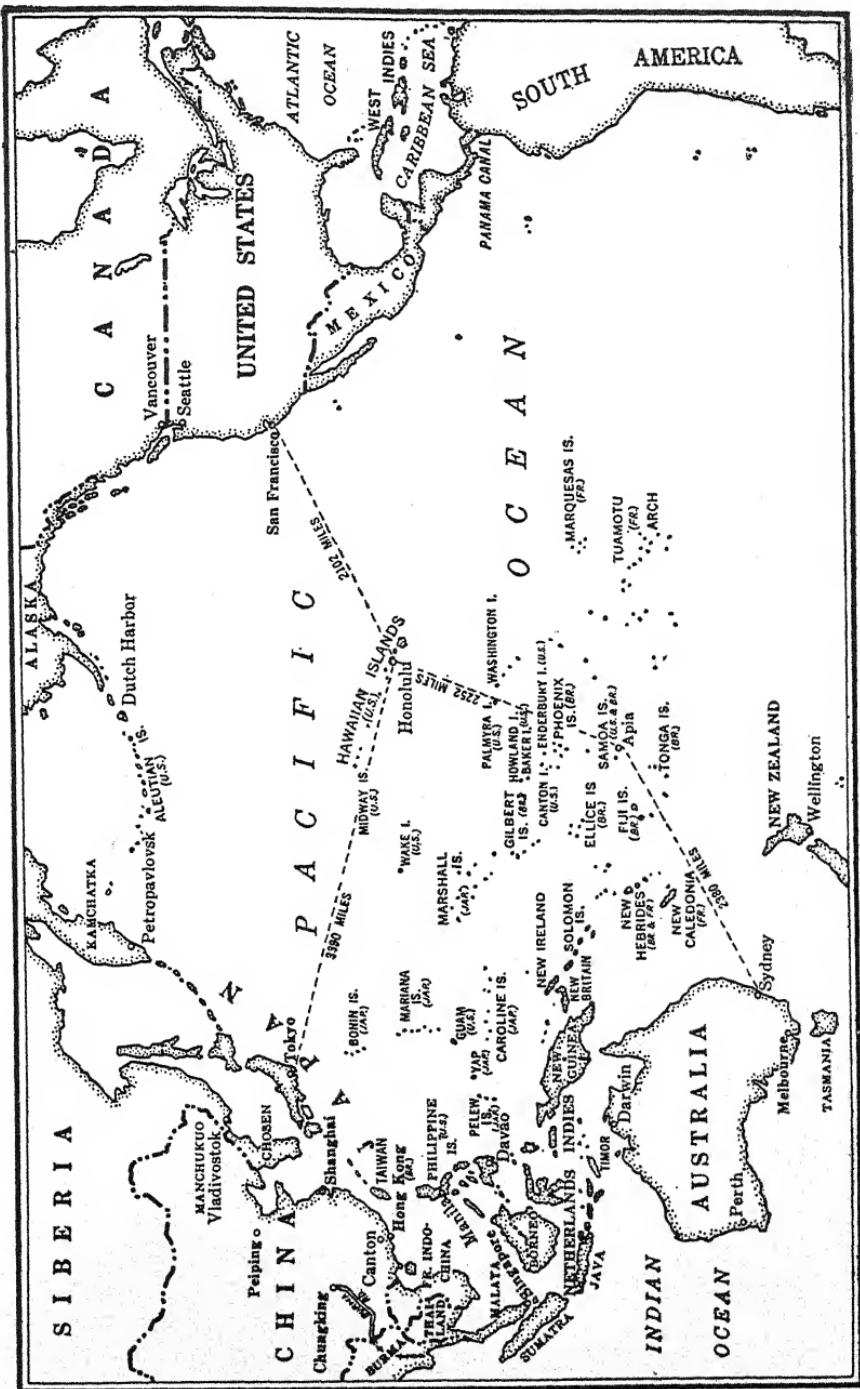
This inexperienced lieutenant, having information that certain United States planes might be in the vicinity at the time, assumed that the planes in question were friendly planes, and took no action with respect to them.

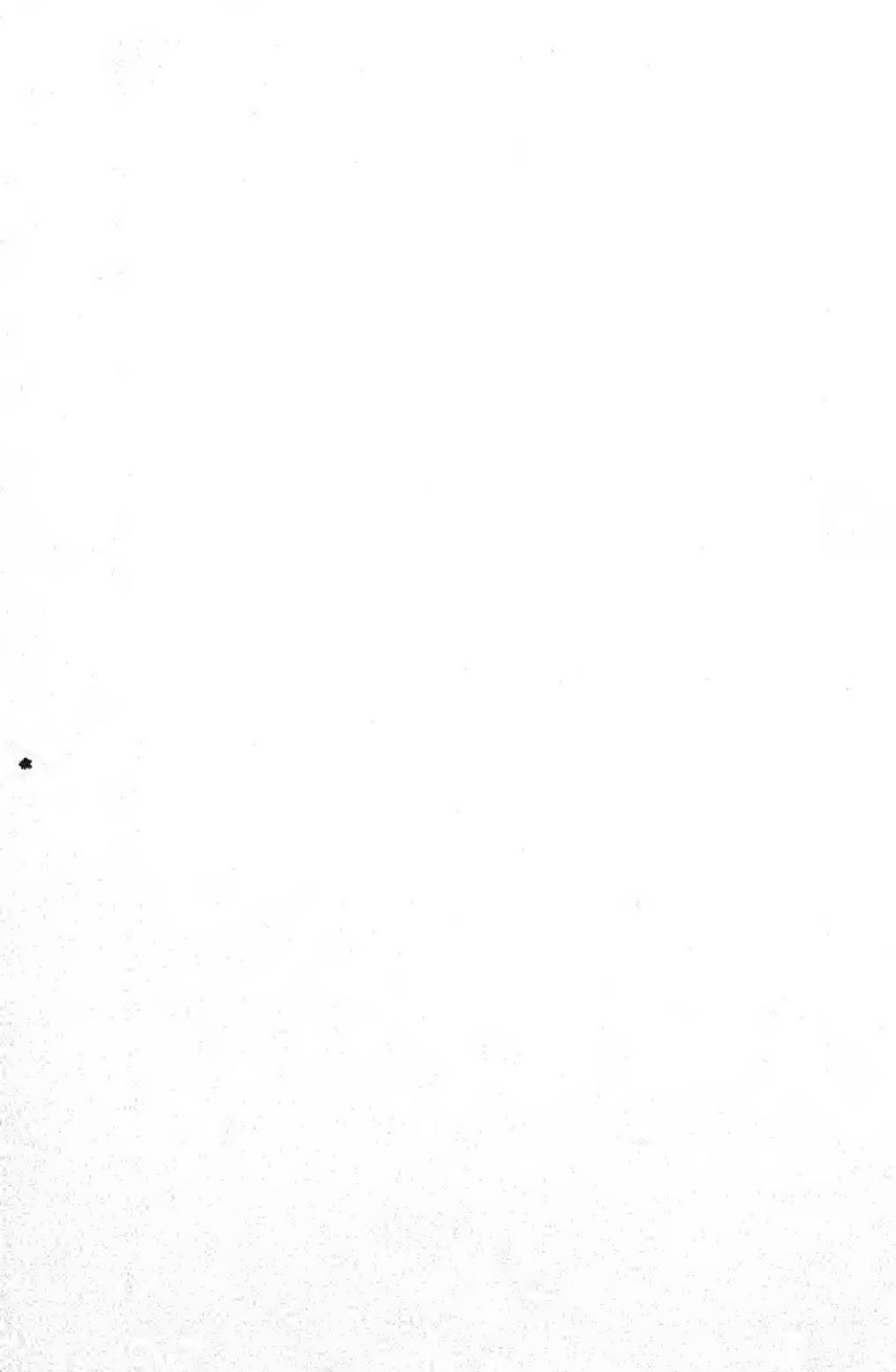
Another startling item is that a small Japanese submarine was actually sunk at 6:30 A.M. when it was found prowling in the prohibited area! Yet no alarm was issued.

Questions of Pacific Strategy

The Pacific is, as everyone well knows, the greatest of the world's five oceans. It measures almost ten thousand miles from east to west at its broadest point, and about seven thousand from north to south. It has an area of roughly 68,000,000 square miles, or nearly one-half of the total water surface of the globe. Along its northern rim, the Soviet Union and the United States are less than sixty miles apart. It is flanked by three British dominions—Canada, Australia, and New Zealand; by eleven American republics besides the United States; by the 4072 volcanic islands that form the Japanese archipelago; and by China, the Philippine Islands and the Dutch East Indies. It is a tremendous repository of wealth and commerce, the crossroads of a dozen trade routes, the scene of multitudinous adventures in national policy, and the nexus of the present war.

Pearl Harbor changed temporarily all previous conceptions of our method of fighting a Pacific War against Japan, but the basic strategy of the area remains the same so far as defense is concerned. American strength is based not merely on the navy, but on the bases from which the navy functions. Guam and Wake have been lost (at the moment of writing another outpost west of Hawaii, the midget island known





as Midway, is still holding out) and therefore our main line of defense is the great triangle from Alaska to Hawaii to the Panama Canal. Subsidiary to these crucial pivots are the islets south of Hawaii—like Johnston, Palmyra, and Canton—which are potentially a screen covering the sea between Hawaii and the Canal Zone. Farther south is American Samoa, which is being made into a base rapidly. To the southwest are the French islands of New Caledonia, which are held by the Free French of General de Gaulle.

A word about Alaska and the Aleutian area. Bases here are important because they guard the Great Circle route between Japan and the United States, which is by far the quickest path across the Pacific. In the Alaskan region our establishments include a naval station at Dutch Harbor and bases for naval aircraft at Sitka and Kodiak Island. Kodiak (on Unalaska Island) is the navy's main headquarters in Alaskan waters, and tremendous development is going on there and at Dutch Harbor. The army, too, is vitally interested in Alaska, and has airfields at Anchorage and Fairbanks. Alaska is important too for its proximity to the Soviet Union, and the Russians have also begun fortifications in the area, especially at Bering Island, where a submarine base is believed to be in existence, and on islands of the Kamandorsky group. These could reach great importance if the United States and Russia should join to attack Japan. Meantime both the American and Russian installations presumably block Japanese ambitions toward Alaska and invasion from the north.

When we turn to the small islets hidden below Hawaii we reach virtual *terra incognita*. Naval plans call for the "earliest completion" of bases for aircraft at both Johnston and Palmyra Islands and "later completion" of similar bases at Canton Island and Rose Island (adjacent to Samoa). Johnston Island is approximately 800 miles southwest of Hawaii, and Palmyra and Canton are roughly 2000 miles southeast of Wake. All are almost inconceivably remote and tiny. They are atolls barely rising above the surface of the sea, uninhabited for the most part, and until the war visited only occasionally by fishing vessels. The sum of \$1,100,000 was appropriated to improve Palmyra, which was privately owned by American citizens in Honolulu until acquired by the navy. It consists of a chain of fifty-two islets, surrounding a lagoon that is now a satisfactory seaplane station; the whole group measures only five miles by one and a half. Canton was so inconspicuous that until 1939 no one knew clearly

whether it belonged to Britain or to the United States. However, on April 6, 1939, an arrangement was made setting up a joint administrative control by both countries. The agreement runs for fifty years, and the United States promises to allow British aircraft to utilize the base we build. Then Pan American Airways began to use these islets—and also French territory in New Caledonia—for its new route to the Antipodes. Later Johnston and Palmyra were fortified.

This program for improving and expanding our bases took concrete form in what is known as the "Hepburn Report," a document prepared by Rear Admiral Arthur J. Hepburn and his staff after the Naval Expansion Act of 1938. Admiral Hepburn and his advisers proposed that the United States create a defense chain of 41 bases—not all of them, however, new or in the Pacific. So far Congress has appropriated large sums toward the realization of this program, and of course the war served to speed it up. Congress stupidly refused, however, to make possible the fortification of Guam, as the Hepburn Report recommended. We spent nothing but words on Guam—a crucially important island—and so lost it.

In a recent article in the *New York Times* Hanson W. Baldwin, the best and most realistic of American military experts, stated that, even with Singapore gone, the strategic picture in the Pacific "is not vastly different from the anticipations of the 1920's," with two great exceptions. One is that Japan is now virtually blockade proof, having at its disposal the immense raw material reserves of southern Asia; the other is that China may become the American base for offensive operations since we have lost our other springboards.

Mr. Baldwin writes: "Hawaii . . . and the long 'bowstring' of the Alaskan peninsula and the Aleutians are still available for the forces of the United Nations, and they are closer to the United States than is Australia. And until the last few years these bases, rather than Singapore or the southwestern Pacific, were the areas that we had planned to use . . . for waging aggressive operations against Japan. Today they are still available for that purpose." But Mr. Baldwin concedes that we are probably limited to the "strategic defensive" for some time to come.

On February 1, 1942, came an encouraging American action against Japanese naval and air bases in the Marshall and Gilbert islands. It is from these bases that the Japanese hope to maintain control of southern Pacific communications. The Americans, with slight

loss to themselves, sank or damaged seriously one modern Japanese cruiser, one 17,000-ton liner, three tankers, two submarines, and other vessels. On February 10, a second hopeful development was reported, the safe arrival in New Zealand of an American convoy establishing a supply line from Hawaii through Samoa to Australia.

The Japanese Mandated Islands

These are of profound and dangerous importance. Yet the battle of February 1 shows that they are by no means invulnerable. The islands, 1400 in number, were acquired by Japan after the last Great War under mandate from the League of Nations; the Japanese of course disregarded their obligation not to fortify them. Though they are scattered over an area of not less than one *million* square miles, their land area is only 829 square miles; most of them are insignificant little coral atolls. They are divided into four groups, the Pelews due east of the Philippines, the Marianas to the northeast, the Caroline Islands above the Bismarck Archipelago, and the Marshalls farthest to the east.

In the Pelews—from which the Japanese opened an air service to Timor just before the war—lies the celebrated islet of Yap. The Carolines contain the island of Truk, the most strongly fortified of them all and a substantial aerial and naval base. The islands as a whole have been well described as “a screen of stationary aircraft carriers,” and the Japanese utilized them both for the attack of December 7 and for subsequent operations against Australia and the Dutch East Indies.

Down Under

It is of course an impertinence to have to discuss Australia and New Zealand, which comprise another whole great continent, in a paragraph or two. Yet the prongs of Japanese advance are, as I write these pages, reaching closer and closer to Australia, and New Zealand is certain to become an allied base of vast potential import. It, too, might conceivably be invaded. As for Australia it is, as is obvious, the final refuge and citadel of power for the United Nations in the Pacific area. Once the Netherlands East Indies were lost, Australia and China became our last great bastions beyond Hawaii.

How shall one describe Australia in a sentence?¹ Let us say merely

¹ *Introducing Australia* by C. Hartley Grattan is a recent and expertly competent account of Australian problems.

that it is a colossal island approximately the same size as the United States, but with a population of only 7,000,000 people; that it is the British Dominion whose response to the war was (with New Zealand) the most immediate and generous; that it has 12,000 miles of exposed and vulnerable coastline, mostly undefended; that its economic and social organization is admirable, and that wartime profits are limited to 4 per cent; that year by year it comes more closely under the influence of the United States, though its bonds to England are affectionate; that it is a continent practically without minorities and largely undeveloped, with most of the population concentrated in key cities on the coast; that the railways in each of its states are of different gauge; and that its people are tough, cheerful, seasoned, and courageous.

Since October 1941, the Australian prime minister has been John Curtin, a 56-year-old journalist and labor leader who had never before held ministerial office. For a time he had a strong pacifist tinge and he opposed conscription; his government is a labor ministry depending for survival on two independent votes. Australian politics are almost always precariously balanced between two conservative parties (the United Australia Party and the Country Party) and the labor minority. But, as Mr. Grattan says, both conservatives and laborites are predominantly "liberal."

Mr. Curtin very strongly favors close association of Australia and the United States. On December 27, 1941, he wrote in the *Melbourne Herald*:

The government regards the Pacific War as primarily one in which the United States and Australia should have the fullest say . . . I make it clear that Australia looks to America free from any pangs about our traditional links of kinship with Britain. We know Britain's problems. We know her constant threat of invasion. We know the dangers of dispersing strength. But we know that Australia can go and Britain still hold on. We are determined that Australia shall not go. We shall exert our energy with the United States as its keystone.

A few days later Curtin explained that he had not meant to "suggest any weakening of the ties with the United Kingdom" by this, but that "Australia's new relationship with America was that a military alliance was necessitated by geographical considerations." At this time Mr. Churchill was visiting Washington, and the new Pacific

Council was set up. The Australian government hoped strenuously that this council would have its headquarters in Washington, not London.

In August 1941, the magnetic Robert Gordon Menzies, a former conservative prime minister and one of the great men of the Antipodes, said cogently that "Singapore was part of Australia's frontier." He spoke the truth, and when Singapore fell in February 1942 Mr. Curtin called it "Australia's Dunkirk." The Australian minister to the United States, Richard G. Casey, asked America for help urgently, and said that "the utmost that Australia can do by herself is not going to stop the Japanese."

On January 23 the Japanese first attacked the Australian mandated islands in the Bismarck Archipelago. This was an inevitable development. Rabaul in New Britain and Port Moresby in Papua (New Guinea) were assaulted. On February 19 the Tokyo forces made heavy raids on Port Darwin on the northern coast, and war thus reached the Australian mainland for the first time in its history.

About New Zealand I can say little. Like Australia it is a forthright and sturdy community under an advanced labor government. The prime minister is Peter Fraser. Early in 1942 the United States and New Zealand exchanged ministers for the first time, and President Roosevelt pledged the fullest American aid. New Zealand's system of state paternalism, social welfare and the like is probably the most advanced in the world, and its contribution to the war effort has been tremendous in proportion to its population.

Chapter IX

Guinea Pigs of Manchukuo

Japan is Manchukuo's head family and Manchukuo is Japan's branch family.

—GENERAL ITAGAKI

WE MUST retrace our steps now to Manchukuo. Correctly we should say "Manchutikuo," which means "Manchu Imperial Land," whereas "Manchukuo" means merely "Manchu Land." In 1934 Japan decided that to make the country "independent" was not enough; it must be nothing less than an Empire, and Mr. Henry Pu-yi was crowned as Emperor. To say that Manchukuo is in reality independent is to talk preposterous nonsense. The country is nothing more than a Japanese colonial preserve, run by Japan for Japan; the myth of its "independence" is a glaring contemporary fiction.

What is a Manchu? The word means "pure." A Manchu history exists, but as a contemporary political reality the Manchus are extinct. Originally they were Tungu or Tartar tribesmen, who settled in the rich Manchurian plain; a thousand years ago at least they began to intermarry with the Chinese, who moved into Manchuria in great numbers and absorbed them. In 1616 A.D. a powerful leader, Nurhachu, rose against the Ming dynasty that ruled China; he overthrew Ming power first in Mukden, then in Peking. So in 1644 began the Manchu dynasty in China which lasted till 1911. Manchuria remained part of China. With the exception of a few isolated "pockets" mentioned in the Lytton Report, no pure Manchus survive. The language is a historical curiosity: only 250 books written in it are known, and these are translations from the Chinese. Manchukuo or Manchutikuo is, and has been for generations, ninety-five percent Chinese.

I have mentioned the great size of the country. Mostly it is a vast plain. It looks like Nebraska. It has never been fully surveyed, and no one—not even the Japanese who occupy it now—knows what riches they have to exploit. But it certainly contains very large deposits of coal and iron, tremendous timber regions, a considerable amount of gold, good agricultural land, and a foreign trade worth

\$400,000,000. It is the home of the soya bean, that ubiquitous product which is food to the Chinese and Japanese (as well as oil, fertilizer, fuel, what not) and steering wheels to Henry Ford. Also it produces opium in great quantity, the trade in which has mounted staggeringly.

Kwantung Laboratory

The most interesting thing about Manchukuo is that the Kwantung army, which I have described in Chapter III above, is making of it a kind of proving ground, a testing station, for social and economic theory. Manchukuo to-day is rapidly becoming a collectivist "paradise," though the army has met severe resistance from the South Manchuria Railway, the other agency which seeks to dominate the country. If the Kwantung officers decide that their Manchukuoan experiment is a success, then we may expect still further extension of totalitarian economy in Japan—and China. Manchukuo is proof of the army pamphlet pudding. It is the great guinea pig of Asia.

The Kwantung army abolished extraterritoriality in Manchukuo, thus seeking to freeze foreign business out. It set up a rigid currency control, and inaugurated plans for collectivizing agriculture and controlling industry. Some farms are taken over by the state, and some are left untouched, so that the army authorities can see which system works best. The army has studied long-range planning in great detail—especially in regard to hydro-electric development and conservation—and has outlined a Five-Year Plan of industrial development which is startlingly similar to the Five-Year Plan in Russia.

Basic authority for control of industry came with Imperial Ordinance No. 67, promulgated in May 1937. The terms are sweeping. No new industrial venture may be launched without consent by the government, and the state is given authority to control those now existing. The state has power to scrutinize balance sheets and operating plans, to fix prices, and to inaugurate and suspend production. In other words, the state—that is, the Kwantung army—rules. Private capital, if it has no right to fix prices, to start new business, is helpless.

Ten industries are exclusively operated by the state:

- Electric generation and supply
- Electric transmission
- Automobile manufacturing
- Petroleum refining

Coal mining
Explosives manufacture
Aviation
Life insurance up to policies of 2,000 yen
Schoolbook publication
Opium refining and sale

The state does not operate, but controls, the following industries:

Aircraft manufacture
Woolen textiles
Matches
Cement
Oil crushing
Sugar
Beer
Hemp
Automobile transport

Finally, the state participates in the control of:

Forestry
Alcohol manufacturing
Light metals
News service
Liquid fuel
Cotton textiles
Fertilizers

In all these enterprises the state will "rationalize output." All reserves of raw materials are to be considered "defense resources" of the state. Finally, a stock company was set up as a sort of holding company for various industrial enterprises under these plans. The Planning Board of the Kwantung army estimated that a total investment of 2,450,000,000 yen (\$661,500,000) would be necessary by 1942.

Struggle with the South Manchuria naturally followed. The railway was asked to contribute not less than 900,000,000 yen of this great sum. The situation is peculiar. The South Manchuria is more than a railway. It is a huge industrial complex itself, with interests in timber and hotels, soya beans and steel and chemicals; it controls seventy-two industrial undertakings. The directors of the South Manchuria, who liked to regard the old Manchuria as their own province,

became timid of the totalitarian aspects of the new policy, jealous of the Kwantung army putting it through, and fearful of their good eight percent dividends. But—the critical point—the South Manchuria is, and always has been, owned fifty percent by the Japanese government. So the Kwantung army had simply to exert pressure on Tokyo to get its way. Yosuke Matsuoka, who in some respects is very close to the army, became head of the South Manchuria. The Kwantung officers were able in effect to dominate the South Manchuria in two directions: first by activity on the spot, and second by pressure on the Japanese government, which it in part controlled, and which in part controlled the railway.

The army's point of view was simple. Let the South Manchuria retrench, and devote itself simply to the railway business, which was its proper business anyway. Let it continue to assist Japanese imperialism in the sphere of communications, especially in building strategic railways; let it drop its industrial and commercial accretions. So an organization known as the Japanese-Manchuria Trading Company was organized to replace the old sales and supplies division of the S. M. R., which is now handling the output of the collieries at Fushun and the other mining properties of the railway. The railway company still produces the goods, but the army, that is the Manchukuoan state, markets them. Likewise such S. M. R. subsidiaries as the Manchuria Chemical Industries Company, the Showa Steel Company, and the Manchu Electric Industry Company have been reorganized, with the army in control. Still the army is not satisfied. Recently the official Manchukuoan news agency announced that the S. M. R. was an "anachronism, intent on maintaining its kingdom and not understanding the post-Incident outlook," and demanding its "reformation."

To summarize: the Kwantung army feels that if the new Manchukuoan state is to be built on rational economic lines, the power of private capital as represented by the huge horizontal monopoly of the S. M. R. must be broken. Nevertheless the S. M. R. is useful during wartime, and therefore should be dealt with gradually.

Emperor Hank

His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Manchukuo is almost certainly the only man alive who has been a monarch three different times in his lifetime.

Henry Pu-yi was born in Peking in 1906, the grandnephew of the old Empress Dowager.¹ He was crowned Emperor of China, Son of Heaven, Emperor of the World, Lord of a Million Years, at the age of two. His father (who is still alive but who lives in obscure retirement now) became Regent for him, but the dynasty was blasted out of China in 1912. Henry Pu-yi, then aged six, abdicated; no harm came to him, and the good republicans gave him a stipend of \$4,000,-000 (Chinese) per year and permitted him to continue residence in the Forbidden City. In 1917 came a monarchical coup d'état and he became Emperor again, under the name Hsuan Tung, for a few days. He continued to live quietly in Peking, and in 1922 married a Manchu girl, Elizabeth Yuang, who had been brought up by American missionaries. In 1924 he was kicked out of the Forbidden City, and his friend Colonel Doihara smuggled him to Tientsin. In 1932 he was imported into Manchukuo as Chief Executive, and in 1934 became Emperor.

Henry's tutor for many years was a cultivated Englishman and Sinologue Sir Reginald Johnston. It was Johnston who first bought him a tennis racket and gave him a bicycle. When young Henry began practicing bicycle riding on one wheel, the court attendants were horrified; they said it would damage his manhood. Johnston also gave Henry the name he is best known by; he was studying English history, and Johnston suggested that he adopt the name of the English king he liked most. The young Emperor chose Henry VIII. Since coronation in Manchukuo his style of address has changed again, and he is called the Emperor "Kang Teh"; this name was chosen

¹ More should be known of this wonderful old woman, who was a kind of Chinese Catherine the Great. Her career was bizarrely colorful. Originally she was a concubine; and she ruled the Chinese Empire for forty-seven years! Largely her technique was to establish the succession through minors, and then to dominate them from behind the scenes. She came to power in 1861. On November 14, 1908, her nephew, the then-Emperor, whom she had kept prisoner on an island in the Summer Palace, was found poisoned. She then picked his nephew Henry Pu-yi for the succession. The next day she herself died suddenly. In her early days, before she went into the harem, she was called Yehonala. Then she was known as Kuei-fei (Concubine) I. As Empress and Regent she was named Tzu Hsi; as Empress Dowager she liked to be addressed by her full title, which was Motherly Auspicious Orthodox Heaven-Blest Prosperous All-Nourishing Brightly-Manifest Calm Sedate Perfect Long-Lived Respectful Reverend Worshipful Illustrious Exalted Empress Dowager. (See the *Encyclopaedia Sinica*, p. 614.)

by a consortium of philosophers, and means "Exalted Virtue."² A few Chinese still maintain mild reverence for Henry. In one Peking museum is still preserved a can of dog biscuit from his childhood days.

Henry is very tall, almost six feet, but he weighs only 102 pounds. He was given an armored Lincoln motorcar, but he could not sit in it in full regalia, because the special armoring raised the seat; the car was then remodeled and the springs compressed. Henry almost never uses the car, because in effect he is a prisoner in his residence, which is the old Salt Gabelle building. He has no palace, but his salary is said to be \$500,000 per year. The Japanese let him see no one. He is locked up like a case of mumps. One of his servants is reported to have said, "He hates the Japanese just as much as I do, but he gets paid more for it."

Unfortunately Henry has no children, which is one reason why his Japanese employers are now cool to him. They wanted him above all to found a dynasty. He is fond of his wife, and for a long time resisted Japanese demands that he take a concubine. He finally did, selecting one from photographs provided by a marriage broker, but after a time she left him. He has resolutely refused to take another. The Japanese, annoyed, have as a result treated him—and his wife—with even less consideration than before.

Henry is a mild, amiable and unfortunate creature, whose good qualities of modesty and intelligence have been obscured. As a political force he does not exist. The irreverent call him "Hank," and it can be said with complete assurance that he is the least consequential monarch on earth.

The Political Landscape

A totalitarian economy would seem to demand a mass political party to express its aims, and the Kwantung army set out presently to create one. This is a curious and revealing point: normally it is the party (as in Germany, Russia, Italy), which creates the government; in Manchukuo the equation goes backward, with the government creating the mass party. It is, I heard it said, "totalitarianism in reverse." The new party is an organization known as the Concordia Society.

² The present writer was somewhat horrified to discover that his own name, which the Chinese pronounce "Guan-teh," was best rendered in Chinese by these same characters "Kang Teh." This puts the writer in a class above his friend Peter Fleming, who in Chinese merely becomes "Learned Engraver on Stone."

It was also found necessary—again a reversal of the normal procedure—to establish a philosophy, an ideology or series of political myths, under which the new party should operate. Hence, with true Japanese efficiency, an official philosophy was duly formulated, so that the new party could have something to believe in. This philosophy, which aims to resurrect the old Confucian virtues of diligence, filial piety, and the like, is named from the Chinese philosopher Mencius, and is called “Wang Tao”—the Kingly Way.

The aim of the Concordia Society is to broaden the basis of support to the régime, yet its printed matter is in Japanese, not Chinese. And there are at least 30,000,000 Chinese in Manchukuo, as against only 400,000 Japanese, almost all of whom are soldiers or officials, and who do not need conversion anyway. Concordia members—there are said to be 300,000—wear chocolate-colored uniforms (“the national defense color”), go to culture meetings, attend athletic festivals, preach race harmony, build up “national” spirit, and have free vacations in Japan. The Concordia creed asks members to work for Wang Tao, to “eliminate the poison of a military system” (this in an organization founded by the Kwantung army!) and to “resist the possession of people’s minds by capitalist philosophy or communist principles.” The Emperor and Prime Minister are ex-officio Governor and President respectively of the Concordia Society; yet it is maintained that it is a “private” organization. Japanese *always* leave a loophole.

General Ueda, a former Commander-in-Chief of the Kwantung army and Japanese Ambassador to Manchukuo, said of the Concordia Society recently: “It was born at the same time as the state. It is a fixed political, cultural, and practical state organ. It guards the state, and educates the people so that the purpose of the state will be realized.”

A law reorganizing the government of Manchukuo on a semi-totalitarian basis was promulgated in May 1937. It centralizes the administration, with the prime minister as head of what is called the State Council, and as the only minister of state. Under him is the General Affairs Board, which makes most important decisions in association with the Kwantung army. The prime minister of Manchukuo is a Chinese; but the head of the General Affairs Board, a Japanese civilian named Naoki Hoshino, tells him what to do.³

³ Later Hoshino was transferred to Japan and appointed by Konoye to be president of the new totalitarian State Planning Board.

Japanese have all the good jobs. They have, in fact, almost *all* the jobs. In the Department of Public Peace, for instance, eighty-two percent of the personnel is Japanese; in the General Affairs Board, seventy-two percent; in the Foreign and Home offices, sixty-three percent; in the courts, eighty-seven percent; in the Bureau of Capital Construction, eighty-eight percent; in the Metropolitan Police Board, sixty-five percent; in industrial undertakings, eighty percent; in the Department of Public Welfare, sixty-one percent; in the provincial governments, at least sixty percent.⁴

In July, 1937, Lieutenant-General Chikushi, the Japanese vice-president of the Manchukuoan Privy Council, resigned his post and left the country, in protest that Chinese were so rigorously excluded from jobs and opportunities for leadership. He was seventy-four, and the oldest Japanese official in the country. He said, "The policy of the Manchukuoan government is determined at present not by deliberations of the cabinet but by the whim of one or two powerful individuals." Surprisingly enough, this rebellious statement was freely printed in Japan, but suppressed in Manchukuo.

The first prime minister of Manchukuo was Cheng Hsiao-hsu, who died in 1938, aged seventy-eight. He was an old-style Chinese scholar and civil servant, a royalist who rejected the Chinese republic. For a time he worked well with the Japanese and then came to detest them; when it appeared that his master, Henry Pu-yi, was to become nothing more than a puppet, he resigned. He was an exceptionally accomplished calligrapher. When the Japanese created their puppet state in North China early in 1938, they tried hard to get Cheng Hsiao-hsu to head it; he refused. But the Japanese respected him, and when he died they gave him an imposing funeral.

Imperialism Costs Money

I have heard Japanese proudly (and somewhat obtusely) say that Hsinking, the new capital of Manchukuo, would become to Tokyo what Alexandria was to Rome. A rather ominous comparison.

Imperialism is expensive. Other powers besides Japan, gambling on

⁴ Some Japanese personnel in Manchukuo seem oddly chosen. A ferocious nationalist named Captain Amakasu, for instance, is Secretary-General of the Concordia Society. Early in the 1920's, he strangled the Tokyo labor leader Sakae Osugi, his wife, and seven-year-old son. He was convicted of the triple murder, and sentenced to ten years in jail. But many Japanese considered him a true patriot, and in 1931 he went to Manchukuo as one of the empire builders.

great profit, have discovered this unfortunate truth. Estimates of the total sum spent by Japan in Manchuria are difficult to make, but one good calculation is that the mother country spent two billion yen there before 1931, and that expenses ever since have averaged at least 500,000,000 yen (\$135,000,000) per year. Not all of this is lost, since Manchukuo pays some return, for instance in profits of the S. M. R., emigrant remittances, and export trade. T. A. Bisson, an expert in Far Eastern affairs, calculated that in an average year, 1936, Japan spent 716,416,000 yen in Manchukuo, and received from Manchukuo 468,400,000 yen—a net loss of 248,016,000 yen. But these figures do not include the cost of upkeep of the Kwantung army, which are at least 200,000,000 yen per year additional.

For this sum Japan gets a good deal at present and in the future hopes to get a great deal more. A new repository for heavy industry. A wonderfully ample storehouse of raw materials. A market for Japanese exports. A potent lever on China. A good strategic frontier against Russia. Above all, an imperial domain.

It hoped too to get land for surplus population. But, as I have indicated, Manchukuo has been disappointing as a colonial enterprise. Emigrants so far have been of two classes only, the extremely poor, who could not resist the small subsidy offered for emigration, and the fanatic patriots; altogether only about ten thousand emigrants have arrived to date. This very minor figure has caused alarm, and recently official impetus was given to the emigration movement—which however is not called “emigration” but “mass movement of race”—by establishment of the Manchuria Colonization Society, capitalized at 50,000,000 yen. The object is to settle 1,000,000 Japanese families—say 5,000,000 people—by 1958, a program which will cost inordinately. “Manchukuo must have a sizable and well distributed Japanese minority to lead every phase of activity,” it is proclaimed. The first batch of 500 immigrants under the new system were given three weeks’ training in a national labor school, and then placed in a 10,000 hectare tract. The temperature when they arrived—Manchukuo is not a tropical country—was 38.3 degrees below zero.

One reason why Manchukuo has been so expensive is the enormous new railroad development. The Japanese took over the old Chinese lines which had fed the South Manchuria, and built out new spurs from the old Chinese Eastern. Three of these spurs prod toward the Soviet frontier, which they reach in two places (the third points to

Outer Mongolia) and were obviously planned for military purposes. Altogether the Japanese have built 2,800 miles of new railway in seven years. In Korea two ports have been developed, Seishin and Rashin—Rashin is entirely new—underneath the Soviet border and Vladivostok. By use of these new ports and the new railways serving them the Japanese hope to be able to pour troops into *North Manchuria*—adjoining the Soviet Union—several days more quickly than would be possible via Dairen and the South Manchuria route.

Another expensive item is banditry, but this has diminished from the terrific peak it reached in 1932-33. The Japanese keep accurate statistics on bandit activity, which is plotted like a fever chart. Day by day, carefully recorded, the graph goes up or down. I cannot resist some condensed quotations from the official *Japan-Manchukuo Yearbook*, 1938 edition:

TABLE 5. BANDIT ACTIVITIES IN MANCHUKUO. 1935.

	Jan.	May	Sept.	Total
No. of bandit raids	2,325	3,835	4,628	39,151
No. of bandits involved	93,880	193,737	205,405	1,783,880
No. suppressive expeditions	1,502	2,284	2,820	24,150
Bandit Losses:				
Killed	763	1,600	1,155	13,338
Injured	847	1,113	1,214	11,815
Captured	274	204	164	2,703
Arms	406	466	634	6,265
Ammunitions (rounds)	2,457	9,258	5,134	91,780
Horses	696	453	681	7,248
Captives (horses)	262	357	731	381
Suppression Troops Losses:				
Killed	61	136	143	1,361
Injured	107	150	275	2,276
Held captive	31	66	82	753
Arms	34	228	170	2,404
Ammunitions (rounds)	36,737	23,295	5,503	218,644
Horses	33	23	12	571
Civilian Losses:				
Killed	150	318	281	2,512
Injured	216	309	306	2,809
Held captive	835	2,282	3,560	27,531
Arms	123	827	157	2,184
Ammunitions (rounds)	1,447	434	1,375	20,723
Horses	2,882	2,470	5,005	36,877
No. of houses	961	2,028	1,868	19,326
Cash (Manchukuoan Yuan)	128,331	50,949	94,078	809,998

Another patient table classifies the bandits by provinces; another concerns size of bandit raids.

TABLE 7. SIZE OF BANDIT GROUPS AND RAIDS CLASSIFIED. 1935.

	No. of Raids	Size of Groups		
		1-30	51-100	301-500
January	2,325	1,743	131	12
February	1,617	1,102	142	7
March	2,632	1,958	188	19

Bandits were once classified officially in four categories ("Patriotic," "Religious," "Old Style," and "Bandits of Despair," i.e., desperately poor peasants), but now only three groups are recognized: first, communists, who are tied up with the national movement in China; second, "nationalists," who are pre-1931 insurrectionaries; third, bandits proper, i.e., desperadoes and brigands who do not dignify their activity by patriotic symbolism.

For a time suppression necessitated a form of punitive guerrilla warfare; in 1937 Japan was supposed to have had to put 80,000 men in the field. But gradually a new technique developed, based partly on new roads, and the "bandits" were forced back into the mountains. The authorities took to surrounding disaffected villages with barbed wire, and literally padlocking them. The bandits sooner or later had to enter villages for food and ammunition; if they could not get in—and if peasants suspected of complicity could not get out—the problem was on the way to solution. There are several thousand Manchukuoan villages completely circled with wire and carefully guarded; they are a unique phenomenon, hardly a tribute to fondness for the Japanese by the local population.

The Imperial Japanese army, i.e., the Kwantung army, is seldom used in suppressing banditry. Instead there are the railway guards, the special force known as the Peace Protection army, and the Manchukuoan army itself, which is composed of Chinese troops officered by Japanese. Privates in the Manchukuoan army are allowed only five rounds of ammunition daily, though their service has been loyal—so far.

Chinese peasants and townsmen in Manchukuo have several legitimate complaints, though political fermentation is not permitted to exist. First, they have been subject to forced labor. Second, crops bring the same price, but taxes are higher. Third, they are asked to join the Concordia Society (dues, 2.5 yen per year), and to contribute to the "independence" movement in Inner Mongolia. Fourth, they must grow tobacco and other export products, as well as the usual

"pay" crops. Even so—professional banditry aside—the peasants have been more or less numbed into submission.

Elusive Foreigners

For years the "independence" of Manchukuo was recognized only by Japan, Italy, and the minuscule Central American republic El Salvador. Even in Japan I heard that recognition by El Salvador came by mistake. It appears that, a year or two ago, on New Year's Day, the Manchukuoan government sent the usual holiday messages to all countries in the world. A clerk in the El Salvador Foreign Office did not realize that, everywhere in the world except in Japan, these messages were by the rules of diplomatic etiquette rigorously ignored. The El Salvador official acknowledged the message. Hastily Japan seized on the contretemps, accepted the return of holiday greetings as recognition, and before anyone knew what was happening announced that El Salvador, splendidly isolated, had recognized the Manchukuoan government.

Italian recognition of Manchukuo had its lighter note also. The Italian Consul General in Mukden, becoming minister to Manchukuo, duly traveled to Hsinking to present his letters of credence. He thought that the occasion demanded ceremony, and he asked for a cavalry escort. There was, unfortunately, no cavalry in Hsinking, the new capital. No escort, no credentials, said the new minister. So some police were collected, none of them horsemen by profession; they rented the uniforms of a local brass band hired for funerals, and borrowed aged horses from the ricksha coolies. The procession had ornate but temporary magnificence. It began to rain, the mounted police began to slip, the horses fled, and the colors in the uniforms ran. The Italian minister, a stubborn man, presented his credentials just the same.

Later Germany and the other Axis states recognized Manchukuo, after having tried to avoid doing so for some years.

The Russian Position

A war between Japan and Russia would be as popular as could be imagined. The whole world would be cheering for both sides to lose.

—WALTER DURANTY quoted, by DEMAREE BESS

I WROTE about the Soviet Union in *Inside Europe* six years ago. I would like to revise now some of my opinions (so would a lot of people), but this book is not the place for extended treatment of the U.S.S.R., even though Siberia covers such an enormous part of Asia. Most of this area belongs politically to the R.S.F.S.R. (Russia proper), whose issues and leaders are considered in *Inside Europe*. Here I should like to add a few words only about predominantly Siberian problems, three in number: industrial development, national minorities, and railroads.

Central Asia and Siberia have been the scene of a phenomenal economic development. The Kremlin leaders saw early the importance of the Siberian reservoir, which had been grossly neglected under the Czars, and the Five-Year Plans paid strong attention to the east. Soviet statistics show incredible potentialities in the region; for instance the eastern regions of the U.S.S.R. are supposed to contain eighty-five percent of the coal of the entire Soviet Union, eighty-seven percent of its copper, eighty-five percent of its water power, sixty percent of its wheat land, twenty-eight to forty percent of its iron ore. Moreover Siberia is not only rich; it is strategically almost impregnable, at least between Lake Baikal and the Urals. So development began. We must choose from a great variety of detail available. The gold fields in the Baikal region and Yakut began to be worked intensively, and it is said that presently they will produce not less than ten million ounces of gold per year. The far north was opened up, and the largest timber resources in the world are being tapped. Industrial production has increased 277 percent in Central Asia, 285 percent in Siberia, since the first Five-Year Plan. Finally, a great advance has been made in the Kuznetsk basin, where a coal-iron nexus has become

the second Soviet producer of steel, rivaling the Magnitogorsk area in the Urals. A new steel town, Stalinsk, has been built, and the population of Novosibirsk, the central point of the region, has almost tripled in five years. The Kuznetsk basin is believed to contain four hundred *billion* tons of coal. A third "coal-steel base" will, it is said, be created later in the Baikal region. The Soviets, in a word, have turned to Asia intensively.

As to minorities Russia has pursued a careful policy. The fringes of Siberia, like the Caucasus, are a puzzling network of mixed tribes and nationalities. Political control by Moscow is absolute, though technically the chief minority groups have their own governments; the new constitution of 1936 divided the Soviet Union into eleven republics (eight of which are in Asia) which stress autonomy in local administration and in linguistic, racial, and cultural affairs. The R.S.F.S.R. is in turn divided into autonomous regions (fourteen of which are in Asia) which repeat the process. This is good sense. There is no attempt in Russia—politics aside—to assimilate non-Russians, no attempt like that of Germany to make a racially coördinated nation. The minorities appreciate this. Their local identities survive. Armenians, Georgians, Turkomans, Kazaks, Kirghis, Dagestanese, Bashkirs, Buryats, Kalmuks, Uzbeks, Tartars, Yakuts—all the bewildering medley of non-Russian peoples—are permitted to remain (politics again aside) non-Russian.

Third, the matter of railroads. I have mentioned that the Japanese built strategic lines in Manchukuo which reach the Amur River, i.e., the Russian frontier. These lines were a distinct threat to Russian security, since the Trans-Siberian railway—an absolutely vital link in Russian communications—is immediately adjacent to the Amur, and in the event of war might easily be cut. This would split Russia in half, and isolate the Pacific zone. It was a risk the Kremlin could not accept. Therefore at immense labor a new railway is being built north of the Trans-Siberian and parallel to it, connecting a town called Taishet, just west of Irkutsk and Lake Baikal, with a new city which has had several names but which is most commonly called Komsomolsk, on the Pacific above Vladivostok. A spur connects it with the Trans-Siberian at Khabarovsk, the headquarters of the Soviet Far Eastern army. This new railway—if it works—will presumably enable supplies and troops to continue to pass across Russia even if the Japanese pierce

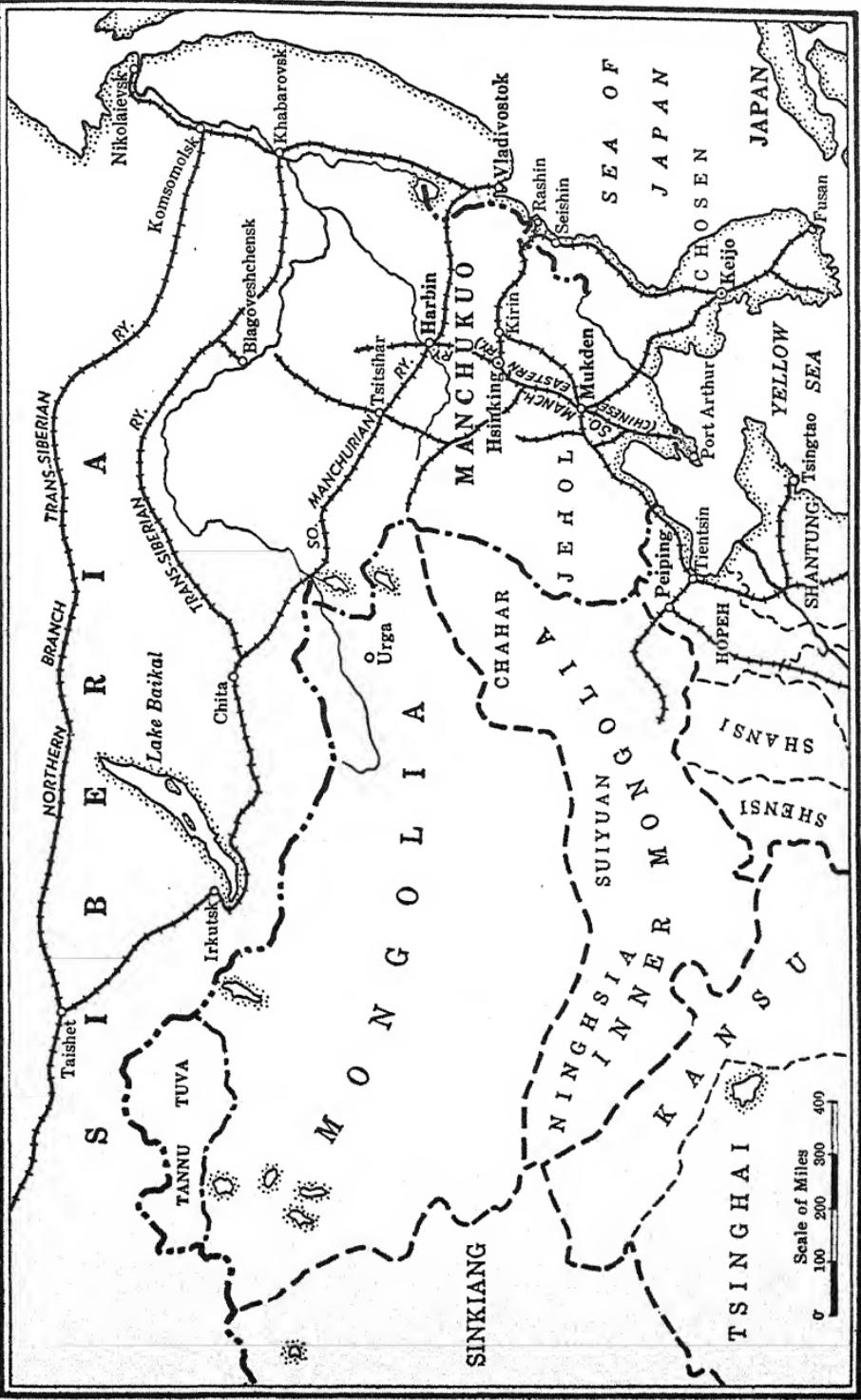
the Trans-Siberian. Meantime, the Trans-Siberian has been double tracked, and in some places triple tracked.

Soviets and Japanese

Almost every Japanese I met thought that a war with the Soviet Union was someday inevitable. Vladivostok and Khabarovsk, where the Russians have air bases, are only seven hundred miles from Tokyo and the great industrial centers of Japan; which means, even in these days of modern mathematics, that Tokyo and the industrial centers of Japan are only seven hundred miles from Vladivostok and Khabarovsk; in other words they are extremely vulnerable to attack from the air. The Japanese will not bluntly say that they expect attack by Soviet Russia. But they are fully aware that the world is explosively agitated, that the Far East is a peculiarly sensitive area, that at present Russia is an ally of Great Britain and the United States against the Axis, and above all that their own ideas are expansionist. They will not rest content till they have pushed the Soviet frontier back as far as Baikal; they will not rest content till their precious capital, Tokyo, is safe from even remote possibility of air attack.

Not everyone remembers to-day that the Japanese, seizing the opportunity of the Russian civil wars, occupied the Maritime Provinces of Siberia in 1919, including Vladivostok, and did not depart till 1922. Following the Russo-Japanese war of 1904-5 Japan had annexed the southern half of the Russian island of Sakhalin, which has valuable oil deposits; the Japanese took the northern half too after the Great War, and did not vacate it till 1925.

In April 1941, as described in Chapter IV above, the Japanese foreign minister Matsuoka signed a sensational five-year treaty with the Soviet Union in which each country pledged itself to maintain peaceful and friendly relations, respect the territorial integrity of the other, and observe neutrality in the case of conflict with a third power. This treaty, coming immediately after Matsuoka's visit to Berlin, set heads buzzing everywhere. But it is not difficult to interpret it, especially since no treaty means very much these days. The Russians knew that trouble with Germany—trouble indeed!—was brewing, and they wanted to guard themselves against attack by Japan at the same time. The Japanese, on their side, had similar motives. Their attack on Great Britain and the United States must already have been in preparation. They hoped, if possible, to free themselves



from the possibility of assault by Russia while they had their hands full in China and the Pacific. Probably Japan hoped too—wrongly—that a Russo-Japanese friendship treaty would disrupt relations between the communists in China and Chiang Kai-shek.

The Russians are, if nothing else, realists. They knew that Japan intended to make war—someday. Why, then, didn't they take advantage of Japan's contemporary preoccupations in China to strike and paralyze Japan with a swift blow while it was unable adequately to defend itself? The answer is twofold. For one thing, the Russians, whose whole policy was defensive, had no more inclination to fight a "cold," preventive war than the British or pre-Vichy French. They wanted to keep the guns at home ready for the real enemy—Hitler. They knew that if they did attack Japan, they might in turn be attacked by Japan's partner, Germany. Russia has two frontiers. Then came invasion by Germany, and the Russians had far too much on their hands during the heroic summer of 1941 to think of anything except battling the Germans back and preserving Moscow and Leningrad. In December came the Japanese assault on Great Britain and the United States. But Russia, though an ally, was in no position to attack Japan immediately. It was still overwhelmingly preoccupied with the struggle against Germany. Also it wanted to play its own Far Eastern game.

The Russians (we will come to the matter of Outer Mongolia later) are proud of their pacific record in the Far East. Indeed their restraint in the face of incessant Japanese provocation has been considerable. From 1924 to 1927 the Soviets assisted the Chinese revolution; then they cleared out and did not resume normal relations with China until 1932. At about the same time they proposed a non-aggression pact with Japan; this early overture was rejected. The Soviets, following trouble on the Chinese Eastern Railway, invaded Manchukuo (Manchuria then) to clean up; but they promptly left again, though the pretext to remain was much greater than Japan's pretext after the Mukden incident. Finally, at considerable loss, they sold the Chinese Eastern.

Russia has helped China in the present war, but not to any great extent. When I was in Hankow there were a few Soviet planes there. Later the amount of aid increased considerably. The temptation to encourage the Chinese was, presumably, irresistible. When the Japanese complained, Mr. Litvinov, tongue in cheek, told them off in their

own language by saying that, after all, Japan refused to admit that a war was going on, and that therefore Russian planes could not be taking part in hostilities. Russian supplies to China could be of inestimable value, but they are exceedingly hard to get in. The route across Mongolia is closed, and the trucks must take the long caravan route through Chinese Turkestan—an onerous undertaking. They start from a position on the "Turk-Sib" Railway—another comparatively new and highly important railway development—and go through Urumchi to Lanchow. This route takes at least eighteen days, and the trucks until recently had to carry part of their own gas and oil, which did not leave much room for pay load. The greatest aid Russia renders China is indirect. It is that, out of fear of complications with Russia, Japan must keep a large army permanently mobilized on the Soviet frontier. At least 350,000 Japanese who might be fighting in China or in the Pacific area are thus sterilized into inactivity.

Troubled Waters

A perennial nuisance in international relations is the fisheries quarrel between Japan and Russia. The gist of it is this. Japanese fishermen have for generations collected a large part of their catch in Russian waters, off Sakhalin and Kamchatka. A convention establishing the rights of these fishers, and allocating certain special waters to the Japanese, was ratified in 1928 but expired in 1936. Japan had then just signed the Anti-Comintern Pact with Germany, which annoyed the Russians; for this as well as other reasons—some having to do with rate of exchange, some in regard to auctioning of fishing "lots"—the U.S.S.R. refused to extend the agreement for another long period, as the Japanese wished, but kept them on tenterhooks by extending it merely from year to year. Japan said that Russia was attempting to freeze their fishermen out of the area; Russia said that Japan was infringing on Russian sovereignty in territorial waters. In April 1939, a new agreement was patched up.

Fisheries are of vital importance to Japan, which has by far the largest catch of any nation in the world. Fish are a valuable article of export (the annual yield is worth 300,000,000 yen) and, above all, they fill a crucial rôle in making the country self-sufficient in regard to food.

Another dispute concerns oil in Sakhalin. Japan not only takes oil

from its own half of the island, but by terms of a treaty signed in 1925 has concessions in the northern half, which belongs to Russia. The Japanese want these concessions elaborated and extended; the Russians want to conserve the supply.

“The Demon of Discord, with Her Sooty Wings”

The frontier between Manchukuo and the Soviet Union, almost 3,200 miles long, and for most of its length following two rivers, the Amur and the Ussuri, beyond doubt produces more dangerous “incidents” than any region in the world. About 2,000 of them have been officially recorded in ten years, ranging from catcalls across the border to pitched battles. One may ask how a frontier which is a river can detonate so easily. But the Amur is a difficult river, shallow, full of islands, and frozen for part of the year; moreover (an odd habit of Chinese rivers) it changes its course repeatedly. The incidents have been mainly provoked by Japanese. When a serious one occurs, the Russians can almost always produce a Japanese prisoner or two, taken on their territory, whereas Russian captives taken prisoner on Japanese territory have been very rare.

The two most famous of recent incidents occurred in June, 1937, on the Amur, and in July, 1938, at Changkufeng Hill near the eastern extremity of Manchukuo. Some experts say that both were aggravated by the Japanese, if not actually incited for reasons of policy, as deliberate tests of Soviet strength. Each told a different story.

In the 1937 incident Soviet gunboats were accused of landing troops on two islands near the Russian town Blagoveshchensk (which faces a new Japanese railhead with the cheerful name Heiho), which the Japanese said were Manchukuoan territory. The Japanese opened fire, and one Soviet boat was sunk. A crisis sharply ensued, but negotiations settled it. The Russians backed down precipitously and left the Japanese in possession of the islands. From this Japan deduced that Russia, harried by internal discontent and weak from purging, was in no condition to fight. Thus the importance of the incident: it led indirectly to the Chinese war, since the Japanese wanted assurance that Russia was not strong enough to intervene.

The incident at Changkufeng thirteen months later had an altogether different outcome. It was an outright Russian victory. The Japanese say that the Russians occupied a commanding lump of territory which they assert is just inside the Manchukuo border. The

hill had considerable strategic importance, and Russia claimed that it was Soviet territory by terms of an old Sino-Russian treaty. Serious fighting followed, and lasted for ten days with several hundred casualties. Many thought that the second Russo-Japanese war had begun. The Russians resisted stiffly; the Red Army seemed to have recovered from the purge. The Japanese receded, and negotiations ended the squabble. Russia remained in possession of the hill.

A third important incident between Russians and Japanese occurred in the Nomonhan area along the disputed frontier between Outer Mongolia and Manchukuo in May 1939. The Japanese attacked across the border, and the Russians, pursuant to their categorical policy that Outer Mongolia would be defended at all costs, fought back bitterly; the Kwantung army admitted to 18,000 casualties during the summer. Came the Russo-German pact of August 1939; the Japanese were frightened by this, and opened negotiations for a truce with Russia; the whole episode was a signal Japanese defeat.

Another General Bluecher

The Far Eastern Army of the Soviet Union was for years an autonomous and self-contained command under the redoubtable Marshal Vassily K. Bluecher, one of the ablest military men of modern times. But in October, 1938—just after the Munich crisis—the Soviet War Minister Voroshilov traveled to Khabarovsk, and presently it was announced that the Far Eastern Army was no longer autonomous, and that Bluecher had been dismissed. Later he was reported shot. These reports, though generally believed, have never been confirmed, and Chinese rumors say that Bluecher is somewhere in Mongolia, possibly doing penance in remote confinement, possibly organizing Mongolian military forces. At any rate he has disappeared.

Bluecher was born in the Yaroslavl district near the Volga in 1889. His German-sounding name came remotely from Russo-German landlords nearby, but he is pure Russian; many Russians in this area have German names. He was a factory worker and mechanic, and in 1905—still a boy—joined the revolution. During the Great War he fought as a conscript. He was wounded and cited for bravery, and in 1917 helped organize the early military soviets in Leningrad. He rose rapidly, and led various detachments in the civil wars. He fought on the Siberian front, and in fact saved the Far East for Russia, because

his armies defeated White leaders like Kolchak and Semenov, and beat the Japanese back to Vladivostok.

For a time he returned to Moscow, assisting Trotsky in the reorganization of the Red Army after the civil war. But his chief interest was the Far East. He conducted a mission into Mongolia. Later he found himself—quite by chance—a fellow passenger on the Trans-Siberian with a young Chinese officer named—Chiang Kai-shek. The two became friends. Chiang invited Bluecher to Canton (where Chiang was reorganizing an officers school); Bluecher accepted, got leave from the Red Army, and began his great Chinese days. The Chinese called him "Ga-lin." So developed the "mystery" of his identity. Foreigners in China called him General "Galen" or "Galant," and for years he was better known thus than as Bluecher. To a considerable extent he was responsible for Chiang Kai-shek's early victories. When Chiang split with the communists, Bluecher fled; he returned to Moscow, and was sent to Siberia again. In 1929 he became Commander-in-Chief of the Far Eastern Army, the building up of which is largely his work. He created the great base at Khabarovsk.

The Far Mongolias

"Europe seems to be quieting down, but now we have to worry about Asia once more. There are disquieting rumors that the Japanese have gone over into Outer Mongolia to wage peace in Russia's face."

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

I have an old-fashioned dislike of writing about places I have not seen, and travel in the Mongolias was impossible on account of the China war. So I shall be brief. In plain fact Outer Mongolia, at least, has been seen by very few people indeed in the last decade; it is such *terra incognita* that Tibet is practically Coney Island by comparison. There are two Mongolias, Outer and Inner, and the distinction between them is important. Outer Mongolia is a Russian sphere, whereas most of Inner Mongolia is Japanese. But first a necessary word about Mongolia in general.

The Mongols are a world by themselves. They have not, like their neighbors the Manchus, been assimilated by the Chinese; they have preserved their racial and linguistic identity for centuries—even though they are nomads, and have intermarried broadly to produce "Mongoloid" peoples all over Asia. They have bitten very widely

into history, though the bite is not deep. They were in the main wanderers and destroyers, not creators. Some historians say that the Huns, who helped destroy the Roman Empire, were Mongols; we know that under Genghis Khan and Tamerlane the Mongols made fantastic conquests throughout Asia and Europe, with traces that persist today as far as Hungary; we know that they penetrated India, and played a formidable rôle in Indian history. Many Mongols became Mohammedans, and added the sultry fire of religion to their expansionist zest. There are Mongol inheritances in Japanese, in Chinese, in Siamese, and in the Pacific peoples of the East Indies.

Their citadel remains Outer Mongolia. This is a tract almost unbelievably vast. It covers about a million square miles—almost one-third the size of Canada. A great deal of this is desert, especially the Gobi region; it is thinly occupied, and the total population is probably not much greater than 800,000. On the maps Outer Mongolia is almost invariably shown as part of China. This is mostly nonsense. Outer Mongolia is no longer in reality part of China. Since 1924 it has been the "Mongolian People's Republic," and it is almost exclusively a Soviet sphere of influence. When they came into power the Soviets gave up the imperialist treaties with China. But in Outer Mongolia something very close to *Soviet* imperialism may be said to exist.

Russian penetration of Mongolia, like that of Manchuria, began with the Czars, and as early as 1915 Outer Mongolia had a peculiar and special status, being legally under Chinese sovereignty and Russian protection at the same time. During the Russian civil wars in 1921 the "Mad Baron" Ungern Sternberg, a White Russian adventurer, fled from Russia, took Urga (now called Ulan Bator), the Outer Mongolian capital, and there set up one of the most extraordinarily sadistic regimes in history. The Mongolians rose against him, organizing a revolutionary government, and the Russian Red Army came in to help. The Mad Baron was extinguished, and thereafter Soviet influence increased. Power had been in the hands of a ruling clique of Lamas (priests), under a gentleman known as the Living Buddha. He died in 1924 and a republic was set up. Events closely paralleling those of Russia then took place: redistribution of land, economic development, and creation of a semi-Soviet government. In 1934 came a mutual assistance pact with the U.S.S.R., though that

this treaty existed—it is virtually a military alliance—was not revealed till two years later.

In 1936 Stalin categorically told Roy Howard in a famous interview that Soviet Russia would fight to prevent invasion of Outer Mongolia by Japan. At that time the Japanese—who know, in Owen Lattimore's words, that "no conflict in Manchuria can be anything but a prelude to struggle in Mongolia"—had been making incidents along the Manchukuo-Mongolia frontier. Since Stalin's statement Japan has tended to let Outer Mongolia severely alone, though the Nomonhan incident described above shows what great interest it still has in the region.

The government of Outer Mongolia is vested in a People's Assembly called the Great Huruldan, and the prime minister is a man named Gen-dun. His record is said to have been excellent on the whole. There are no railways in the nomad-inhabited country, and most trade—wool and skins—goes by the caravan route to Soviet Russia.

Near Outer Mongolia are two Soviet substates. One is Tannu Tuva, which all philatelists know for the colorful quality of its postage stamps. It is supposed to be in the exact center of Asia, and it claims to be an independent republic. The other is the autonomous region called Birobidjan, above the Amur River, which the U.S.S.R. has set apart for colonization by Russian Jews.

Inner Mongolia lies closer to China, and therefore is more susceptible than Outer to Chinese—and Japanese—fluence. Its precise area is hard to define, though normally it is considered to consist of the three Chinese provinces above the Wall, Chahar, Suiyuan, and Ninghsia, plus Jehol which is now administratively a part of Manchukuo. Before and during the 1937 war the Japanese penetrated Chahar and Suiyuan, which are rich in iron, coal, and wool, and which have been conquered in part. Ninghsia still remains Chinese.

The Kwantung army is undisputed lord of the Japanese area of Inner Mongolia, and it rules by puppetry. The region has been fragmented into several puppet states, including one in South Chahar, one in North Shansi (below the Wall), where the rich Tatung collieries are found, and one called the "Mongolian Autonomous Government." All have their own flags, their own administrations—under the

Kwantung army. The idea is to combine them later into a Mongolian Federation; so we will have one of these days another new "country," a "Mongokuo." The strategy of the Japanese is to make the Inner Mongol areas a second buffer against Russia. Inner Mongolia is called the "main route of continental advance."

Leader of the Inner Mongolians is a remarkable man, a lineal descendant of Genghis Khan, named Teh Wang or Prince Teh. He is 40, and recently became "Chairman of the Federated Autonomous Government of Inner Mongolia." In November 1938 he went to Tokyo, and was received by the Emperor. But he is a sincere enough Mongolian patriot; apparently he accepted Japanese support because he had no alternative. A fervent nationalist, he sought to work with Nanking, and create an autonomous Mongolia within China, but the Chinese government rebuffed him. Teh proceeded anyway to organize an Inner Mongolian Political Council. The war came; the Japanese entered; and Teh, who considered himself badly let down by the Chinese, submitted to Japanese demands. He is a fattish young man, with little experience of the western world. He has never cut his queue.

So now we finish this complicated sector. We are not done with the Japanese yet. But it is time to turn to the magnificent world of China proper.

Chapter XI

Colossal China

To know what you know and know what you don't know
is the characteristic of one who knows.

—CONFUCIUS

THE Chinese, a tremendously durable people, possess the largest country and the oldest civilization known to mankind. They have uninterruptedly existed as a political and cultural entity for well over 4,000 years, a record no country in the world can match. The Chinese were old when ancient Greece was young; they produced Confucius centuries before Alexander the Great or Julius Caesar; they were having a magnificently mature development when Europe was a medieval shambles. Chinese history goes back at least to 2800 B.C. The birth of Solomon, the death of Socrates, the birth of Jesus, the death of Charlemagne, the birth of Newton, the death of Bismarck, all took place while China was the same nation. We do not know the origins of the Chinese. They have always been there. They seem older than the rocks.

So much for the dimension of time. As to the dimension of space. Superimpose China on a map of North America; put Chungking at Chicago. Then Peking will be near Quebec, and the eastern extremity of Manchuria rests on Labrador. The southern frontier of China will follow a rough line across Tennessee through Texas; the western edge of Sinkiang touches Puget Sound almost precisely. In the northwest, the frontier between Outer Mongolia and the U.S.S.R. reaches the extreme north of Saskatchewan. The total area of China, counting Tibet, Sinkiang, and the Mongolias, is over 4,000,000 square miles, as against 3,800,000 for the whole of Europe.

As to population, no one knows how many Chinese there are. We have to decide what we assume "China" to be, and to rely on estimates that vary widely. There has never been an accurate census. The *China Year Book* (1938), as good an authority as any, says that the population of China is 426,603,258. The *World Almanac* says

457,835,475. In any case the number is between one-fifth and one-quarter of the entire human race.

These proliferating numbers of Chinese, enclosed in their mastodon-like circular area, are closely integrated, though five distinct "races" are recognized—Han (Chinese), Mongol, Manchu, Tibetan, Moslem. Since the Mongols and Tibetans are outside China proper, and since the Moslems represent a religious rather than a racial criterion, the inner core of China is remarkably homogenous. The Chinese stem from Chinese aborigines, and thus may be said *never* to have been conquered; for centuries they have had the same social system, religious instincts, and written language. Even so, there are very considerable and striking differences between northern and southern Chinese, between a Turki nomad and a Shanghai coolie. Loosely one might say that China proper is more homogenous than Europe as a whole, less homogenous than the United States. The Chinese call their country *Chung Kuo*, which means "Middle Country." The word middle derives from geography, but has also come to connote "middle" in the sense of moderation.

To generalize about China is obviously difficult in the extreme. We will confront the same problem when we come to India (though China is more uniform than India, largely because of the single written language), in that exceptions may be found to almost any statement one may make. However, in all diffidence, let us begin.

Some Qualities of the Chinese

"In the west, the insane are so many that they are put in an asylum; in China the insane are so unusual that we worship them."

—LIN YUTANG

The first thing to mention, it seems to me, is the great Chinese characteristic of rationality.¹ The Chinese are a sublimely reasonable people. They are suspicious of sectarianism; they are seldom violently partisan; they adore the Golden Mean, that is, compromise. This attitude may be carried to excess; sometimes it approaches the editorial policy of the American newspaper which was never able to say anything but the phrase "On the other hand." Lin Yutang writes in his beautifully eloquent and discriminating book, *My Country and My People*, that to the Chinese truth "can never be proved; it can only

¹ Readers who happen to begin this book at this point are asked also to note "Japanese and Chinese" in Chapter II above, page 28.

be suggested." It is of exceptional interest that in Chinese mythology—which is itself very rationally considered—man is supposed to have been created *before* heaven and earth. Man, in a word, is master; man is what counted. And what counts in man is reason, the life of the mind.

The Chinese are, I thought on cursory acquaintance, not mystics like the Japanese. They are packed with practicality and common sense; they have a wonderful feeling for the concrete and for their own concrete interests. The tennis anecdote is famous. Two Chinese pass an English club on a hot day, and see foreign players perspiring in exhaustion. One Chinese says to the other: "Obviously these foreigners are not poor. Why do they not hire coolies to play for them?"

Being rational, the Chinese are long-minded; their passivity, their patience, are notorious. Being rational, they are law-abiding; until the brink of modern times, there was no Chinese police. Being rational, they liked to be let alone; hence the early antipathy to "foreign devils" as whites were called. (But apparently Chinese first disliked foreigners because of their body odor. Westerners smell; most Chinese don't. And westerners had—by Chinese standards—very big noses, which in parts of China are the sign of Satan.) Being rational, the Chinese are sensibly opportunistic. Being rational, finally, they had little interest in political bickering; the best government was the one that let everybody alone, and that no one heard about.

Above all Chinese rationality led to pacifism, a virtue carried so far that it became a vice. When a man fights, the Chinese adage says, it means simply that the fool has lost his argument. This tendency to pacifism became a serious political problem in modern times; to achieve successful unity and militance against Japan meant a tremendous evolution. The Chinese had to fight not merely a foreign war against a ruthless invader, but civil strife against their own good nature and civilized instincts. They are holding their own in both. Not for centuries has China been so strong, so united, so compact in defiance of an aggressor.

In Shanghai, early in 1938, I saw Chinese regions incredibly devastated by Japanese. In Canton, a little later, I saw Japanese property neatly padlocked and patrolled by Chinese police—to keep it from being harmed.

Even to-day, in spite of the surge and stress of war, the Chinese try to avoid chauvinism. My wife and I visited a village school near

Peking, and the children greeted us with songs. We asked for a patriotic song. The children looked blank. And we discovered that in this district no Chinese national hymn was known; there was no Star-Spangled Banner, no Marseillaise. Later we asked a group of professors at Yenching University to name some military heroes. We wanted to know who was the Chinese Grant, the Chinese Wellington. Our friends had to go back a thousand years to find one—and seemed embarrassed at the search.

Pearl Buck tells an apposite and pleasant story. Students at a missionary school, taught to play football, uniformed and exhorted valiantly to win, set out for their first big match at a neighboring school. They returned a few hours later—uniforms unspotted, hands unscratched. There had been no game. "We decided not to play as soon as we arrived," the captain said. "The other side was bigger than we were."

The Chinese guerrillas bewildered and maddened the Japanese because—among other reasons—they paid no attention whatever to the "rules" of warfare. Japanese kill their prisoners, and the sensible Chinese knew that uniformed men, if caught, would meet death. So the Chinese simply wore their everyday clothes. They fought without uniforms! (Result: the Japanese, in some sectors, killed *all* Chinese they captured.)

The Chinese instinct to rationality is particularly remarkable in that China is a backward country by western standards, where many mythological concepts are entrenched. Even now most Chinese are fearful of evil spirits. Most huge ideographs on Shanghai buildings are not, as I first thought, advertisements, but designs to ward off devils, djinns, ghosts. The Chinese solve spiritual problems with their usual practicality: an evil spirit traditionally may not turn a corner, which is why screens are placed inside Chinese doors, and why bridges are sharply angled. The Chinese believe in *fengshui*, the spirits of wind and water, who bring good luck and who ought to be propitiated. In 1876 China got its first railroad. It had to be torn up, because it offended *fengshui*; the rails, ties, everything, were destroyed.

Another great Chinese characteristic is vitality, endurance. The Chinese withstand bad government, floods, disease, famine, corrupt administration, poverty of unspeakable nature, invasion from outside, civil wars, outrageous taxation, physical discomfort, physical labor almost unparalleled elsewhere in the world—and thrive cheerfully and

multiply. Yet they are not, I think, masochists, as many Japanese are; they endure their terrific and intolerable burdens not because they yearn subconsciously to be burdened, but because they enjoy and love life enough to attempt to overcome the burdens, to live in spite of them.

In Arthur Smith's *Chinese Characteristics*, a book not altogether friendly to the Chinese, I found the following:

A Tientsin man . . . had been in the habit of making a living by collecting spent shells around the ground where Chinese troops were engaged in artillery practice. On one occasion he secured a shell, when . . . it exploded and blew off his left leg. He was admitted to the hospital, and an amputation was performed below the knee. Instead of being cured of this dangerous mode of getting a precarious living, the man returned to it again as soon as possible, and about six months later . . . another explosion took place, which blew off his left hand about two inches above the wrist, leaving a ragged wound. Deep lacerations took place over the bridge of the nose and on the upper lip: punctured wounds, the result of exploding pieces of shell, were made on the right cheek, on the right upper eyelid, on the posterior edge of the frontal bone, and on the right wrist. There was also a deep cut over the right tibia, exposing the bone. On receiving these severe injuries the man lay in a semi-unconscious and helpless condition for four hours, exposed to the heat of the sun. A mandarin happening to see him ordered some coolies to carry him to the hospital, himself accompanying them for two miles. The bearers apparently became tired of their burden, and as soon as the mandarin was gone, threw the poor wretch into a ditch to die. Though much exhausted by the hemorrhage, he managed to crawl out and hop for five hundred yards to a grain-shop, where he found a large basket of meal, which he overturned with his sound arm and coiled himself inside. To get rid of him the owners of the shop carried him in the basket to the hospital gates, where he was left outside to die. Although in a condition of extreme collapse, and with a feeble pulse, due to the loss of so much blood, the patient had no mental impairment and was able to converse intelligibly. . . . With the exception of diarrhea on the fifth and six days, and slight attacks of malaria, the patient had throughout no bad symptoms, and left the hospital with a wooden leg four weeks after his admission.

Another interesting Chinese characteristic is classlessness. There are rich and poor in China, certainly, and there are illiterate coolies

as well as brilliantly cultivated scholars. But there is no Chinese aristocracy, there is no *class* distinction among Chinese by blood. Consider the contrast to Japan, with its Samurai hangover, or India, multitudinously stratified by caste. In the old China there were four social categories—intellectuals at the top, then peasants, then artisans and merchants, and finally (at the bottom where they belong) soldiers—but this traditional cleavage no longer exists. In the old China, too, officials and administrators were chosen, uniquely in the world, not by criteria of birth or wealth, but purely on literary and intellectual merit. Every post was filled by competitive written test. Men could take the examinations at any age; dozens did so in their sixties or seventies or even later, after a lifetime of preparation. This system lasted from the third century A.D. to 1903, and produced in the "Mandarin" class the first civil service in the world.

China got rid of its Manchus only in 1911, whereas Japan—a country anyway more susceptible to western influence—dropped the Shoguns in 1868, and thus had half a century headstart toward modernism. Three picturesque Chinese characteristics have died out in the last generation. One is the queue or pigtail; the 1912 republicans abolished it much as Kemal Ataturk abolished the fez. Originally the pigtail derived from filial piety and ancestor worship, as Confucius himself makes clear; one's hair belonged, strictly speaking, to one's parents, and so must not be cut off. Second, bound feet, the origin of which was sexual; women bound their feet because Chinese men thought that tiny, plump, deformed feet were beautiful, and gave a peculiar titillation to a woman's carriage. With feet crushed, women quivered when they walked. Third, the kowtow or ceremonial bow.

Perhaps I am speaking of the Chinese too eulogistically; they have, like all people, defects as well as virtues. Many Chinese are cruel, at least by our standards; their passivity reaches insane and monstrous lengths; they have little sense of time, and an exaggerated tendency to optimism in moments of crisis. They say *mei-yu fa-tze* ("It can't be done") unendingly, and are debauched by procrastination; the phrase is a national characteristic like the Spanish *mañana*. Another familiar criticism is that Chinese are venal or avaricious; a basic vice is supposed to be "squeeze," the local expression for graft, corruption.

A foreigner arriving in Shanghai hears of "squeeze" almost as soon as he hears of "face." Chiang Kai-shek can't do thus-and-so, because various underlings are "squeezing." China cannot get an effi-

cient air force, because of "squeeze" in aviation contracts. From the aerial to the almost-earthly: a friend told me that his tailor arrived in his sixteenth floor hotel room terribly out of breath, because he walked up rather than pay 10¢ squeeze to the elevator boy. The story is told—and it is shocking if true—that wounded Chinese soldiers have been left behind if they cannot pay "squeeze" to rescuers, and that in hospitals they may be treated laxly if they are penniless.

Squeeze, it goes without saying, derives from the savage poverty of China, which is incontestably the most terrible in the world. Industrial wages may average—possibly—50¢ (Chinese)² per day; the average income of a peasant may average—possibly—\$10 (Chinese) per month. But write "income" in quotes. Because the peasant is in debt all his life. About 2,000,000 people die of starvation in China every year. In 1935, a comparatively normal year, *twenty-nine thousand* bodies were picked off the streets of Shanghai alone—one of the great metropolises of the world—of men, women, children dead of hunger. Many were female infants left by their parents to starve.

The Chinese are apt to be scamps about engagements, financial and otherwise. I tell this small story with no ill will at all. A Chinese friend summoned me to dinner, where gravely and ceremoniously he introduced me to my Chinese translator and publisher, and presented me with copies of the Chinese edition of *Inside Europe*. I hadn't even known that it had been translated! No one said a word about contract or royalties. Indeed Chinese publishers are famous pirates. If any book of particular interest to the East comes out, a Chinese edition promptly appears, reproduced so beautifully by a kind of lithographic-photographic process that it is almost indistinguishable from the original, which it of course undersells.

The Chinese are superlative craftsmen with their hands, for instance in ivory, silk, pottery. But if I were asked what I thought their chief defect to be, I should say after brief acquaintance that it was a lack of mechanical sense. The Chinese are practical, yes; but not practical with machines. Which puts them at a disadvantage in the modern age. A single and tragic illustration is to the point. When warfare spread to the Shanghai area in August, 1937, a natural target for the

² It is exceptionally difficult to express Chinese purchasing power or values in terms of western currency. Old parity for the Chinese dollar was 29½¢ silver. It has shrunk steadily. In April, 1939, \$1 (Chinese) was equal to 16¢ (U. S.); later it fell to about 5½¢.

Chinese was the Japanese battleship *Idzumo* which lay at anchor in the Whangpoo, just off the Bund. An analogous location would be the Hudson River docks at 42nd Street. The Chinese tried by every possible means to blast that battleship out of the water. One result was an air raid that missed the *Idzumo* by at least half a mile and instead blew up, let us say, the Hotel St. Regis, Saks-Fifth Avenue, and part of Radio City. Several hundred Chinese were killed. Yet the Chinese aircraft had to journey only a few miles, and at that time there were only a few Japanese planes in the air. The *Idzumo* was never scratched.

Near Hankow early in 1938 the Chinese lost twenty-six planes in one raid, when the Japanese bombed their airport and hit a Chinese bomber, loaded with bombs itself, that was unprotected. The whole field blew up. The Japanese came back the next night—no Chinese dreamed that the attack would be repeated so soon—and destroyed the six Chinese planes that had happened to survive the first attack.

But to return to Chinese virtues. One could list them almost indefinitely. The Chinese are frugal, with a wonderful hatred of waste. They are polite, good-humored, tolerant, temperate, with a great sense of fundamentals. Like the Viennese, whom they rather closely resemble, they are discriminating and sophisticated, and they know how to relax with dignity. They like the good things of life, and they are packed with charm. Who but the Chinese, seeking a name for the wild aborigines near the Tibetan border, would think to call them the "Shy People?" Who but the Chinese would name a city "Nothing to Do," simply because it was a lonely spot?

When I arrived in Shanghai I shocked my Chinese friends by asking what Chinese civilization consisted of, concretely. I knew that old China had contributed silk to the world, paper, the compass, the art of printing. I knew a little—a very little—about Chinese painting, poetry, ceramics. But where, I wanted to know, was Chinese civilization *now*. Why had there never been a Chinese Nobel Prize winner? Who were some eminent contemporary Chinese musicians, philosophers, artists, scientists? The answer came: Chinese civilization consists of the way two Chinese greet one another on a street corner.

Almost all middle-aged Chinese look far younger than their years. I have seen men of fifty who might be twenty-five. This can mean, of course, only one thing: that they have led good lives.

Facing Face

The concept of face exists almost everywhere in the East (the Japanese have it too), but it is most strongly marked in China. Face is not easy to define, because it means more than one thing. It is at once the equivalent of dignity, prestige, and reputation. It means more than honor, partly because it is external; it is what people think of you, more than what you think of yourself. It means more than pride, since you can be without pride, and still have considerable face. One might say—roughly—that it is the difference between the inner and outer self.

The best way to attempt a definition is to list some examples of face that I came across.

One of the Generalissimo's foreign pilots told me that he could not eat his own precious baked beans on long trips. His Chinese colleagues would lose face unless he ate *their* food.

I went in to see General Wu Te-chen, at that time governor of Kwangtung province. Others were waiting outside. When I emerged, my Chinese friends said admiringly, "You stayed a full hour. You got great face."

Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek starved himself for some days when kidnaped at Sian, because to have eaten his captor's food would have entailed great loss of face.

I went to a luncheon party. A friend whom I had promised to bring could not come. My hostess wailed, "But think what face I lose!"

One of the German officers training Chiang Kai-shek's bodyguard rebuked a private for stealing a peach. The detachment had been marching through an orchard. The private killed himself that night. He had been disciplined publicly, in the presence of Chinese, by a white man; the loss of face was so great that he had to commit suicide, though suicide is very rare among Chinese. Items like this make military discipline a severe problem. Troops, for instance, may refuse to stay in reserve, where they belong, because they think they lose face. An incompetent officer, instead of being shot, is transferred to a new post, in order to save his face.

I heard several times that such-and-such a politician "didn't have much face left," though goodness knows how many times it may have been saved or lifted. Here the word is equivalent to reputation. It gives a girl great face if a prominent politician takes her to a cabaret.

I weigh 210 pounds. My wife weighs 110 pounds. I groaned for the ricksha coolies who carried me, in contrast to her, until I learned that the coolies preferred me as cargo *because* I was heavier. To carry me gave them added face.

A foreign diplomat told me that he could usually get action from the Chinese foreign office, when all other methods failed, by pleading that he could not afford to lose face with his government at home.

The Most Charming Language

Every Chinese word is a single syllable. There are, moreover, only a very few syllables—sounds—that a Chinese can physically pronounce, perhaps six or seven hundred in all, whereas Europeans can pronounce thousands of sounds. The result is that in Chinese there are great numbers of words which, though they may be represented by different ideographs (symbols or pictures), are pronounced the same way. For instance the single sound *shi* may mean:

history	an army
a lion	to rely on
to employ	solid
a corpse	to bestow
a market	poetry
a house	ten
a clan	power
to proclaim	officer
beginning	stone
to swear	generation
to pass away	

and it has literally 41 other meanings.³ We have similar confusions, be it remembered, in English: *vain*, *vein*, *vane* and *new*, *gnu*, *knew* are pronounced the same way, but they look different and they mean entirely different things. But Chinese goes far beyond any other language in monosyllabic duplication. As a result, first, the Chinese learn to recognize meaning by context (so do we); second, they have a system of *tones* (four in the north, nine in Cantonese), whereby meanings may be differentiated by the tone of voice.

Chinese words are differentiated in writing; every “*shi*” above is a different written character (though they may be built from the same radicals or roots). Moreover, every Chinese word is unique. There is

³ *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, Vol. V, p. 567.

no alphabet. Each word is a picture, a different picture. There are about 40,000 different words in Chinese, each with its own character or picture, and it goes without saying that it is a tremendous feat to memorize them all. Probably not a dozen men in China know every one. (Nor, for that matter, do more than a dozen men in the United States know the meaning of every word in the English language.) A Chinese child going to school learns about 2,000 characters by the time he is ten. An average newspaper uses about 7,000 characters every day. The composing room of a big newspaper will have about 20,000 characters.

A most important point is that, though the pronunciation of Chinese differs widely throughout China, this written language of pictorial symbols is identical everywhere. Written communication is possible from Manchuria to Yunnan, without impediment. China is not, like India, splintered into different languages, and the uniform written language has played a colossal rôle in keeping China together. Take the numeral 5. Everywhere in Europe or the Americas we recognize 5 to mean 5, though it may be called "five," "cinq," "fünf," "cinque," and so on. (See Lyall, *China*, p. 22.) Similarly in China anyone who can read knows what important characters like "five" stand for.

The "official" dialect of Chinese is what foreigners call "Mandarin," and what the Chinese call *kuo-yu*, national tongue, spoken chiefly in the north. Of other dialects there are many, chiefly Cantonese, the great southern "language." The classical written language is called *wen-li*. Various people whom I consulted differed drastically in their estimate as to how well Chinese in widely separated parts of the country understand one another. Differentiation is sharpest along the coast; in the interior the differences are, on the whole, not greater than those in various parts of the United States. In recent years considerable progress has been made toward encouraging the use of a simple variant of classical Chinese, called *pai-hua* (literally "white," hence "very simple," language); it was popularized largely through the efforts of Dr. Hu Shih, the father of the Chinese Renaissance. *Pai-hua* is colloquial, but oddly enough it is not so concise as *wen-li*, since simplification demands more—rather than fewer—characters. Thus newspapers do not like to use it. The difference between *wen-li* and *pai-hua* is roughly that between the language of Shakespeare and, say, the *New York Times*. Official Kuomintang documents are still

written in highly complex old-fashioned Chinese. The modernist Red Army, on the contrary, uses simple *pai-hua*.

Chinese presents difficulties. It is so terse that Latin is windy by comparison. Because there is no alphabet it is extremely difficult to index books efficiently, or to use a dictionary, and until recently it was unpunctuated. But since the language consists merely of a series of pictures, it has no need of grammar; there are no cases or declensions, and only two tenses. Ideas are pictorialized, that is, words are created, in a most fascinating manner; for instance, "gossip" is an ideograph symbolically portraying three women. "Plunder" is a man chasing a man. Others:

wife	woman with broom
hermit	man and mountains
law suit	two dogs
to think	brain plus heart (N.B. !)
good	woman and child
sincerity	man plus words
prisoner	man in a box
rain	drops of water
all	three men
worship	man kneeling
home	pig under a roof
west	bird flying to its nest
east	sun through trees
man	pair of legs

As Western ideas and Western inventions came to China, the language struggled to adjust itself and absorb them. New concepts were represented by putting together symbols for old ones. For instance:

Capitalism	Money-as-Basis-Policy
Communism	Together-Production-Policy
Imperialism	King-Country-Policy
Republic	People-as-Host-Country
Dictatorship	Single-Decision-Pattern
Parliament	Discuss-Govern-Country-Assembly
Democracy	Together-Peace (!!)
Government	Political-House
Election	Lift-Hand-for-Choice
Telephone	Lightning-Language
Railway Station	Fire-Wagon-Stop

Magnetism	Power-Pulling
Cigarette	Roll-of-Smoke
Fountain Pen	Automatic-Ink-Pencil
Camera	Take-an-Image-Machine

One cannot but note with delighted applause the extreme succinctness and concrete semantic intelligence embodied in this transfer of concepts to language. If we in the West said "Single-Decision-Pattern" instead of "Dictatorship," or "Together-Peace" instead of "Democracy," and kept on doing so for a generation or two, we might know better what we think. To the Chinese a word is a tool. And the tool is often beautiful. What could more admirably express the idea of "Republic" than "People-as-Host-Country"?

Chinese proper names may seem appallingly difficult to foreigners, and for several reasons. For one thing, as I shall explain in the next chapter in reference to Chiang Kai-shek, most Chinese are known by several different names. For another, these names may be spelled and pronounced quite differently. It took me some time, for instance, to understand that Oong Wen-hao and Weng (or Wong) Wen-hao, were one and the same person, the excellent Chinese minister of economics. Dr. Sun Yat-sen, the father of the Chinese republic, may be called Sun-wen or Sun Chung-shan, depending on taste and circumstances. In Hankow I met a man named Tsur. But in the south his name is pronounced, not Tsur, but Chow, which elsewhere is pronounced "Jo." I have mentioned Mukden often in these chapters. Mukden is its Russian name; in Chinese it may be Shenking, Fengtien (the old Manchu word), or Liaoning; the Japanese have quite another name, Hoten. The city of Sian had its name lifted to Siking (western capital), in 1932, and to its original name Changan (long peace), a little later. Hsuchowfu, Suchowfu, Suhsien, and Tungshan are all the same place.

Two slight supporting reeds. First, in Chinese the last name comes first.⁴ The Chinese would say Dickens Charles or Bell Alexander-graham. The Generalissimo, if you wished to address him as a civilian, would not be Mr. "Kai-shek," but Mr. Chiang. Second, I have tried so far as possible to emphasize the last name, and omit the rest. Purists may protest, but let us think of the old war lord Wu Pei-fu simply as Marshal Wu, of Wang Ching-wei simply as Mr. Wang.

⁴ But some Chinese Anglicize their names; if they do so, they put the last name last, English fashion. For instance Sung Tse-ven is T. V. Soong.

Religion, Filial Piety, Family System

"How lucky I am! Whenever I make a mistake, people are sure to discover it!"

—CONFUCIUS

Being rationalists, the Chinese are thoroughly sensible and realistic about religion. There is no Chinese God, but very many Chinese belong not merely to one religion but to three. They detest separatist dogmatism, and see no reason whatever why they should not jointly subscribe to the doctrines of Confucius, Buddha, and Lao-tse. Which is roughly—very roughly—as if an American concurrently claimed to be a Roman Catholic, a Seventh Day Adventist, and a Lutheran. The Chinese say that each of their three religions has its special value, its special spiritual impact, depending on circumstances, and that it is parochial foolishness to believe in one creed fervently enough to exclude others. To every Chinese, religion is his own affair.

It is exceptionally striking and typical of the Chinese that their grand old man and most important religious figure, Confucius, is not considered divine, and that in fact he is most revered for what might be called the extra-religious aspects of his teaching. That is, Confucius stood for ethics rather than mysticism, for character in personal conduct rather than theology. He is unique among the great creators of religions in that his followers invented no miracles, shibboleths, myths, demonology, or witchcraft. The Chinese look for ethics in religion, not for hocus-pocus. Their attitude to God is mundane.

Confucius was certainly one of the most remarkable men who ever lived. His name was Kung Fu-tze (Confucius is a Latinization), and he lived from 551 to 478 B.C., a native of what is now the province of Shantung. Apparently he knew Lao-tse slightly, the founder of the "rival" Chinese religion, and the two worked in harmony for a brief time—far cry from the usual competitiveness of religious systems. Confucius was a civil servant and teacher by profession, hard-working and with a great sense of detail. For years he was a competent political administrator, but he found time to edit Chinese classics and to formulate his own code, which promptly became classical. He is extraordinarily like Plato in some respects.

It is all but impossible to concentrate in a few words what Confucius stood for. What interested him most was right living. He believed firmly in a fixed aristocracy of intellect and manners, and in orderly and honorable government. He tried to classify conduct in five rela-

tionships—people to ruler, wife to husband, son to father, brother to brother, friend to friend. He was supremely rational; he detested the supernatural. He believed that a kind of central Authority existed in the universe, which he called simply Heaven; he did not personify it, and he was skeptical about immortality. Lin Yutang quotes his tremendously succinct words when he was asked about the hereafter: "Don't know life; how know death?"

One series of concepts that Confucius, who like almost all aristocrats was a traditionalist, did believe in was filial piety, respect for ancestors, and the family system. This is heavily marked in his doctrine, and persists among most Chinese to this day. "If Confucianism can be called a religion," says Sansom, "it is the religion of filial piety." The *family* is the unit in contemporary as well as ancient China, not the individual. And the family system (plus the written language) has been the glue of China for 2,500 years. It promoted conservatism, a rigid code of manners, and complex patterns of social behavior. It also impeded such modern developments as patriotism and nationalism, since the loyalty of the average Chinese was primarily to his family group, not to his province or nation.⁵ Inevitably filial piety and family system became associated with ancestor worship. The father is respected and obeyed when alive; therefore he should be revered when dead; indeed, it is not thought that the father—or anyone—actually dies. This is one reason why Chinese funerals are noisy, colorful, and full of fun. My first glimpse of ancestor worship was an almost monstrously cheerful Chinese funeral.

Of Lao-tse and Taoism I can speak little. Taoism was an ancient cult, the earliest of the Chinese religions. It became overlaid with Lao-tse's teachings in the sixth century B.C., and was much debased later with ritual and mythology. Lao-tse was a less interesting man than Confucius, and less is known about him; his doctrine, emphasizing a rightful mode of life called "the Way," is not so concrete as that of Confucius, not so primarily concerned with ethics. Taoism is supposed to be more "democratic" than Confucianism, more passive, since a Taoist need not obey so many rules of conduct. He is a much freer and simpler man; thus arose the instinct of Chinese to adhere to both faiths.

⁵ Bertrand Russell says acutely (*The Problem of China*, p. 41) in regard to filial piety: "It is probable that this doctrine has made the Chinese more prolific, in which case it has had great biologic importance." Economic and political importance too.

Buddhism I discuss briefly in Chapter XXV; it appealed greatly to Chinese because of its original reasonableness and because it emphasized fatalism. Mohammedanism is discussed in Chapter XXV, and again in Chapter XXXIII. Some 25,000,000 Chinese are Moslems, mostly in the northwest and in Sinkiang. . . . Finally the influx of Christianity in China is considerable. The country was a tremendous field for missionaries, both Catholic and Protestant, many of whom did and still do splendid work, especially in medicine and education. The Y.M.C.A. has great influence, partly because of its appeal to ethics and behavior.

Chinese History: Two Minute Glimpse

I have said that Chinese history begins about 2800 B.C., which is roughly the time of Sargon I in the Tigris-Euphrates valley at the other end of Asia. Of course actual written records come later than this. Apparently communities of Mongoloid people in the Yangtze and Yellow River valleys coalesced into vague groupings in the twenty-eighth century B.C., and presently expanded—by peaceful spreading out rather than military conquest—into what became a loose empire. There came a “Golden Age”—approximately at the time of Abraham and Isaac—when the Emperor became the “Son of Heaven” (though he was never worshiped as a god like the Emperor of Japan), when the rudiments of ancestor worship, the family system, handicrafts, and writing began. In 1750 B.C. appeared the first important dynasty, the Shang, which brought China to preliminary unity, and in which cultural development was considerable. The Chou dynasty (1122-221 B.C.) followed. It was the great feudal dynasty. Confucius and Lao-tse lived in this Chou period, which also produced the classical age of Chinese literature, and wonderful art in bronze. One subperiod in the Chou dynasty is known as the “Age of Confusion,” when some hundreds of feudal states grasped for authority. But during all these generations, even during lapses into political anarchy, the essential features of Chinese civilization were maintained, and the written language, a great centrifugal force, spread out.

From 221 to 206 B.C. reigned one of the greatest men in world history. He ruled only fifteen years, but he was a giant. His name was Shih Huang-ti, and his dynasty was known as Chin, from which our word China derives. Emperor Shih Huang-ti was a kind of Charlemagne who wanted a politically united China. Vital, ambitious, pa-

triotic, with a blasting ego, he called himself the "First Emperor," since he could not bear that others had preceded him. Like Henry Ford, he thought that history was bunk. To wipe out any traces of the China that antedated his majestic entrance, he ordered the burning of all books. In character he does not remotely resemble Dr. Goebbels, but he preceded him as the inventor of literary funeral pyres. He wanted to destroy Chinese classicism, which he thought stultifying; he spared only works dealing with medicine, agriculture, and astrology. (Luckily many books were hidden by priests and scholars and escaped; otherwise we would have no Confucius, no other Chinese literary records to-day.) The other accomplishment for which this Emperor was famous was more enduring. He built the Great Wall. The colossal nature of this feat rocks the imagination. The Mongols perpetually sought to invade the country; Shih Huang-ti decided to wall them out, literally. How, precisely, the Wall was built, we do not know; we do know that, to-day, it still stretches 2,500 miles from Mongolia to the sea, an unbelievably massive and durable monument to the Chinese imagination. The Egyptian pyramids are mole hills beside this Great Wall; of all man's work on earth, it alone could be seen from Mars. . . . Exhausted by the conflagration of books he made with his left hand, by the Wall he built with his right hand, Shih Huang-ti died after a brief reign. He is the founder of "modern" China.

Thereafter came two tremendous dynasties, the Han (206 B.C.-220 A.D.), and Tang⁶ (618 A.D.-909 A.D.). Under the Hans the classics were restored, Buddhism was introduced, sculpture began, and paper was invented. Chinese to this day call themselves the "Han" people; in this period began the examination system for the civil service which lasted till 1911. . . . The Tangs, even more advanced, proceeded to develop and extend the stability of the Hans, and China reached its greatest area in about 650 A.D. This was a period of complete collapse in Europe, but in China the Tangs invented printing, developed the use of silk, created poetry and porcelain of unsurpassed loveliness, and began to paint. The Tang dynasty is usually considered the most productive and splendid in Chinese history. It was succeeded by a less

⁶ Properly Tang is T'ang, just as Chin is properly Ch'in. The apostrophe in Chinese names indicates pronunciation. T, K, Ch, and P are soft; T', K', Ch', and P' are hard. T'ang is pronounced "Tong," but "Tang" is "Dong." Similarly K, P and Ch without the apostrophe are pronounced like G, B and J. Kuling is "Gooling," Peng is "Beng," and Chang is "Jong."

exuberant dynasty, the Sung (960-1280 A.D.), which was politically decadent but which produced great art, especially painting.

In the thirteenth century, at the same time that Europe was invading another corner of Asia with the Crusades, the Mongols crashed through the Great Wall, broke up the Sung dynasty, and occupied large parts of China. Genghis Khan (1162-1227) made three Chinese expeditions, and captured Peking in 1214; his tremendous successor Kublai Khan (1235-94), established the Mongol dynasty (which lasted only eighty-eight years) and penetrated as far south as Fukien. But Chinese civilization persisted, as witness the accounts of Marco Polo. Presently the Chinese, like a gigantic and imperishable sponge, began to absorb their Mongol conquerors. From 1368 to 1644 a true Chinese dynasty, the Ming—notable among other things for a wonderful fluorescence in porcelain—regained power and decayed after an ascendant period. Then, as we have seen, another northern group, the Manchus who were partly Chinese, took Peking and established rule. Gradually they in turn disintegrated, but the Manchu dynasty lasted till 1911. Which brings us to Dr. Sun Yat-sen, the Chinese revolution of 1911-12, the struggling republic, and the threshold of contemporary times.

Will the Japanese, new invaders from the north, repeat this history of conquest and then become assimilated? Future history contains no more fascinating question.

Imperialism and the Fat Chinese Melon

We sound now a drastic note, that of imperialism by the white western powers. We have mentioned imperialism before, and we shall mention it again in the course of this long book. A standard definition of imperialism is that it is exploitation of an undeveloped colonial or foreign market, usually to the tune of military conquest. It is "extension of a nation's power beyond its boundaries," a policy of aggrandizement. The Marxist definition adds that imperialism is an essential corollary of capitalism, in that capitalism demands continually expanding markets. Imperialism is written deeply over Asia. Most of Asia is a European colony. There were, in fact, on the outbreak of war in 1941, only six truly independent countries in all Asia—Japan, China, Siam, Afghanistan, Iran, and Saudi Arabia, and of these, Afghanistan and Saudi Arabia were, one might say, "independent"

by courtesy only. Meantime, Iran was occupied in part by Britain and Russia, and Siam fell quickly to the Japanese.

China was a fat and luscious melon. It is still incomparably the greatest unexploited market on earth. The western powers got interested in it early; traders and missionaries sought to settle on the coast, especially the Portuguese. But diplomatic intercourse with the Manchu empire was extremely difficult, because of Chinese ceremonial, Chinese isolationism. During the reign of Kang Hsi (1662-1723), for instance, the Dutch and Russian ambassadors withdrew from Peking without seeing the Emperor, because they refused to kowtow to him. In those days to make a proper kowtow one had not only to kneel, but bump the head smartly on the ground. Other missions, however, representing several of the western states, and particularly Great Britain, wanted trade more than they cared about ceremonial humiliation. The process of initial penetration was laborious, but it succeeded. By 1800 the British were firmly fixed in Canton, the only port where they were allowed.

Came 1839 and the so-called Opium War, one of the most unpleasant wars in all history. British trade was based on opium; the East India Company dumped opium into China from India and got silver in exchange. Profits were enormous. But the Manchu government suddenly decided to stamp out the opium traffic; a Cantonese official, obeying orders, seized and burned a large store of British opium awaiting shipment to the interior. An analogy—not too close perhaps—might be drawn between this event and the Boston Tea Party a generation or so before. The British retaliated by making war. They fought China to inflict opium on it, and to “preserve the rights of trade.” They invaded China not only near Canton but in the north, and the war lasted three years. The Manchu government, beaten, was forced to sign treaties which for the first time opened China to western trade. Five ports were set aside where foreigners had special privileges—Canton, Amoy, Foochow, Ningpo, and Shanghai. China was forbidden to set any tariff above five percent, which meant that foreign nations could sell goods at an enormous advantage. Finally, the British annexed the important island of Hong Kong.

Thus, in 1842, began western exploitation of China on a wholesale and “legal” basis. I have mentioned in Chapter VII above the progressive seizure of Chinese territory by Britain, France, Germany, and Russia. But territory was not the only desideratum. The foreign

nations took and held special advantages in the seaports and on the great rivers, since these dominated intercourse with the immense interior. Overwhelmingly, their objective was trade. They used weapons cheaper and more efficient than direct conquest, like concessions in the "treaty ports," customs control, and, above all, the principle of extraterritoriality.

A *treaty port* was one wherein foreigners could do business under their own law. Originally there were five; in 1941 there were thirty-eight in China proper. Some of these ports are not on the ocean at all, but are far inland, like Hankow; some include "settlements" or "concessions" (like Tientsin and Shanghai) which are in effect outside any Chinese jurisdiction, though the fiction of Chinese "sovereignty" is maintained. White troops are the police; white officials are the government. They are hardly more part of China than Marseilles or Manchester. (After the China war, as we well know, most of the treaty ports were taken by the Japanese.)

Customs Control. This began in 1842 also, and was confirmed in 1854 by the formation in Shanghai of the Chinese Customs Service. The theory was simple: the Chinese appointed foreign officials who were exclusively in charge of customs administration. Ultimate authority was Chinese in theory, and revenue went into the Chinese exchequer, but foreigners controlled it. The head of the Chinese Maritime Customs was always an Englishman from 1861 to 1942. Time came when China needed money and sought loans, and it was natural that customs revenue should be pledged as security. In 1928, China recovered—in theory at least—tariff autonomy, when Chiang Kai-shek told the bankers that he could not build up a national régime unless he had more money. But until 1941 at least thirty percent of Chinese customs revenue, which was in turn about sixty percent of total Chinese revenue, was earmarked for payment of foreign debt.

Third, *extraterritoriality*. (Efforts have been made to shorten this awkward word; first it was amputated to "exterritoriality," and some Chinese newspapers even say "extrality.") Extraterritoriality meant that the foreigner in China—not merely in the concessions or treaty ports, but anywhere—was not subject to Chinese law, but only to the law of his own country. An American who, say, committed murder or any other crime in Fukien or Changsha was not tried by a Chinese court, but by a magistrate of his own nationality, usually the local consul. The system had its origin in remote Roman times, with

the principle of "personal law"; every man was a Roman citizen, no matter where he lived, and the law followed him. Extraterritoriality has existed at one time or other almost everywhere in the world; for a time the French had extraterritorial rights in New Orleans. Then it disappeared almost everywhere except in China.

In the beginning, extraterritoriality was justified. There was no law worth the name in China, no judicial system. And in the first phase of the war with Japan extraterritoriality turned out to be of great convenience to the Chinese; thousands of them took refuge in the foreign settlements, did patriotic work there, and were safe. But basically the system was an affront to China, and it led to grave abuses. In 1925, in Shanghai and Canton, British police shot Chinese workmen; in 1927, British and American battleships bombarded Nanking. In Peking, the system produced the revolting spectacle of Chinese not being allowed inside the best part of their own city. (The sanctity of the Legation Quarter in Peking derives, however, from the Boxer Protocol, not from the other "unequal" treaties.) Foreigners were exempt from Chinese law, but Chinese were not exempt from foreign police. In the early 1930's dozens of Chinese Left-wingers were caught by white police in the International Settlement in Shanghai and turned over to Chinese authorities. One had the Alice-in-Wonderland situation that Japanese generals—*on Chinese soil*—were comfortably directing a war against China.

It is taken almost for granted that extraterritoriality will disappear sooner or later. If China wins the war and is strong enough she will not be likely to permit alien troops on her soil, even if they are troops so friendly as the British and Americans. The story is that, when Chiang Kai-shek's troops took Shanghai, the big business interests were so certain that he would abolish extraterritoriality that they offered his agents a very considerable bribe—\$10,000,000 gold is sometimes given as the sum—not to do so. In 1931, however, Chiang Kai-shek announced the "abolition of the unequal treaties." The announcement—owing to the struggle with Japan—was never put into effect.

In the summer of 1940 both the American and British governments announced their willingness, after the war, to negotiate with China for the "relinquishment of extraterritoriality and other so-called special rights," presumably including maintenance of garrisons. But this was not quite enough to meet the expanding situation. China was get-

ting into a position where it could bargain. In May 1941 a formal statement came from Mr. Hull to the effect that the United States *would* give up its extraterritorial and other rights in China as soon as the war was over. So came a great step forward in the history of West versus East—at least on paper.

The case of the foreigner in pre-war China may be briefly put. It is that he brought wealth to China, and needed protection while doing so; it is that he was developing China commercially and industrially, not throttling it, and rightfully wanted security in return for his services; it is that a prosperous, stable, efficient China was a better ornament to civilization than a corrupt, prostrate, and decadent Manchu empire. In the wake of the foreign merchant came mission schools, universities, modern medicine, sanitation, roads, railroads, bridges, electrification, movies, higher standards of living. What the foreigner was bringing to China was the civilization of the west; all he asked was a modest profit, plus security. It goes without saying that many foreigners in China did unselfishly and even heroically work for the good of the country. One need only mention railroad administration, medical research such as that of the Rockefeller Foundation, and especially famine and flood control.

Some die-hard westerners are apt to be pretty rough with the Chinese, and to flourish the strong white hand. Consider this passage from Rodney Gilbert (*What's Wrong with China*, 1932): "In recent years Great Britain . . . has followed America's lead and has substituted soft-soap and compliments for ultimatums, so that the Chinese are simply hysterical with self-complacency and contempt for the foreigner, and indulge in vociferous hate-feasts in every part of the country which inevitably bear fruit in an increasing number of outrages against foreigners, defalcations on loans, impudent diplomatic notes, and assertions of 'rights' [sic!] every year."

It is not easy to calculate the foreign stake in China. Competent estimates, however, agree that the total British investment was approximately \$1,250,000,000 before the war and the total Japanese investment about the same if Manchukuo was included. Manchukuo excluded, Japanese investment in China was about \$600,000,000. American and French investments were roughly \$250,000,000 each. British capital is—or was—invested in a multiplicity of enterprises, chiefly banks, railways, shipping, tobacco. Japanese investments are mostly in shipping, mining, cotton. Japan

and Britain between them handled fifty-seven percent of China's coast-wide marine traffic. The American trade with China was comparatively slight, perhaps \$100,000,000 per year.

The Not-So-Open Door

The Open Door is an American policy, enunciated by Secretary of State John Hay in 1899. Briefly, it means equal opportunity for citizens of all nations to trade in China or similar undeveloped territories; in 1921, at the Washington Conference, it was reaffirmed in the Nine Power Treaty guaranteeing the integrity of China, and it became linked with the principle of Chinese independence. The motive behind Hay's original pronouncement is clear: the United States did not intend to be drawn into any territorial squabble over the China market, but fully intended to maintain its right to trade there. Nathaniel Peffer in a brilliant historical study (*Asia*, July, 1936) has indicated that Hay's doctrine was in fact first suggested by the British. The Open Door was very convenient to British aims, since, at that time, if threat of partition were removed, "no other country could successfully compete with Britain in trade or finance. On equal terms, Britain always won."

The Japanese have, of course, pushed the Open Door (for others) fast shut; as it was nicely said, they "closed it so tight that there is not a Chink in it." Late in 1938 Japan announced the "New Order in Asia" doctrine, and by so doing jettisoned—as everyone knew they would—both the Nine Power Treaty and the Open Door. Mr. Hull protested. The Japanese paid no attention, and set out with redoubled activity to monopolize the China market, to push foreign enterprise out, to slam and lock the Door wherever possible. Japanese-controlled China is now part of the "yen-bloc," little more.

Shanghai

This complex political ulcer on the face of China demands a brief section by itself. Shanghai, the sixth largest city in the world, with almost 4,000,000 population in 1939, was the chief mart of Chinese trade, a splendid refuge for tax-dodgers, and the seat of the worst slums, the most grisly factories, some of the handsomest country clubs, and the finest night life on earth—until the Japanese took it over in 1941. In Shanghai, I have already stated, 29,000 dead bodies have

been picked off the streets in an average year. And in Shanghai is a restaurant where dinner may cost \$600 in Chinese currency.

The foreign area of pre-war Shanghai was uniquely governed. It was divided into two parts, the International Settlement (population 1,023,300) and the French Concession, which together occupied 12.66 square miles. Outside and beyond it, in a swarming semi-circle, was the great Chinese city (320 square miles), occupied by the Japanese since 1937. The International Settlement was administered by a Municipal Council, which was responsible in turn to the Consuls General of the Great Powers. Until 1928, no Chinese were allowed on the Council; then the Chinese got five out of fourteen seats, but they had little power. Two Councilors were Japanese—which brought complications. As to the French Concession (population 478,552) it was *de facto* if not *de jure* part of France. It had no connection with the International Settlement, and the French Consul General ran it—and ran it well. Most well-to-do foreigners in Shanghai (as well as many Chinese) lived in "Frenchtown," as it was usually called.

British, American, Italian, and Japanese troops and police each had a sector of the International Settlement to protect until the Japanese took it all on the outbreak of war in 1941. Beginning in 1932, the Japanese had transformed their sector, Yangtzepoo, into what was in effect Japanese territory. They used it in the 1932 fighting as their seat of operations against the Chinese; they claimed both belligerent and extraterritorial privileges, which was convenient. While holding Yangtzepoo exactly as if it were Tokyo, they continued to demand a share in the government of the rest of the International Settlement. Once prompt action by an American Marine officer, Colonel C. V. Price, prevented Japanese invasion of the non-Japanese Settlement area. During 1938 and 1939, when Japanese puppets were murdered in extraordinary number by Chinese who took refuge there, Japan was again tempted to seize the Settlement. Revenge was not the only motive. Sixty percent of total Chinese industry is in Shanghai, and 41.5 percent of China's total customs revenue accrues there. But the Japanese did not quite dare to take the whole Settlement over, because of the storm of protest this would have aroused in Britain and the United States. Then they did take it, as we know, concurrently with their attacks in Pearl Harbor and Hong Kong on Dec. 7.

Shanghai was, I have indicated above, a paradise for the wealthy. *There were no taxes.* With the exception of an exceedingly small land

tax foreigners paid no taxes at all, either to their own government, to the Settlement, or to China. This produced, inevitably, an emotion of shame, which produced worry; as Vincent Sheean once said, Shanghai was the city par excellence of two things, money and the fear of losing it. Some rich Shanghai families came originally from Bagdad and Bombay (with British nationality) and settled in China generations ago—the Hardoons, Ezras, Shamoons, Kadoories; some wealthy individuals settled there more recently, like Sir Victor Sassoon. Several great Shanghai fortunes were based on opium; then came investment in land, in textiles, in native industry. Shanghai gas, waterworks, and local transportation were British; electricity, power, and the telephone system were American; much land was owned by foreign religious orders, like the French Jesuits, the Spanish Augustans. Shanghai real estate could have been bought for a song fifty years ago. Land in the business district was worth \$1,500,000 per acre in 1938-9.

In Shanghai one found most flamboyantly and conspicuously the westerner who hated the Chinese. He did the Chinese an injury, that is, sucked wealth out of him; for this he could not forgive his victims. In a Shanghai park was the famous sign, NO DOGS OR CHINESE ALLOWED. Some years ago an American newspaper man entertained no less a Chinese than H. H. Kung (later the prime minister!) in his office. The landlord would not allow Dr. Kung to enter the elevator reserved for whites; the American newspaper man protested and as a result the paper had to move. Quite recently a British diplomat, a polo player, got into serious social difficulties because he invited a Chinese (the mayor of Shanghai!), to witness a polo match on the club grounds. With my own ears I heard a high consular officer say to his secretary, in the presence of a well-dressed young Chinese, "Throw that damned Chink out." As recently as 1937 many rich foreigners in Shanghai hoped that the Japanese would win the war, not the Chinese.

Shanghai was also famous as the home par excellence of the Old China Hand. An Old China Hand is a white who has lived in China for thirty-five years without bothering to learn Chinese.

A Word on Economics

Until 1938 not less than one-half of all Chinese industrial workers lived in the Shanghai area. The average wage of the semi-skilled was perhaps \$15 (Chinese), per month, that is about \$2.40 (!) at the rate of exchange then in force. A twelve hour day was the rule, and

15 to 16½ hours were not uncommon for piece work. Children to-day—under the Japanese as before—may begin work at the age of five or six, and are delighted to get this early start, so terrible is the competition for existence. The great mills are mostly Japanese owned, and in them contract labor is in force. An agent called the “sub-contractor” goes up-country, buys a group of girls from their parents—perhaps for a fee of \$30 (U. S. \$4.80) per girl for three years of work—and then sells them to the factory. He is more than the middleman, however; the girls remain technically in his charge. They pay *him* their wages, until his \$30 is paid back—which may be never. This system cannot be rivaled for pure viciousness. The girls are in effect slaves.⁷ British and Chinese mills were better run, with contract labor not allowed; but the fact that they were “better” did not mean that they were very good. A rudimentary trade union movement exists, and is growing stronger; there were frequent strikes in 1937 and 1938. The unions had been crushed in 1927, when they were strongly Leftist; government (called “yellow”) unions then took their place, and underground Red unions sprang up.

But the basis of economic life in China is agriculture. The life of China is the life of the land. At least eighty-five percent of Chinese are peasants; most of these are small tenant cultivators, though conditions vary province by province. Wheat and millet are the staple crops in the north; rice in the south. There are very few big estates anywhere, and as a rule the tenant—or proprietor—holds just as much land as his family can cultivate, which is something over an acre. Statistics are scarce, but I had it from competent authorities that the average income of a small farmer is probably under \$100 (Chinese) per year, that is \$16 U. S. If a landlord is a bad landlord, it means first that he is an absentee, second that he takes more than fifty percent of the crop as rent. The small landlords—tenants also—pay preposterous taxes, especially in remote provinces like Szechwan where war lords have collected taxes many years *in advance*. The agricultural debt is enormous—so enormous as to be incalculable. Two things I noticed, as any observer will notice them. First, the Chinese peasant is so close to the soil, so steeped in the soil, that the very color of his face is that of the soil. Second, grave mounds. By Chinese convention the dead are

⁷ In one great Shanghai factory, where a modified form of contract labor exists, girl workers are given their wages in secrecy and at unstated intervals, so that middlemen and racketeers who prey on them may not know what money they have.

buried in hummocks on the surface, not deep underground. These hummocks stud the fields irregularly, and it is said that four percent of Chinese agricultural land is uncultivated, out of respect for the mound-like graves.

China, despite years of imperialist pressure, is still basically an undeveloped country. According to Snow, there are only 35,000 miles of roads (and most of them indifferent) as against some two million in the United States; there are only 6,000 miles of railways, as against 275,000 in the United States. The national budget is amazingly small for a country of 450,000,000 people—in 1936-37 expenditure was \$990,700,000 (Chinese), and in 1937-38 it was estimated at \$1,000,600,000 (Chinese), which was only \$160,156,000 (U. S.). The chief exports are animal products, wax, tea, raw silk, raw cotton, hides, and tin, and the trade balance is adverse. (Japan, miraculously enough, continued to have an active trade balance until the war.) China left the silver standard in 1935, to adopt a managed currency on lines suggested by the British expert, Sir Frederick Leith Ross.

A Chart of China

Finally, before proceeding to discuss Chiang Kai-shek and the other great Chinese political personalities, we must attempt to draw a brief chart of Chinese geography.⁸

First consider the Yellow River, called "China's Sorrow," which is one of the most anarchic of the world's rivers, and probably the most dangerous; it fills with silt regularly and overflows its dykes, causing almost unimaginable devastation. Ten times in history its course has changed unpredictably and radically; as recently as 1887 it took a sudden immense jump, and carved a churning path to the sea two hundred miles from its previous egress. Above the Yellow River are the Five Northern Provinces, to which I have already alluded. They are Hopei, Chahar, Suiyuan, Shansi, and Shantung. Of these CHAHAR and SUIYUAN are not merely above the Yellow River, but above the Great Wall as well (as is Ninghsia also) and they comprise Inner Mongolia, as we have seen. Chahar has about two million people, and its capital, Kalgan, is a famous junction of caravan routes to the north. Suiyuan, a wool-producing province of approximately the same size, is the center of Japanese activity in Mongolia.

⁸ Carl Crow's *Handbook for China* is the best contemporary guide. I have drawn on it considerably.

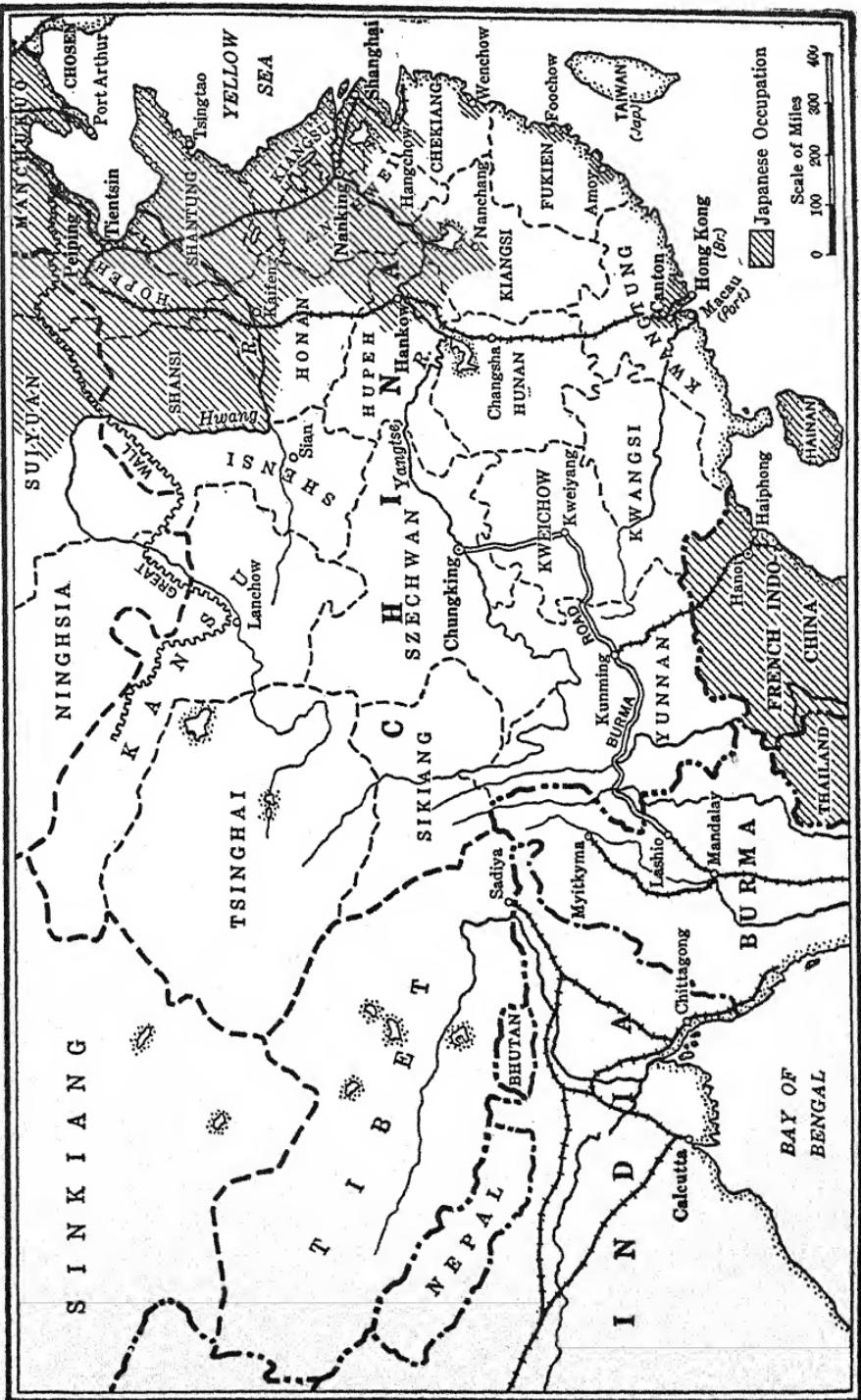
HOPEI (or Hopeh), formerly known as Chihli, is rich in coal (the Kailan mines are the largest in the east), cotton, salt. It is a province with more than 28,000,000 people crowded into the area of Arizona, where people eat millet, dodge camels, and stare at tourists. In Hopei are Tientsin, the second port of China, and Peking,⁹ which many good folk will die for as the most beautiful city in the world.

One of the great provinces is SHANTUNG, population 38,000,000, with its capital at Tsinan. Confucius came from Shantung, and so did many modern war lords. It is the province of tall and strapping coolies, the greatest monastery in China, pongee silk, handsome women, and eggs, of which it produces 111,000,000 per year. Shantung men are good soldiers, strong workmen. The Japanese have occupied most of it, and have had less trouble there than anywhere else in China, partly because it contains no foreign concessions which as a rule are convenient to Chinese resistance.

SHANSI (which means West of the Mountains), is a more thinly populated province. It is the home of wool, opium, and bankers, and has been the scene of stubborn guerrilla fighting in the present war. For years its boss was Yen Hsi-shan, one of the most famous of modern war lords. Shansi has 11,000,000 people. Not considered one of the Five Northern Provinces, but adjacent to Shansi and Suiyuan, is SHENSI. The vowel changes confusingly. Shensi is a very important province indeed, though it contains only 7,717,000 people. It means "West of the Pass," and is the heart of old China; for four dynasties its chief city, Sian (where the Generalissimo was kidnaped), was the national capital. The old Japanese capital, Kyoto, was built to duplicate Sian. Shensi is a heart of new China too, since it is the headquarters of the Eighth Route (communist) Army, of which more later.

Further to the northwest are two remote and sparsely settled provinces, NINGHSIA and KANSU. Ninghsia, the western tip of Inner Mongolia, is still held by China. Kansu is the poorest of all the provinces,

⁹ Peking was the capital of China for 600 years till 1928, when Chiang Kai-shek's government demoted it in favor of Nanking. The name was then changed from Peking (Northern Capital) to Peiping (Northern Peace). Now the Japanese who occupy it have restored the old name, Peking. A journalistic anecdote is to the point. The London *Times* refused ever to acknowledge that Peking had become Peiping. For nine sturdy years it held out, saying Peking. Then the Japanese, in 1937, announced the resumption of the former name. The *Times* didn't know quite how to handle the story, since it had never admitted to its readers that the name had changed.



roughly the size of New Mexico, with the population of New York City; the people are partly Moslem, and live in caves carved out of loess which is the silt or dust accumulated by centuries of wind. Both Ninghsia and Kansu are run by generals named Ma. Kansu and its capital, Lanchow, are of great strategic interest, because they control the caravan route, the old "silk road," from China proper to Sinkiang and Russia.

We turn now to the great provinces of Central China and the Yangtze valley. The Yangtze, the fourth largest river in the world, drains through China for 3100 miles before it reaches the sea near Shanghai. It is one of the most important of all Chinese phenomena, because it ties China together; at the same time it was the chief mechanism whereby the western powers penetrated the Chinese interior. A whole book might be written about the Yangtze, as Emil Ludwig wrote an excellent one about the Nile. It probably has greater historical and geographic interest than any river in the world, except the Nile and Rhine. The Chinese call it Chang Kiang, "long river."

HONAN does not actually border on the Yangtze (it is below the Yellow River, as its name "South of the River" suggests, and adjacent to Shensi and Shansi), but it is one of the "central" provinces. About the size of Georgia, it has almost 35,000,000 people; it is a wheat growing province, with Kaifeng and Loyang as important cities. The Honanese are tough-fibered, conservative, proud of their tradition, and inclined to rudeness. Honan is very fertile, especially for cotton production, and is often endangered by torrential floods. . . . Below Honan is HUPEH, and below Hupeh is HUNAN. The north to south progression Hopeh-Honan-Hupeh-Hunan is a formidable business to get straight. Hupeh is a dull, rich, and busy province. It is first in cotton, and its capital is the great triumvirate of cities Hankow-Wuchang-Hanyang, collectively known as "Wuhan." Hupeh means North of the Lake. When we approach the next province, Hunan ("South of the Lake"), we have crossed the "center" of China and reach the fringes of the south. Here people eat red pepper, produce antimony, have soft voices, manufacture fireworks, and enjoy revolution. Hunan is called "the Balkans" of China. The population is almost 30,000,000, the capital Changsha.

Eastward, converging on the Yangtze delta, are the vital provinces ANHWEI, KIANGSU, and CHEKIANG, with a total population of 85,000,000. Anhwei, according to Chinese legend, is where two pairs

of extremes meet; buffalo and camel, rice and wheat. Near Wuhu, in Anhwei province, the U.S.S. *Panay* was sunk. Kiangsu, incredibly fertile, containing Shanghai, Nanking, and Soochow, is the most densely populated area in the world, with 875 persons per square mile. Here is the industrial nexus of China, as we have seen. Chekiang (it means Curving River and is pronounced "Juh-jiong") is the smallest Chinese province, with the most enterprising people. Sailors the world over come from its Ningpo. In Chekiang are the prettiest Chinese women, the most fragrant wine, the smartest lawyers, the best developed roads, and the most advanced sericulture. In this region are the delightful cities Hangchow (in Chekiang) and Soochow (in Kiangsu). The Chinese say concisely "Above—Heaven; below—Soo and Hang."

FUKIEN, further south, is the hilly coastal province opposite Formosa, with Amoy as its chief port; the restless Fukienese speak a highly difficult dialect, and are good sailors and fishermen. It is a great province for tea, oranges, and sugar. Behind it is KIANGSI (to be distinguished from Kiangsu above), which produces lemons, tungsten, camphor, tobacco, and communists. It is the area where the Chinese Reds made their beginning, and where Chiang Kai-shek had his favorite residence, in the mountains at Kuling. The capital is the important city Nanchang, taken early in 1939 by the Japanese.

furthest south are what are familiarly called the "two Kwangs," the great provinces of KWANGTUNG (capital, Canton), and KWANGSI, with a combined population of 45,000,000. These are the districts drained by the third of the dominant Chinese rivers, the Si-kiang. For some years these provinces were virtually independent of the rest of China, and were governed by the South West Political Council; the people are obstinate, impassioned, splendid craftsmen, and enterprising; they are often called the Irish of China. The great majority of Chinese who emigrate abroad, particularly those who go to America, are Cantonese; their remittances during the war helped save Chinese finance. Canton is the nest of most Chinese revolutionary ferment, and the proverb is that "everything new" comes from the Cantonese. They are marvelous cooks too. The Kwangsi folk are poorer than those from Kwangtung, less developed, but with an even fiercer patriotism. Kwangsi has wood-oil, indigo, silver; it is a mountainous province, with the climate and scenery tropical. Tigers are still common in Kwangsi.

We turn now to the tremendous province of SZECHWAN in the

West, where Chiang Kai-shek set up his headquarters after having been pushed out of Kiangsu and Hupeh. The new capital of China is Chungking, which means (the peasant Chinese!) "Happy Again." Szechwan has 431,309 square miles (bigger than pre-war France), and 52,000,000 people; the name means Four Rivers. For years it was the most backward province of China proper, with a large aboriginal population; it was looted by war lords like the Lius, and the peasants had to pay taxes literally sixty years in advance; there is not a foot of railroad in Szechwan, but from 1911 to 1939 the province saw no fewer than 475—believe it or not—civil wars. For a time the local boss threatened to shoot down any airplanes that traversed his area, though the national government was trying hard to extend civil aviation. Nowadays Szechwan has reached modern times, and is accepting its profound responsibilities. The province has the greatest potential wealth of any in China, and the proverb says, "You never see a poor man in Szechwan." It is—or should be—China's bank and granary; it is extraordinarily rich in minerals, and can produce four crops a year. Remote Szechwan, together with Yunnan nearby, are the strongholds of contemporary China.

Below Szechwan are KWEICHOW (literally "Sea of Mountain"), with what are believed to be the richest mercury deposits in the world, and YUNNAN, one of the critically important provinces. Yunnan, containing 146,000 square miles, 12,000,000 people, means "South of the Clouds"; it was in effect a French sphere of influence for some years, because an important French-owned railway penetrated it from Indo-China. Yunnan adjoins Burma also, and the Burma-Yunnan road—as everyone well knows—was a vital life-line for supplies to China from the outer world, until the Japanese attack on Burma in 1942. Yunnan is an immense, fertile, and healthy plateau; the chief products are tin and opium. For years the Yunnanese played little part in the Chinese revolution; now the torch of resistance to Japan has reached them, and because of its strategic position in regard to supplies Yunnan has become, next to Szechwan, the most important area in China. Like Szechwan, it contains aboriginal tribes in considerable number, such as the savage Lolos. Even these are learning loyalty to the national government.

Further west than Szechwan and Yunnan, in the mountain-and-desert land separating China proper from Sinkiang, are two remote and isolated provinces, where till recently the central government had

small authority. One is KOKONOR, sometimes called Chinghai. Very little indeed is known about Kokonor, except that it is sparsely inhabited by Mongoloid nomads. The other is SIKONG, an immense rolling plateau of grasslands, which obtained its first regular provincial government in January, 1939. Kokonor is bigger than pre-war Austro-Hungary, and Sikong bigger than Finland.

China Beyond China

A very considerable part of China is not China. If you remove Outer Mongolia, part of Inner Mongolia, Tibet, and Sinkiang from China, enormous stretches of territory where Chinese rule is hardly even theoretical, you cut China almost in half, you reduce it from a total area of some four million square miles to something around two million. Tibet I shall consider in relation to India, since it is largely in the British sphere. The great area called SINKIANG (Chinese Turkestan) is technically part of China, but its northern sector is dominated by Soviet Russia, and in the south where it adjoins India, British influence is strong. The influence of the Chinese government in its affairs ebbs and flows.

Sinkiang (the word means "New Dominion"), is one of the least known regions in the world. The area is colossal—some 700,000 square miles, or roughly the same as Mexico or Greenland—the population only about 4,000,000. The capital is Urumchi, near the Soviet border, and trade naturally drains toward the Russian Turk-Sib railroad. The people are "Turki" by race and largely Moslem in religion; mostly they are desert nomads who raise sheep and wool. Soviet technical advisers are working on a "three-year plan" of economic development, with the sanction of the Chinese governor, General Sheng Shi-tsai; a trade treaty with the Soviet government dates from 1931. Various complicated wars between Turki, Tungan, and Chinese chieftains led to military intervention by the U.S.S.R. in 1934. Russia has been interested in Sinkiang from Czarist days, and maintains its interest closely. Soviet advisers control both army and administration.

Opium

"In Russia religion is the opium of the people; in China opium is the religion of the people."

—EDGAR SNOW

A vast lot of nonsense has been written about opium, and several libraries might be written about it. In excess opium is of course

dangerous, as is any indulgence, and many Chinese take it in excess. But the widespread notion that a man's body, soul, and character are instantly destroyed by two or three whiffs of opium is somewhat exaggerated. In moderation, in fact, many doctors think opium to be no more harmful than whisky—perhaps less harmful than, say, American mixed drinks. The Chinese coolie or chairbearer smokes his opium exactly as a British navvy hoists a tall beer after a hard day; the Chinese intellectual sucks his pipe at nightfall exactly as a New Yorker takes one—or two—cocktails to brace himself for a grim night at the opera.

Chinese work terribly hard. Many Chinese are hungry perpetually. Opium deadens hunger, and is a surcease, a relief, almost a kind of food, after exhausting physical or mental labor. One of the most eloquent foreigners in China told me, "Opium to the Chinese is an extra hour of daylight."

One thing is certainly true: opium is prodigiously important in the politics, sociology, and economics of Chinese life. The bulk of the people will not do without it, any more than most Americans would do without alcohol during prohibition. The hunger is deep, innate, fixed. Moreover opium is an exceedingly lucrative crop, and is steeply taxed. Some years ago opium revenue in Honan alone was \$10,000,000 per year, in Kwangtung \$12,000,000, in Hunan \$20,000,000. The Japanese certainly more than paid for the occupation of Jehol by the revenue they took from that fat, opium growing province. Today the government of Chiang Kai-shek is believed to derive not less than \$110,000,000 (Chinese) per year from opium taxes, that is to say ten per cent of the national budget, though opium figures are secret, and are never included in official statistics. The important thing about opium revenue is that, by immemorial Chinese tradition, it is earmarked for the military. Chiang created his national army partly out of opium, just as warlordism was paid for by opium. When Chiang set out to unify China, he struck first of all at the provincial opium monopolies. When he captured a local chieftain's opium revenue, his campaign was mostly won.

Because the Chinese will not give up opium, and because taxes on it are so lucrative, the various experiments in China—which is by far the largest opium producing country in the world—to "control" the traffic need not be taken very seriously. However, a start has been made. The government realizes that opium in excess is debilitating; it

realizes that peasants (even those who do not smoke) die of famine because they grow opium instead of wheat. At present it is extremely difficult to say whether opium is, or is not, legal in China. What the government is attempting to do, under the "Six-Year Plan" introduced in 1937 to reduce the traffic, is the following:

First, growth of opium is legalized under severe restrictions. The army, which considers opium its own province, has inspectors and commissioners in every area.

Second, the government (theoretically) has the monopoly on opium sales, which it taxes.

Third, the government takes severe measures against smuggling and racketeering. A two-inch ball of illicit opium—it looks like tar—may mean a year's living to a peasant who avoids taxes on it. Almost everywhere in China, but especially in the French Concession in Shanghai, gangsters "muscle in" on the opium trade, and try to fatten on opium sales themselves. Rival gangsters then "muscle in" on these gangsters, so that no one will be cheated except the government. The situation is startlingly like the heroic days of underworld Chicago, when Capones "hi-jacked" O'Donnells and vice versa to control beer and booze.

Fourth, a campaign to cure addicts got under way. It was never true that the Chinese government intended to execute all smokers; what it did do was set up hospitals for addicts, and attempt to treat them. On taking the cure addicts were forcibly branded, to show that they were "cured"; if an addict was found smoking again, he could be executed. And many smokers were thus executed. The campaign, however, lost momentum during the war.

Of much greater importance than Chinese attempts to control the traffic are deliberate Japanese efforts to *extend* it. The Japanese have flooded every area they occupy with opium; competent neutral observers are witnesses to the shocking increase in opium smoking in such cities as Peking, Tientsin, and especially Nanking. The Japanese do not merely enthusiastically encourage the sale of opium, but of such narcotic derivatives as heroin, which Chinese do not normally take, and which are vicious poisons. Heroin cost \$800 per ounce before the Japanese occupation, so that no one but a millionaire, if there were such witless millionaires, could use it; the Japanese now distribute it at an easy price, so that according to Dr. Searle Bates, the vice president of the University of Nanking, about *fifty thousand*

people in Nanking—one-eighth of the population—have become heroin addicts, including women and children. The Japanese motive is double: heroin debauches the population, and at the same time, no matter how cheaply it is sold, produces handsome revenue.

An Octet of Critics

I asked eight representative Chinese what China needed most. The eight answers:

1. Men of character.
2. Greater industrialization; agrarian reform to produce more wealth.
3. Honesty. Abolition of squeeze and Face.
4. More technicians, more engineers.
5. End of the old shiftlessness, defeatism, passivity.
6. Artillery.
7. More men like Chiang Kai-shek and T. V. Soong.
8. Abolition of the Japanese.

Chapter XII

Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek

If we perspire more in times of peace, we will bleed less in times of war.

—GENERALISSIMO CHIANG KAI-SHEK

CHIANG KAI-SHEK, the inconspicuous son of a village merchant who became leader of China's four hundred and fifty million people, is Chairman of the Executive Yuan (prime minister), commander-in-chief of army, navy, and air force, President of the Supreme War Council and the National Military Council, President of the National Aviation Commission, and Director-General of the Kuomintang, China's single political party. Additionally since January 1942 he has been commander-in-chief of all forces of the United Nations in the China theater. He is also a psychological puzzle of considerable magnitude.

He is the strongest man China has produced for generations, and a terrific disciplinarian; but the enemies he has forgiven—and given jobs to—are many. His dominating mission is to unite China, consolidate it, and indeed he has united it (with certain help from Japan!) more than any man in centuries of history—but he spent ten dreary years fighting civil wars against his own people. Like that of Masaryk, whom he doesn't otherwise resemble, his life is shot full of paradox. He is a popular leader of the stature of Stalin or Churchill—but he is a bad politician, the last possible alternative to rabble-rouser or back-slapper. He is a strong Chinese nationalist—but he got much of his education in Japan. He is an extremely typical Chinese—who nevertheless believes in Christianity and the Y.M.C.A.

Mr. Gandhi, the Indian nationalist leader, is a great politician who makes much use of mysticism. The Emperor of Japan is an imperial puppet, whose mystical characteristics are utilized by politicians. Chiang Kai-shek's mysticism is of a peculiar kind. He has no supernatural qualities. One might almost call him supernormal. He does not serve a religion, as do Gandhi and the Emperor of Japan; he

makes religion serve him. Chiang Kai-shek is almost a missionary. He is certainly a reformer.

In the preceding chapter I have sought to sketch something of the immense backdrop of China. Let us attempt to pin on this backdrop the stubborn figure of the Generalissimo.

Boundary Stone and Central Righteousness

He is slight, straight, wiry, with delicate features. He carries himself with a curious elastic grace, but stiffly. He is quite tall—five feet nine—but is rather short-legged, and likes to be photographed sitting down, or wearing the broad black cloak that is his favorite costume. He weighs 141 pounds. He dresses in a simple khaki uniform almost always, and likes big-brimmed hats. His eyes are remarkable: a very dark gray, deep, both piercing and luminous, and never at rest. His face, his speech, seem somewhat arid, until the eyes light them up. He was severely injured by a fall during the Sian kidnaping, but now his health is excellent.

He rises early—at dawn usually—and works hard till nightfall. He thinks that the time between dawn and breakfast is the best hour of the day. After lunch he takes a brief nap, usually falling asleep to the tune of a wheezy gramophone. His favorite record is Schubert's *Ave Maria*; his friends in the next room know that he is asleep when the record stops. After tea he has half an hour for prayer or meditation. He goes to bed early. He likes to lie down, and does as much work as he can on a sofa.

He is abstemious and methodical. He does not drink or smoke, and he avoids even coffee and tea. For many years he has kept a full diary. (The Emperor of Japan shares several of these qualities, incidentally; he too gets up at dawn, keeps a diary, and doesn't drink or smoke.) Chiang's diary, it might fairly be said, once saved his life; the mutineers at Sian read it, together with some of the Generalissimo's letters to his wife, and were impressed enough to change radically their attitude to him.¹ The Generalissimo eats both Chinese and European food, the latter in particular when he is dieting.

The things he likes best are poetry, mountains, and his wife. His idea of a really good time, if he ever has time to have a good time, is to walk in hilly country on a sunny day, or to have a picnic lunch outdoors. His friends can make him do almost anything by promising

¹ The precious episode of Sian is considered in Chapter XV below.

him a day outdoors. When he walks he recites poetry. His favorite abode is Kuling, in the mountains near Kiukiang, where he has a small cottage; he hasn't been able to visit it since the war. His family life is happy, and Madame Chiang is his indispensable and beloved associate, but he is definitely a lonely man, a person who admires solitude. His closest foreign friend is probably W. H. Donald, the Australian newspaper man who was his unofficial "adviser" for some years. Another good friend is an American missionary, Dr. George Shepherd. Once Shepherd dared to tell him that his troops treated the peasants in Kiangsi worse than the Reds, and rebuked him. Later he and Shepherd became close friends.

The Generalissimo is sensitive and stand-offish. He seldom sees people socially, and he never gives himself away. When touring the provinces he gives the proper official dinner to the local dignitaries, and then makes no further attempt to see them. He is not what you would call chummy. When thousands of deliriously happy Chinese sought to celebrate the victory of Taierchwang in March, 1938, by gathering outside his house in Wuchang and cheering, he wanted to send them home without a word; his advisers had to appeal to him not to clear the streets. He does not like people in the abstract—or even the particular.

But when the Generalissimo and Madame Chiang see a foreign visitor, they are conspicuously urbane. Madame Chiang receives her guests; after a brief introduction the Generalissimo comes in, and tea is served. Usually Chiang stays just half an hour; then Madame Chiang may carry the conversation further. She interprets for him, since his only foreign language is Japanese; I had the feeling, however, that he knew more English than he admitted. The interpretation is so fluently expert that it is hard to determine who is speaking; Madame (everywhere in China she is known simply as "Madame") knows his mind so well that there are no pauses, no interruptions. The Generalissimo is not a time waster. When I saw him he first paid a pleasant compliment to my wife, and then asked if I would explain the "European situation" in "one or two" sentences. I did my best. He talks deliberately and interrupts his remarks with a queer guttural snap. He receives journalists for official interviews only very rarely; I was the first foreigner he had seen for a long interview since the war. When the conversation was over, he gave me a Chinese transla-

tion of the written questions and answers, and signed it with an imposing flourish.

On occasion the Generalissimo is closely guarded—for instance, he has a bullet-proof limousine with windows almost an inch thick—but on that same day I had occasion to see that the stories were not true that he never moved without a strong armed guard, never showed himself among the people. My wife and I, leaving his villa, went to call on Dr. Kung, the then prime minister, in the Bank of China Building. The scene was the Hankow Bund; a rough analogy would be the Thames embankment. There, walking along, apparently quite alone, was the Generalissimo, who himself had just visited Dr. Kung. He was so inconspicuous in the crowd that he saw us before we saw him, and stopped and greeted us. Then, as he walked deliberately toward the jetty, we noticed that members of his bodyguard did accompany him, but about twenty feet away. Very few people in the crowd noticed that the Generalissimo was there.

The official head of the corps of picked troops who guard Chiang is Captain Walther F. N. Stennes, a German officer with a remarkable history.² He was a prominent member of the Storm Troops before Hitler came to power, and once led a revolt against Dr. Goebbels. Later he quarreled with Hitler, spent some time in prison, and eventually came to China. He is a splendid officer. The Generalissimo's personal pilot for his surviving private plane—a Douglas DC3—was for years an American, Royal Leonard. Formerly Leonard was pilot to the Young Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang, who kidnaped the Generalissimo at Sian. The Generalissimo loves to fly.

The Generalissimo's name is a source of much confusion. His family name was Chiang, and as a boy he was called "Jui-tai"; Chinese children are usually given a temporary name, so that when they grow up they can change it if they wish—a pleasant convention! Reaching adolescence, Chiang decided that the name he wanted was "Kai-shek," which means "boundary stone," an interesting choice psychologically in that it forecasts the idea of a fixed frontier. But the Chinese ideographs for "Kai-shek" may be rendered in two different ways: the Mandarins would say "Chieh-shih," the Cantonese "Kai-shek." In some books the Generalissimo is called "Chiang Chieh-shih"; many people in China still pronounce his name thus. The approximately

² Capt. Stennes is reported to have left China in April, 1940.

correct pronunciation of Chiang Kai-shek is, incidentally, "Jiahng Gai-shek."

When he became prominent, he adopted, as most Chinese do, quite another name, his "courtesy" name. This is Chiang Chung-cheng, which means, according to one translation, "central righteousness"; note that he retained part of his original family name, which not all Chinese do. His adoption of the words "central" and "righteousness" is an obvious clue to his character. In official proclamations, in signing government papers, even in reference books, his name is given as "Chiang Chung-cheng."

In conversation, he is officially addressed as *Weiyuanchang* (Mr. President), or *Chungtseling* (Generalissimo). In the party, according to Madame Chiang, he is called "Mr. Chiang"; some old soldiers call him "Mr. Principal." A considerable source of power has been the group of officers whom he trained at the Whampoa Academy, a closely knit clique which was the nucleus of his army. Sometimes he is called "Lao (old) Chiang," an affectionate diminutive. Madame as a rule calls him "Kai"; Donald, who cannot take time to pronounce all of Generalissimo, says "Jissimo."

Chiang has been chairman of the Executive Yuan, that is, prime minister of the Chinese government, since November 1939, and for a time he was "president" of China, that is, official head of the Chinese state. But his main occupation, like the main bent of his mind, has always been military; since 1926 he has been commander-in-chief of the armed forces, and head of various military bureaus and commissions, except during brief intervals. In March, 1938, he became general director (*Tsungtsai*) of the Kuomintang party; this step had importance beyond its prestige value, since for the first time Chiang became *party* as well as military and governmental leader. The Kuomintang, in other words, merged with the state.

Chiang has no hobbies, no relaxations, except reading. He plays no games, but he likes to read, especially the Chinese classics. His favorite passage from Confucius—note the tendency to "uplift"—is the following:

In order to propagate virtue to the world, one must first rule one's country,

In order to rule the country, one must first rule one's family,

In order to rule the family, one must first regulate one's body by moral training,

In order to regulate the body, one must first regulate one's mind,
In order to regulate the mind, one must first be sincere in one's intentions,
In order to be sincere in intentions, one must first increase one's knowledge.

(Quoted in Hollington K. Tong's official biography, p. 606)

Among character traits of the Generalissimo one must mention first, and above all, his stubbornness, his tenacity. This delicately featured Chinese soldier is a bulldog. He has no tact. Anyone who has read his diary describing the Sian kidnaping knows what I mean. He dug himself in, emotionally, physically, morally, and never budged—and kept begging his captors to kill him!

There is a strong note of cruelty in his character, and the ruthlessness of his war against the communists is well known. Thousands of people were executed, many of them for no crime except that they disagreed with him.

He has a kind of inflexible inner egoism, an egoism so enormous that it becomes almost *impersonal*. For instance, he gravely noted in his Sian diary that Shao, the civil governor, advised him to be more "lenient" in his next conversation with the Young Marshal, his captor! Chiang talked to the Young Marshal (his kidnaped) with complete unmitigated confidence, and never glossed over his contempt for those who had captured him.

He is shrewd, suspicious, calculating, and not above the use of guile. On the other hand, both his physical and moral courage are indisputable. He has proved more than once that he has no fear of death.

Another quality which is a source of power is his peculiar concept of responsibility to the nation. Continually he emphasizes the factor of discipline, and the necessity for those above to be responsible for the behavior of their inferiors. It is characteristic that, at Sian, he "assumed responsibility" for the mutineers who kidnaped him.

He makes wonderful use of enemies. He has a knack of making them work for him. He resents hotly any aspersion on the characters of his associates, even if they attempt to betray him; he forgives—and doesn't forget. This is caused not merely by loyalty or by calculation that the enemy, in the unstable condition of China, may turn out to be useful, but by a curious *moral* attitude; Chiang feels that he knows himself to be right, and is willing to wait until the others see

their errors, admit that he is right, and come to him repentant. He likes to have everyone, even those whom he dislikes, dependent on him. He is so sure of himself that, in time, he is convinced that he can convert anybody, or that the power of events will effect conversion. Thus the extraordinary succession of war lords and such who, after revolts, have been pardoned, paid soundly, and sent abroad to "re-cuperate their health."

He has a distinct tendency to jealousy. No single officer was an outstanding hero during the 1937 defense of Shanghai; and for a reason. Chiang remembered that in the fighting in 1932 the world's homage and admiration went to the commander of the 19th route army, General Tsai Ting-kai. Chiang didn't like this—especially since he himself had not fought. When war came again he saw to it that no single officer was too conspicuous.

Another characteristic is his almost illimitable, dogged patience. He develops slowly. Early in 1934 he delivered three lectures to the Officers School at Kuling which to-day make amazing reading—such amazing reading, in fact, that unfriendly critics have hinted that they might be bogus. The lectures, secret and confidential at the time they were delivered, have now been published. At the time they were delivered Chiang was submissively bowing to Japanese attacks and demands. He lost Manchuria; he lost Jehol; he saw the Japanese entrench themselves in North China; he saw Inner Mongolia threatened; yet for years he stood aloof, made no resistance, said nothing against the Japanese, and, indeed, punished Chinese who did. Several of his best officers, appalled at what they called his weakness, his pro-Japanese policy, flared up in civil wars. Still Chiang did nothing. Then the war of 1937 came. Chiang fought. But the lectures prove that even in 1934 he was passionately telling his best officers in confidence that eventually they must fight Japan; he cited Japan as the flagrant and inevitable enemy; he implored them to prepare themselves for the fight that was bound to come; he tuned his whole mind to one pitch—the implacable necessity of winning it. How may this apparent paradox be explained? Only by assuming that Chiang knew that, in the early thirties, successful Chinese resistance was impossible; that at all costs the Chinese must do everything possible to appease and mollify the Japanese until they were ready, and had some chance of fighting a successful war; that at all costs, at the risk of any indiginity, the Chinese must buy off Japanese attack until the last, the

final, the uttermost minute, at which time they might have a chance to win.

The lectures show great grasp of history, shrewd understanding of both Japan and China, and an intense Chinese patriotism. Chiang has done very little writing for publication; these lectures are a state paper of considerable significance.

Chiang's sense of humor may be described as occasional. He does not laugh much. Once in Sian, at a moment of terrible tension, W. H. Donald whipped a pack of cards from his pocket, and said to the Generalissimo, "Let's play casino!" (Occasionally Donald and Madame play casino or rummy for golf balls.) The Generalissimo was so stunned that he burst into incredulous laughter. Once he and Donald were motoring in Chekiang. Donald exploded, "Good heavens, some damned fool has taken down the English road signs!" He was surprised then to hear Chiang chuckling. It had been he who had ordered the English signs to be removed. The Generalissimo likes to collect Scotch jokes, which he tells "on" Donald.

The humor is bitter sometimes. Once Donald said, "What you've got to do is shoot all the crooks and traitors in China."

The Generalissimo sighed, "Unfortunately there is not ammunition enough."

Attitude to Money

The Generalissimo's salary is \$1,000 (Chinese) per month. His private fortune is not believed to be great, though he made money freely in his early Shanghai days; the fortune of the Soong family into which he married is quite another matter; the Soongs are among the richest folk in China. The General and Madame do not need much money, and do not have to spend much. They do not live like coolies, but their tastes are frugal.

Chiang has a house in his native village Chikow, and a cottage in the mountains near Fenghua. The residence he had in the French Concession in Shanghai was unostentatious. The lodge at Kuling, which he likes best, he rents from missionaries. The government built an official residence for the head of state at Nanking, a kind of White House, but the Generalissimo and Madame lived instead in a small bungalow borrowed from the military academy nearby.

The Chinese are not prone to flamboyant demonstration of wealth. The best houses have, as a rule, tawdry exteriors: which is a form

of protective coloration. A high official in Nanking bought a cream-colored limousine just before the war; hurriedly he painted it over—black—when kidnapers became interested. . . . On the other hand, the Chinese, sensible people, realize that successful generals must have private fortunes, because otherwise they could not pay their troops. Money has always been a vital adjunct to political power—which, for that matter, it is in most other countries.

Chiang makes shrewd use of money. Early in the war he invented a system of wound bounties unique in military annals; he paid bonuses for wounds. Every private soldier wounded in action in China gets \$10 (Chinese) per wound, which is silder satisfaction to the realistic Chinese than a stripe on the sleeve. Officers get \$30 to \$50, and generals \$100. The success of this system was immediate.

Attitude Toward Religion

On October 23, 1930, Chiang Kai-shek was baptized into the Christian church. The Rev. Z. T. Kiang, a Methodist minister in Shanghai, performed the ceremony, which took place in the Soong family home. All the Soongs are strong Christians, and it was largely the influence of his wife that led to his conversion. Indeed, when the Generalissimo was courting Madame, his suit was rejected at first, because he was not a Christian. Old Mme. Soong demanded that he adopt Christianity; the General, stubborn as always, said that she would think less of him if he assumed a new religion merely to make marriage possible. She was impressed by this; then he promised that if the marriage took place, he would study Christianity seriously for a long period and become a convert if he came to believe in it.

His turning Christian is not quite so sensational as it sounds. It has been said that an analogy would be for President Roosevelt suddenly to become a Buddhist, or Hitler a Jew; this is not quite correct, because the Chinese care little for religious stratifications, as we have seen.

The Generalissimo is asserted to be a devout and even ardent believer in Christianity. He and Madame pray daily, the first thing every morning; they say grace before all meals, and observe Sunday fairly strictly. In his speeches Chiang talks incessantly about Christ; he chose "Why We Believe in Jesus" as the text for an important radio address in 1938. When he was kidnaped at Sian, he delivered himself into the arms of the Lord, and prayed for strength from

Jesus; when Madame arrived to rescue him, his first impulse was to quote Scripture: "Jehovah will now do a new thing, and that is, He will make a woman protect a man."³

Nevertheless, the Generalissimo still reveres his ancestors, like all good Chinese. This raises a nice theological point, because strictly speaking it would not appear that an orthodox Christian, who should believe in hellfire and salvation, can also believe that his ancestors survive as physical entities, to be worshiped and adored. Chinese ancestor worship has no place for hell, purgatory, or a sense of sin, which is one reason why the Chinese are the amiable people that they are.

Schoolmaster Dictator

Every Monday morning at Chiang's headquarters occurs a remarkable ceremony. It gives sharp insight into the Generalissimo's character. About six hundred men walk briskly into the big building and wait. They do not have to wait long. The Generalissimo is punctual. He arrives and mounts the platform. The military band plays a march, and the audience comes to attention.

The music stops, whereupon everyone in the hall uncovers and bows three times to a portrait of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, the founder of the Chinese republic. One—two—three. The bows are made with precision and *éclat*. Officers put caps on again. The Generalissimo then reads the testament of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, uttering it a sentence at a time, which the audience repeats. It is exactly like a prayer meeting and the reading of the gospels.

The Generalissimo asks silent meditation for three minutes and then delivers a lecture which lasts at least an hour, and may last two hours or longer. He discusses the military situation, exhorts his officers and civilian ministers to further efforts, scolds slackers, points out abuses, and issues moral injunctions. One recent lecture developed the theme that not only must soldiers be trained to make good officers; good officers, on their side, must learn to be good soldiers. During the entire performance, the audience—which includes everyone of consequence in the government, even cabinet ministers—must remain standing. When it is over, the Generalissimo does not say thank you, or au revoir, but simply a single abrupt word: "Completed!"

³ Quoted in Madame's Sian diary which is published in America as *General Chiang Kai-shek*.

Life Story of the Generalissimo

"No nation can ruin us, unless we first ruin ourselves."
—CHIANG KAI-SHEK

Chiang was born in the village of Chikow, in the seaside district of Fenghua, Chekiang province, in 1887. The inhabitants are mainly fisherfolk, traders, and the like, who for generations have been exposed to foreign influence; it is not utterly impossible that, far back, his ancestors may have had admixtures of Portuguese or Arab blood. He was certainly not of a rich family, but he was never desperately poor. His mother, like the mothers of Hitler, Stalin, and Kamal Ataturk, appears to have been a remarkable woman; of his father, who died when he was a child, little is recorded. His father married three times, and had five children; Chiang was the eldest son by the third wife. The family slaved to send him to school, where his record was not brilliant. In 1907 he cut off his queue—symbol that he intended to be "modern."

He went to Japan when he was about nineteen to become an officer. He was not allowed, however, to enter a Japanese military school without recommendation from the Chinese government; so he returned to China, and studied at the Paoting Military Academy near Peking. Then he went to Japan again, and entered the Military Staff College. He actually served several years in the Japanese army: which is as if, say, some great French revolutionist had been an officer in the German army, after a thorough German training. But also in Japan he encountered an influence destined to alter the course of his life. He met some one much more important than any Japanese officer. He met Dr. Sun Yat-sen.

This was in 1909, when he was twenty-two. Dr. Sun Yat-sen was in exile. Promptly young Chiang became infected with Chinese nationalism. He stayed in Japan two more years, but also he joined the Tung-menghui, a secret society of patriotic Chinese which was the forerunner of the Kuomintang. When, in 1911, the Manchu régime was overthrown in Peking and the Chinese republic was born, Chiang set sail for China to join the revolution, though this meant technical desertion from the Japanese army.⁴ It is recorded that punctiliously he sent back his sword and uniform—by mail!

⁴ But he returned to Japan at least twice in the next few years. It should be remembered that in those days most Chinese students, intellectuals, and revolutionaries went often to Japan. The Japanese had won the war with Russia and the Chinese considered Japan the savior of Asia from western domination.

For five years, roughly from 1911 to 1916, Chiang fought in the variety of minor civil wars and insurrections that implemented the revolution. Once his regiment saved Dr. Sun's life; he became known as an officer of integrity and vision. He was one of Sun's best subordinates, but in 1917 he quit the army suddenly to go into business. This may have been foresight. He was roughly in the position of a young American who decides to enter politics; he knew that for a successful political career he had to have money—a lot of money—first. He set out to earn it, but how much he earned is still unknown. First he worked as a clerk in a brokerage house. His personality must have been strongly marked, because he was successively "adopted" by two rich and influential men, who became his patrons. One was Chen Chi-mei, who brought him into an underground secret society, devoted to Chinese nationalism among other things, and who was later assassinated; the other was Chang Chin-kiang, a wealthy merchant.

By 1921, Chiang was busy with military affairs and politics again; i.e., he was a revolutionist. On one occasion he spent fifty-six days aboard a warship, in steady conference with Sun Yat-sen; in 1923, Sun sent him to Moscow, where he spent six months as a liaison officer; this was in the first period of Russian association with the Chinese revolution. In Moscow he saw Trotsky among others. His official biography takes note of a bit of advice given him by Trotsky: "Patience and activity are the two essential factors for a revolutionary party, and the one complements the other." The next year Chiang, returning to China, became first principal of the newly organized Whampoa Military Academy in Canton. Among his advisers was the Russian Marshal Bluecher. By 1925 Chiang was chairman of the standing committee of the Kuomintang, and when Dr. Sun Yat-sen died, he assumed office as commander-in-chief of the nationalist army.

He has always been simple in manner and approach. Lewis Gannett, for instance, records his meeting with him in 1926:

When I went to see Chiang Kai-shek in Canton I presented my card at the door of an inconspicuous two story modern dwelling-house; the boy studied it and silently pointed upstairs. At the top of the stairs I met a pleasant-looking young man in an officer's uniform without distinguishing marks of rank.

"Where Chiang Kai-shek?" I asked in simplified English.

"Yes, Chiang Kai-shek," the young man replied.

"Where, where, Chiang Kai-shek?" I repeated, puzzled.

The young man pointed to a bedroom; I entered and sat down. A moment later Chen Tsu-yen, a former Lehigh University student, came in and explained that the pleasant young officer was the Commander in Chief himself. The bare bedroom was his; it was also his workroom. . . . The general ate nothing, and instead of tea he sipped hot water.

(*Young China*, published by *The Nation*, New York, p. 28)

At this time he told Gannett that he would conquer and unify all China, which then seemed an utterly impossible dream; he said too that he would cancel the unequal treaties (with foreign powers) and "set China free." He stated, "It will not be difficult; in one, two, at most three years, it will be done." But a good many things happened to deflect Chiang from his course, including one of the biggest turnabouts in modern history. Chiang may have unified China—but not in the way he then anticipated. And he certainly didn't kick the foreign powers out.

Dr. Sun did not directly hand the succession to Chiang Kai-shek, who was merely one of a triumvirate. Dr. Sun's idea was that he should be military leader of the revolution, while the left-wing politician Wang Ching-wei should be political leader. Dr. Sun liked Chiang because he stood midway between Wang, on the Left, and the third member of the triumvirate, Hu Han-min, on the Right. But presently Hu died, and gradually, with many ups and downs, Chiang maneuvered Wang (about whom more later) to second place.

In 1926 began Chiang's most amazing exploit, and one of the most amazing ever performed by anyone anywhere. He set out on the gigantic, the illimitable, task of unifying China by military conquest. At this time, it should be recalled, the Kuomintang held power only in the extreme south; the Nationalists were considered in Shanghai to be little more than a gang of undisciplined reds; Chiang Kai-shek was thought of as an obscure "Bolshevik," as Dr. Sun had been dismissed as an impractical visionary. It is quite true that many forces helped Chiang in the campaigns that then electrified the world. The country was sagging with corruption and decay. Rival warlords were eliminating each other endlessly. Not much stiff resistance was encountered. There was no granite Chiang had to hew through. Even so, his achievement was remarkable. He fought with arms; he fought

with money. His armies (he himself was sometimes in the background) captured Wuchang in October, 1926; Hangchow in February, 1927; Shanghai and Nanking in March, 1927; Peking in July, 1928. This campaign is one of the great landmarks of modern history. Chiang made China, which was a continent, into a country—at least for the time being.

Then, a most extraordinary event, having consolidated China into what might have been a permanent modern entity, he disrupted it. Having won his fight, he lost it. Having gained victory, he all but threw it away. Ten weary years of civil war began. Why?

At this point we must pause briefly and perform a task that will have to be done often in this book; viz., inspect background.

Dr. Sun, who was one of the great men of the modern age, but who died⁵ before his work was finished, was a prophet. He was not a man of action. His vision, however, was tremendous; his creation of the Kuomintang (literally, Kuomintang means "National People's Party") as a modern instrument of revolution in decadent and medieval China, has historical rank with, one might say, the invention of Islam by Mohammed. (Indeed, Chiang could be said to be a sort of Caliph Omar to Sun Yat-sen's Mohammed.) Let us compress Dr. Sun's life into a paragraph or two.

He was born a poor boy near Macao, in South China, in 1867. He became a convert to Christianity, and in 1894 was the first doctor of medicine to be graduated from the new medical school in Hong Kong. As a revolutionist he spent twenty years in and out of China, creating the Kuomintang. Once he was kidnaped by Manchu agents on the streets of London, and for a time there was a price of £100,000 on his head. Like Masaryk, he was not in his own country when finally the revolution occurred; he returned from England in 1912 to become provisional president of the first Chinese republic, as Masaryk returned to Prague from Washington.

The Chinese, who are not a mystical people, come as near to revering Dr. Sun as to revering anybody, except perhaps Confucius. (They do not revere Chiang; they respect and fear him rather; perhaps they may get to the point of reverence when he dies.) Dr. Sun's tomb is a national memorial; everywhere in China parks and streets are called

⁵ Of cancer, in Peking, March, 1925.

by his familiar name, Chung Shan. When he was dropped from *Who's Who in China*, after his death, so many protests came to the editor, Mr. J. B. Powell, that his name had to be reinserted; he is the only dead man in the Chinese *Who's Who*. His widow, Mme. Sun, a sister of Mme. Chiang Kai-shek's (Dr. Sun and Chiang were posthumous brothers-in-law), is still a strong moral force in Chinese affairs.

In 1921, Dr. Sun announced his Three Principles, which in theory at least are still the determining motives of Chinese political action. They are (1) Nationalism, (2) Democracy, (3) People's Livelihood. By this the eminent doctor meant that China must, by abrogating the foreign concessions and extraterritoriality, achieve proper national unity and integration; that the country must be prepared for self-government through the establishment of democratic principles, with free elections to a national legislature; and that livelihood must be assured the starving millions by social reform, economic advance, and the redistribution of wealth. The gigantic nature of Dr. Sun's task may be gathered from the fact that, until he invented it, no *word* for democracy existed in the Chinese language. Dr. Sun said that the revolution should be accomplished in three stages, first of military consolidation, then of political tutelage, finally of constitutional development. The constitutional period was to have begun with elections for the first Chinese legislature in November, 1937—but war with Japan came instead. Sun knew quite well what modern China needed. He said (as Lenin in Russia talked about electrification) that China could never be strong until, first, it had 100,000 miles of railways, then 1,000,000 miles of roads.

In 1921, Dr. Sun needed help—badly. The western powers would have nothing to do with his struggling revolution—which, indeed, they opposed bitterly. The British, the French, were not too friendlily disposed to a national movement which might end their own privileges. They didn't want China strong; they didn't want China united. Dr. Sun turned to the U.S.S.R. He sent Chiang to Moscow, and made an entente with the first Soviet emissary to nationalist China, Adolf Joffe. Sun and Joffe hammered out a vitally important agreement, which should be quoted in full:

Dr. Sun holds that the communistic order or even the Soviet system cannot actually be introduced into China, because there do not exist here the conditions for successful establishment of either communism

or sovietism. This view is entirely shared by Mr. Joffe, who is further of the opinion that China's paramount and most pressing problem is to achieve unity and attain full national independence, and regarding this great task he has assured Dr. Sun that China has the warmest sympathy of the Russian people.

Russian political advisers then came to Canton, like Michael Borodin; Russian influence in the Kuomintang spread, though the Kuomintang never was, it is important to state, a communist organization. When, in 1927, Chiang captured Hankow, a government influenced by Borodin and the communists was established, though it was never a "communist" government. But a Chinese variety of communism, which was largely a program of agrarian reform, surged through the left wing of the Kuomintang, inflaming and irradiating the landless peasants. It was perhaps inevitable that the Kuomintang should split. The right wing, thinking mostly of Dr. Sun's first principle, nationalism, found itself more and more at variance with the left wing, which emphasized the third principle, people's livelihood. The breach widened; the split became irremediable; and civil war broke out. The Leftist government in Hankow was overthrown in 1927. Chiang overthrew it, and he established a "National" government in Nanking.

Thus Chiang went Right. Why? His friends were dumfounded, his family sundered. He seemed to be wantonly destroying a large part of the program of the revolution; he seemed to be betraying not only his pledges and friends, but also the memory of Dr. Sun. Chiang, the revolutionist, became a counter-revolutionary. His former associates and brothers-in-arms, who had joined the Left, were ruthlessly hunted out and extirpated. A white terror of unexampled ferocity struck China.

The deepest reason for this must certainly have been an innate conservatism in his character. He may have been a revolutionist; he never was a "radical." The chief note in his life is the idea of the national unity of China; like so many modern chieftains, Hitler and Pilsudski for instance, he has been a prisoner all his days of one idea. So he came to feel that the revolution was bound to be destroyed unless he could make it respectable, i.e., get the support of the powerful business and foreign interests in Shanghai and the Yangtze valley. He went to Shanghai, bowed to the bankers and international conces-

sionaires (whom he had threatened to throw out) and became their man. They gave him money; and he promised to trounce the Reds.

Later his anti-Red campaigns served several important corollary purposes. For one thing, so long as he was fighting communism himself, he removed a pretext for Japanese interference with China, since the Japanese themselves wanted to "save" China from communism. Again, his long pursuit of the Reds gave him an excuse to put his national army in many Chinese provinces which otherwise he could not easily have invaded. Again, it furnished actual combat training to his troops. Finally, the Red heresy gave him something concrete to attack persistently: an item useful to a nationalist dictator. The Reds were Chiang Kai-shek's Jews.

The left-wingers and communists, after various adventures and escapes, withdrew to Kiangsi province, where the first Chinese Soviets were set up. Chiang's ten-year series of "pacification campaigns" were unsuccessful. He tried literally to bleed China "white"; he didn't quite do it. The communists never succumbed, and never surrendered; presently we shall describe their Long March, their government in Shensi province, and the extraordinary personalities, like Mao Tse-tung and Chu Teh, who led them. Finally came the kidnaping in Sian and as a result a *volte-face* as astonishing on Chiang Kai-shek's part as the first one. The communists had Chiang at their mercy, he who had had so many of their men murdered; and they let him go. The reconciliation was as remarkable as the original split: Chiang made a United Front with these "enemies," which is as if Stalin resurrected and gave jobs to all the Trotskyists, after having been kidnaped and then released by Mr. Trotsky. After terrible dilemmas, terrible delays, a new chapter in Chinese history began.

Chiang spent most of his time from 1927 to 1937 Red hunting. But other things did happen. He was continually resigning his job, getting reappointed, and taking on new spheres in administration. He organized a semi-secret group known as the Blue Shirts, which became his Gestapo. There were various complicated civil wars quite aside from the major motif of the Red civil war, for instance the Fukien rebellion of the 19th Route Army in 1933, and the northern war against the old warlords, Feng Yu-hsiang and Yen Hsi-shan, in 1930. (This was a real civil war, even though warlords of the tradi-

tional variety were involved; people actually got killed.) In 1936, he faced a serious revolt of the powerful Kwangsi generals, Li Tsung-jen and Pai Chung-hsi, who resented his apparent acquiescence to the aggression of Japan; a Southwestern Political Council was set up virtually independent of Nanking.

Though these military preoccupations were recurrent and severe, Chiang did manage to cultivate other fields. His accomplishments in ten years were considerable. He traveled by air over almost all of China,⁶ and at one time no fewer than twenty-two provinces were loyal (that is, paying taxes) to him, a record no other Chinese ruler has approached in centuries. He hired competent foreign advisers; Professor Kemmerer of Princeton and Sir Frederick Leith Ross put his currency in order; he outlined a splendid capital at Nanking. He built roads, and coöperated in famine relief. He made a beginning toward control of the opium traffic, and at Madame's inspiration inaugurated the curious experiment in manners and sanitation known as the "New Life Movement." He created a national army, something unknown before, "and made soldiering respectable." Above all, he gave the country a modern political sense, and the bulwark of a national spirit.

He was too successful. So at least the Japanese thought. He went too far. So they attacked.

Family Affairs

When he was fifteen Chiang married the daughter of a neighbor, a Miss Mao of Fenghua. This marriage, arranged by his family, broke up in about 1921. The first Madame Chiang lived in Soochow until the China war, and then moved back to the home of her parents; she is believed to be an old-style Chinese, with bound feet. The Generalissimo seldom sees her these days, though he continues to support her dutifully. She bore him one son, Ching-kuo, now about thirty-three.

After divorce—there is talk of another early marriage also—the Generalissimo met Mei-ling Soong in Canton and fell madly, des-

⁶ One of his biggest tours started almost by accident. In 1934, the Generalissimo was in Loyang. Donald mentioned that he could visit Sian, the ancient capital of China, by traveling another three hours. Chiang had never been there, and was overwhelmed by the warmth of welcome he received. Donald then suggested going on to Langchow, the capital of Kansu, which was risky and remote *terra incognita*. Chiang agreed. They proceeded in this wise, visiting almost all the west of China.

perately in love with her. For some years he pursued her with stubborn determination, but she rejected his advances, on the grounds that she was "not interested"; her family strongly disapproved of the match. But he was persistent. He interrupted the war; he interrupted the revolution; he rushed back and forth between Canton, Hankow and Shanghai; he is described as a man possessed.

In 1927, Madame Kung, elder sister to Mei-ling, summoned a small group of newspaper men. They were surprised to find the Generalissimo there. She introduced him, and said, "The General is going to marry my little sister." Commotion and surprise. The marriage took place on December 1, 1927. First came a private religious ceremony in the Soong home, performed by a secretary of the Chinese Y.M.C.A., and then an imposing public celebration in the Majestic Hotel, to which more than a thousand guests were invited, and on which, it is reported, the General spent \$50,000. Flags were draped over a portrait of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, and the political implications of the union were emphasized. Immediately after the ceremony Chiang said, "After our wedding, the work of the Revolution will make greater progress, because henceforth I can bear the tremendous responsibility of the revolution with peace at heart."

The Generalissimo is said to be as much in love with Madame today as in the days he courted her. She is part of his blood, though they have no children, and is his indispensable friend, companion, and adviser. His last message to her from Sian, when he thought he would die the next day, was, however, couched rather impersonally:

As I have made up my mind to sacrifice my life, if necessary, for my country, please do not worry about me. I will never allow myself to do anything to make my wife ashamed of me or become unworthy of being a follower of Dr. Sun Yat-sen. Since I was born for the Revolution I will gladly die for the same cause. I will return my body unspotted to my parents. As to home affairs, I have nothing to say further than that I wish you would, to gladden my spirit, regard my two sons as your own.

(Quoted in Madame's account of the Sian kidnaping, *General Chiang Kai-shek*, p. 156)

The son by the first wife, Ching-kuo, was estranged from his father for a decade. A pronounced communist, he went to Russia when the civil war began, and remained there as an industrial engineer. On at

least one occasion the Russian press quoted him in vitriolic denunciation of his father. But in 1937, after the United Front, young Ching-kuo returned to China, bringing with him a Russian wife and their infant son. Reconciliation followed, and Ching-kuo got the important job of Pacification Commissioner in Kiangsi province, where he was a liaison officer to the communist army there.

Chiang's other son, known as Wei-ku, was adopted. His father, a Kuomintang politician, asked the Generalissimo to take care of him as if he were his own child. Wei-ku is said to be Japanese on his mother's side. He is about twenty-three, and studied for some time in Germany, both at the University of Berlin and in an officer's training school. Subsequently he returned inconspicuously to China.

For Madame Chiang herself—and the remarkable family to which she belongs—we must await the next chapter.

Unity and Power

I have sketched several of the sources of Chiang Kai-shek's power. The most important is that he has become, for good or ill, the symbol of Chinese unity. The communists did not let him go because they loved him; they released him because they knew that he was indispensable to their cause, that no other man could hold the country together, give it some chance for a successful fight against Japan. Chiang is the symbol, the cement, the personification, of Chinese unity and resistance against Japan. The Japanese know this very well; they have announced that they will kill him instantly if they capture him; they would do almost anything, even to the point of surrendering much territory, to get rid of him.

Chiang is no supreme boulder across the path of history; he is no Lincoln, no Alexander. But probably he is the strongest Chinese individual since the third century B.C. when the Great Wall was built. And it is another Great Wall he is doing what he can to build—a wall to keep the Japanese out, to permit China an authentic national development, to allow China to belong to the Chinese. His friends say that he is happier now than they have ever known him, more poised, more confident. It is not hard to guess the reason. He is fighting a foreign invader, and not his own people. And—at long last—the British and Americans are helping him.

In February 1942 occurred one of those events which may change the course of history: Chiang Kai-shek visited India and there con-

sulted with British officials and also Gandhi and Nehru. His purpose was to encourage the unity of the 450,000,000 people of China and the 388,000,000 people of India in a common war effort, and to stimulate the Indian nationalist movement. Thus one has the picture of nearly half the human race moving toward coöperation, toward democracy, toward freedom.

Chapter XIII

A Song of Soongs

I have often spent one hundred percent of effort to get one percent of result.

—MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHEK

LET us sing a song of Soongs. This extraordinary family rules China. It represents what is beyond doubt one of the most striking agglutinations of personal power in the world, since it includes not only the three Soong sisters, but Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, T. V. Soong (the foreign minister), Dr. H. H. Kung (vice prime minister and finance minister), and the spirit of Sun Yat-sen. The three Soong girls make the Chinese republic what might almost be called a matriarchy or a sorority. They accomplished the complex and unprecedented miracle of marrying a continent.

Nothing like this has been known in history before, and probably nothing like it will ever happen again, though participation by women in politics is an old Chinese tradition. Women have been politically active in China since the Shang dynasty in 1550 B.C.; the last Manchu ruler, the Empress Dowager, was a woman. But no one has ever rivaled the present position of the Soongs. The origins of the family are obscure; it is doubtful if the girls know the full names of their grandparents. Official records are contradictory even on the immediate background. *Who's Who in China* says that Madame Kung is the daughter of "the late Mr. and Mrs. K. T. Soong, well known in Chinese business circles," but the biography of Madame Sun gives the father's initials as "C. J." It says of Madame Chiang that her father was "a native of Kwangtung and her mother a native of Kiangsu," but other information has it that the family originated in Hainan, the island near French Indo-China.

The father, who called himself Charles Jones ("Charlie") Soong, emigrated to the United States in 1879 when still a boy.¹ The family was not rich, reports to the contrary notwithstanding. Father Soong

¹ One story is that he was born a foundling and took the name Soong from the captain of the sailing ship which brought him to the United States.

had friends in America, and he worked his way through school and then Vanderbilt University. He was converted to Christianity, and became a strong Methodist. He returned to China as an English teacher and missionary, helped organize the first Y.M.C.A. in Shanghai, and then made a living as a Bible manufacturer and salesman. Some fifty years ago he married a lady named Ni, also a highly religious Methodist. Both Charlie Soong and his wife are dead. But they lived long enough to see their amazing family flourish.

They had six children. The eldest daughter, Ai-ling, born it is believed in 1888, is the present Madame H. H. Kung. Second, in 1890, came Ching-ling, who married Sun Yat-sen. Third came Mei-ling (often anglicized into Mayling), born in 1898, the wife of Chiang Kai-shek. Ai-ling means "Kindness and Longevity," Ching-ling means "Happiness and Longevity," and Mei-ling "Beauty and Longevity." There were three sons, Tse-ven (T. V.) the eldest, Tse-liang (T. L.), and Tse-an (T. A.). All were brought up in a religious atmosphere, all went to missionary schools in China before completing their education in the United States, and all—most importantly—were associated from childhood with the Chinese revolution.

Politics in China is inveterately personal. A great deal depends on the shifting flow of personal relationships—which is one reason why the Soong sisters are so important. We begin with Madame Kung.

Madame H. H. Kung and Family

She is the most formidable of the Soongs; she is, in fact, one of the most formidable women anywhere. A hard-willed creature, possessed of demonic energy and great will-to-power, violently able, cunning, and ambitious, she is as powerful a personality as any in China. It would be an exaggeration to say that she dominates her husband, the ex-prime minister, completely; but her influence on him is obviously profound. Her passionate interest is money. She is a first-rate financier in her own right, and takes a fierce joy in business manipulations and enterprises. To her shrewdness, her financial ability, the growth of much of the great Soong fortune is attributed.

Madame Kung, like Madame Sun Yat-sen, was educated at the Wesleyan College in Macon, Georgia. She returned to China, joined the revolution, and became Dr. Sun's secretary. The story is that it was she, not Madame Sun, to whom the great doctor first paid court; but she married H. H. Kung instead. She met him on a trip to Japan,

where he was secretary of the Tokyo Y.M.C.A. She was also a close friend of Chiang Kai-shek's. The Kungs have four children.

All Chinese revere their ancestors, and Dr. H. H. Kung, a stoutish, friendly, solid-looking person, has a special advantage in having an important one to revere—Confucius himself. He is a descendant of Confucius in an unbroken line that has persisted—so they say—for seventy-five generations. Thus the Soongs, it may be said, married not only a continent; they married into the family of what might loosely be called the Chinese God. Dr. Kung, however, is a Christian. He went to Oberlin and then Yale. For twenty years he has been an important figure in the Chinese revolution, and was several times prime minister of the national government and finance minister. He is now—February 1942—vice-premier.

When I saw Dr. Kung I thought he had what seemed to be a rather wistful sense of the past. He would like to see China united, tranquil, gracious, under the tremendous heritage of its old civilization, and unperplexed by modern pressures. He talked in what seemed almost anachronistic terms of restoration of the old gentry virtues, with China ruled by tolerance and paternalism. He has little of the fierce modernism of his great brother-in-law T. V. But he works hard and well—assisted by his wife—at whatever job he holds.

None of the sisters—except when Madame Chiang Kai-shek was head of the air force—participates in public affairs officially. They work in the background. And the implacable Madame Kung's clique of rich and ambitious friends is sometimes resented by purists in Chinese affairs. There is talk of malign influence, of "squeeze." Efforts to abolish corruption in office have at times been unaccountably blocked. The Kungs are of great importance to the Generalissimo, and they know it. So does he. This is because they partially control the national finances, and in addition are independently very rich. When Chiang needs money—for political purposes, of course—it is to the Kungs that he must go. T. V. is rich too, and has often been minister of finance, but Chiang and T. V. don't always agree.

David Kung, the eldest son of the Kungs, became at the age of twenty-two the managing director of the Central Trust Company, which is the purchasing agent for government supplies. That such a highly important job should, in wartime, be given to such an extremely young man, naturally provoked much criticism. He had only just

been graduated from St. John's University in Shanghai. Young David has the reputation of being a rather spoiled youngster.

Madame Kung is very close to Madame Chiang Kai-shek—which is not true of the next sister, Madame Sun Yat-sen.

A Woman of Important Virtue

Here is a great lady. Soong Ching-ling, the widow of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, at once a delicate and heroic figure, lives in virtual retirement now. If Madame Kung is the tigress of the Soong family, Madame Sun is a gazelle; if Madame Chiang is the glittering diamond in the Soong dynastic crown, then Madame Sun is other things: a hidden flower; a beautifully luminous bit of porcelain; a source of spiritual continuity and power; a shadow with flame behind it. She is beyond doubt the most important person in the family, because basically its power derived from her; had she not married the father of the revolution, the others could not have got so far.

Madame Sun is a small and graceful woman, with an infinitely lovely voice. She is also very beautiful. When I went to see her, especially since she has been outside the *grande ligne* of Chinese politics for a decade, I expected to find a sort of Queen Victoria, a resigned and perhaps forbidding figure, widow's weeds and all. But Madame Sun, even today, looks like a girl of twenty-eight. Her grace and vivacity, frail as she is, as well as the carved perfection of her features, gave an impression not of a historic revolutionary character, but of a young woman at the threshold of a career. Almost all Chinese look younger than their years; Madame Sun is no exception.

She, like Madame Kung, finished high school in Shanghai, and went to Wesleyan in Georgia. On her return to China she became Sun Yat-sen's secretary, and then married him. She was his affectionate companion until his death. When the Kuomintang split, Madame Sun stayed with the Left, believing that she thus performed the only possible service to her husband's memory; she joined the Hankow group, separated from her family, and went to Moscow when the Hankow government collapsed. She did not return to China for years, though she could have had almost any position for the asking. At great cost of physical hardship, she gave up everything for what she said her husband stood for. She gave up family, wealth, and privilege. Few women ever gave up more.

Nowadays in China Madame Sun hovers on the fringe of politics.

Her sisters see her sometimes, but they are not really close. Under an assumed name she lived in a secluded apartment building in Hong Kong, high on the cliff over that beautiful city, until the Japanese captured it. Luckily she managed to escape before the city fell, as did Madame Kung. She avoided seeing Chiang Kai-shek for years, because she believed that he betrayed the revolution. Her influence on her brother T. V. is, however, considerable. She is the inspiration of a contemporary left-wing movement in the Kuomintang, known as the National Salvation group, and she belongs to another organization, the China Defense League, devoted to fighting to a finish with Japan. Her friends have repeatedly offered to buy her a motor-car, to make it easier for her to live. She has refused to accept anything, and gives every penny she has to relief work.

After years of withdrawal Madame Sun became conspicuous early in 1937, when seven members of her National Salvation group were arrested in Shanghai, by agents of the national government, for their anti-Japanese activities. (This was, of course, before the war, when Chiang was ostensibly pursuing a course subservient to Japan.) The group, including one woman, was whisked away to Soochow for a secret trial. Madame Sun followed her friends there, and staged a sort of sit-down strike before the court, whereafter the prisoners were released. Her power and influence in such matters is still profound.

By 1938, the United Front between Chiang and the communists had become concrete; which made it easier for Madame Sun to express herself again. She became a member of the Central Executive Committee of the Kuomintang. Vincent Sheean's *Personal History* contains a portrait of Madame Sun of great beauty and distinction.

Madame Chiang Kai-shek

And now the diamond of the crown. Madame Chiang, the youngest, is the most brilliant of the three sisters, and the most conspicuous. She is exceptionally good-looking, though not so beautiful as Madame Sun; she is not, oddly enough, very photogenic, and is much better looking in life than in pictures. Also she is very *chic*. Madame Chiang, who went to Wellesley, and is perhaps a bit more Americanized than her sisters, gives the impression of an American woman of social rank and executive ability; one might almost say that she is like the president of a really first-rate American woman's club: alert,

amusing, smoothly polished, full of graceful small talk, and enormously efficient. Like Madame Sun, she has beautiful hands, arms and ankles, and a lovely voice.

Madame Chiang, it should be said forthrightly, is not the "dictator" of China. She is not the single most important and powerful personage in the country. She is not the uncrowned "empress" of 450,000,000 people. She does not "run" the Generalissimo. On the other hand, she is quite probably the *second* most important personage in China. She comes immediately after the Generalissimo in influence. She is China's No. 2 individual. This is partly because Chiang trusts her so deeply, and because her advice is good. He put her in charge of the air force because in the person of his wife, incontestably, he had trust. But she does not dominate him, or make his major decisions. He makes his own decisions. She is an adviser, a counselor, an indispensable agent for contact with foreigners and foreign opinion, a collaborator. I asked her once to what she attributed the powers of the Generalissimo. (Her reply was, interestingly enough, "His feeling of duty to the Chinese people.") My wife laughed, pointed to her, and said "You!" It is all but impossible to describe the grimace that Madame Chiang then made, compounded at once of pleasure at the compliment, denial of it, horror that the idea should be expressed, and sheer amusement.

She has a highly western mind. This is one of her strengths, especially in association with Chiang, who is exceedingly Chinese in temperament. W. H. Donald once paid her the best compliment at his command: "She thinks just like a man!" (Yet, withal, she is very feminine; for instance she took her *amah*, maid, with her to Sian, despite the strenuous ardors of that trip.) She has a great sense of fundamentals, a sense of structure; she likes to look at engineering works and the like; when she was in Hong Kong before the war she admired the great walls holding up the cliff, and said she wished Chiang could see and admire them too.

Yet, for all her admirable capacity for administration, it seems that she lacks *political* sense. Her friends say that she grasped the significance of Sian more quickly than did her husband, but she talks about the communists, not merely with a distaste which would be understandable enough, but with a curious glib lack of comprehension. She did not appear at all to understand the significance of the Young Marshal's Eight Points, the program presented to Chiang by the mutineers. An

odd point is that she could never bring herself to read Edgar Snow's *Red Star Over China*, one of the most valuable informative books on China ever written, because she thought it presented only one side.² Some people say that—since she was educated in America from childhood—she does not know China "well."

Her positive qualities are many. She has wit and a lively sense of phrase. "Not only God but everybody else is on the side of the big battalions," she wrote once. One of her epigrams is worth recording, that too many foreigners think that "in China the men wear the shirts, and the women the trousers." She is very quick. The Young Marshal complained to her that Chiang, his captive, was scolding him. Madame instantly replied that "the Generalissimo only scolds people of whom he has hopes." When I saw Chiang, he asked about Hitler, and I said that I thought Hitler wanted a "digestive interval" before launching any new adventure. Madame asked flashingly who would proffer "international soda mints" to assist the process of digestion.

Her devotion to China as well as to Chiang, and her energy, her lively courage, are beyond dispute. She goes everywhere; she does everything; she is like Mrs. Roosevelt. When an air raid comes, Madame Chiang drives up to the scene, sometimes in slacks or any costume, to superintend care of the wounded. Only once have her friends seen her a trifle nervous—when she was returning to Hankow by plane, with the radio out of order, and the pilot pushing up to 17,000 feet to get bearings from the sun, although ice kept breaking from the propeller and smashing against the windows of the plane.

Her egoism is, as is proper enough, considerable. She says, for instance, that the Sian kidnaping would not have happened if she had been present, and indeed she is probably right. (She was ill at the time; it was the only important flight Chiang ever took without her.)

The military folk in Hankow assert that she is quicker to understand technical problems than the Generalissimo. If, for instance, an adviser tells Chiang that a division of troops cannot reach a certain point in

² A recent book Madame Chiang enjoyed was Stuart Chase's "The Tyranny of Words." Magazines she subscribes to are the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Asia*, *Reader's Digest*, *Good Housekeeping*, *Harper's Magazine*, and the *Forum*. Occasionally she sees the *Contemporary Review* (London), *New Statesman* (London), the *Saturday Evening Post* and the *New York Nation*.

a given time, he is apt stubbornly to refuse to accept the fact, if it is inconvenient to his aims. But Madame understands at once—usually.

Her achievements have been considerable, especially in fostering rehabilitation work in rural areas, in encouraging development of simplified language instruction, and in the creation of the New Life Movement. This movement, which borrows largely from the Y.M.C.A., was an attempt during the days of civil war to steal Red thunder by a positive program of self-help and betterment. Villagers are organized, children are instructed, with emphasis on "orderliness, cleanliness, diligence, and propriety." Mass meetings are held all over Chinese China, with slogans repeating simple ethical and hygienic principles, like "Don't crowd; keep in line"; "Don't spit—cleanliness prevents disease," and "Avoid wine, women, and gambling." Madame thinks the New Life Movement is the biggest thing the Kuomintang has done.

Her "last" message to Chiang at Sian, sent by T. V., expresses a good deal of her character: "Should T. V. fail to return within three days I will come to Shensi to live and die with you." (Chiang, reading this, recorded, "My eyes got wet.") But Madame did not wait the stipulated three days; she arrived the next afternoon to make her husband's cause, his life, her own.

The Generalissimo asserts that he has one bone to pick with Donald—that Donald has taught Madame to swear. But the oath has seldom exceeded a mild "Damfool!"

T. V.

Of all the Soongs T. V. is probably the most complex in character. Stocky, tall, glossy, with hair stiffly *en brosse*; diffident and direct by turn; not afraid to be rude, and intolerant of bores; industrious and honest as the day; stubborn, sometimes vain; enormously competent, and the best financier China has ever produced; an intellectual and a liberal who has lately swung far to the Left—T. V. presents a variety of qualities. He went to Harvard, and then to Columbia, where he was a brilliant student in economics. He has never written anything, because he fears his opinions may change, and is horrified to recall what he might have written a decade ago.

T. V. was finance minister for nine years until 1933. He was an unequivocal foe of graft and corruption in administration; he fought with a mop, cleaning up. His record was superb; he put Chinese

finances on a western basis, introduced the budget system, abolished domestic tariff barriers like the *likin*, got taxes even out of such warlords as Han Fu-chu, established a central bank, and unified the currency. He left the finance ministry largely because Chiang resented the purse strings being in his hands; he continually sought to reduce military expenditure, which Chiang wanted to increase. These brothers-in-law have not always been good friends. T. V. violently disagreed with Chiang's early policy of conciliation to the Japanese.

Of all Chinese politicians, indeed, T. V. is the one with the most consistent and honorable record of opposition to Japan, and the Japanese hate him fiercely. He put his own Salt Gabelle troops into the fighting in Shanghai in 1932, when Chiang stayed aloof; they were annihilated. The story is that, when the Chinese determined to resist Japan in Shanghai in 1937, the generals held their first secret conference in T. V.'s house. During the war years his stature, great as it had always been, grew enormously. In 1941, though temporarily resident in Washington, he became foreign minister.

Not everybody likes T. V. But there are few in China who do not admire and respect him.

T. L. Soong, the next brother, went to Vanderbilt, like his father. He is a very prosperous young man who, until the war, paid little attention to politics; during the war he took charge of transportation of war materials and supplies from Kwangtung to the front, as director of the Southwest Import and Export Bureau, a highly important post. He has also served on the Whangpoo Conservancy Board and as a director of the Manufacturer's Bank. Of T. A. Soong, the youngest brother, little is known. He was a student of exceptional brilliance at Harvard, and for a time was director of the Salt Monopoly.

T. V., when he was in charge of the Chinese air force—note how this remarkable family keeps the key jobs in its hands—said once that he was comparatively poor, though the family fortune *in toto* is the biggest in China by far. He has told friends that he would rather be penniless under the communists than a millionaire under Japan. T. L. has a considerable fortune also. But most of the family money is believed to reside in the Kung branch. The Kung wealth alone is estimated by competent observers to be in the neighborhood of 80,000,000 Chinese dollars.

Don

"A faithful friend is the medicine of life."
—*ECCLESIASTICUS*, VI, 16.

W. H. Donald³ is not, it goes without saying, a member of the Soong family. But no picture of the fountainhead of China would be complete without him. He is a most extraordinary human being.

Donald has saved the lives of various Chinese ambassadors; he helped overthrow the Manchus, and with his own hands dragged the guns into position that blew them out of Nanking; thirty years ago he helped Madame Chiang and her sisters adjust their pigtails; he wrote several of Sun Yat-sen's early proclamations; he helped reveal Japan's "Twenty-one Demands" on China, and assisted in bringing China into the World War in 1917; he cured the Young Marshal of the dope habit, and held the balance between the Young Marshal and the Generalissimo at Sian; he sings lullabies to children of missionaries; he helped unseat the usurper Yuan Shih-kai in the counter-revolution of 1916; he has been matchmaker to Chinese politicians, confidant to generals, handyman to warlords, and the bottomless receptacle of more news, information, chitchat, and, above all, state secrets, than any foreigner who ever lived in China.

The incredible Donald, let it be said further, speaks no single word of Chinese. He has never bothered to learn the Chinese for as much as "Please" or "Be damned to you." He never touches Chinese food —after more than thirty years in China! He asks no questions and requests no favors. He talks like the wind and never betrays a confidence. He is an incomparable raconteur—who practically never goes to dinner parties. He is a recluse—who has a thousand friends.

As fantastic as anything about Donald is the manner of his arrival in China. He was born in Australia in 1875; he decided early to become a newspaper man. One morning thirty-seven years ago, arriving in his office on the *Sydney Daily Telegraph*, he found a letter from an editor in Hong Kong, offering him a job and notifying him that \$600 had been transferred to a Sydney bank for traveling expenses to Hong Kong. Donald was bewildered. He had never heard of the Hong Kong editor. He asked his own editor for advice. His

³ Donald's whereabouts at the moment of writing are unknown. Early in 1941 he was holidaying in Tahiti, and the war may have caught him somewhere in the Pacific.

own editor said, "Maybe it's a hoax. Go to the bank. If the money is there, then it's real. And go to Hong Kong if you wish." Donald found the money and set sail for Hong Kong. He went to his new boss, who said, "Good day, Mr. Donald, I shall be obliged if you will start work at once. Your desk is in that corner." Still bewildered, Donald asked, "Would you mind telling me first why you hired me?" The editor replied, "Easy. Seven years ago I asked a friend, who travels incessantly around the world, to notify me immediately if he ever found a newspaper man who doesn't drink. Seven years passed. A few weeks ago I received a cable from him. *'At last have found your man. His name is Donald, and he works on the Sydney Telegraph.'* So I wrote to you. Thank you for coming. Your desk is right there."

And indeed Donald, who is loquaciously convivial, has never touched a drop of alcohol in his life.

Donald is ruddy, with big glasses; upright and a trifle stout; white-haired, bright-cheeked; he is kind, gusty, forthright, and full of vitality and laughter. He has a retentive and anecdotal mind; his sense of humor is famous on several continents, and he has never forgotten anything. He is blunt in character, very cheery, and he insists on finishing any story he begins.

Donald worked for a while on the Hong Kong paper, and then turned to bigger fields. He was *New York Herald* correspondent for a time, and then became so fascinated by the Chinese scene that he dropped his foreign connections, except for occasional special work. He joined the revolution at about the same time the Soongs did. From the beginning he had a very special capacity to gain the confidence of people. Some years ago he established the Chinese Government Bureau of Economic Information; this paid his living expenses, and it still exists. More than a modest living he has never asked for. When I was in China he ate with the Chiangs every day—they had to cook foreign food for him—but he did not live in their house, and held no official title as Chiang's adviser; indeed, he refused to admit that he was his adviser.

In 1928 Donald was "adopted" by the Young Marshal, Chang Hsueh-liang,⁴ the son of the Manchurian warlord, Chang Tso-lin. Donald made the Young Marshal over. He negotiated his rapprochement with Chiang Kai-shek in 1929-30, took him to Europe, and for some years was the Young Marshal's "man." Then, in 1934, he entered

⁴ Of this bizarre young man we shall hear later in Chapter XV.

the service of Chiang Kai-shek. It happened in this manner. The Young Marshal was quarreling with the Generalissimo. He called him every name under the sun. Donald watched attentively as Madame listened and translated. He had known Madame all his life, but for some years had not been in close touch with her. He was impressed and amazed at her reaction to the Young Marshal's furious tornado of objurgation; he could hardly believe her courage when she did not tone it down. They began to work together—Chiang, Madame, Chang, and Donald. Immediately Donald began to harp on his favorite theme, the necessity of making China strong, the necessity to wipe out inefficiency, corruption, defeatism. The Generalissimo listened and agreed. A few days later Madame, overwhelmed with routine work, with letters piled high on her desk and an immense amount of secretarial detail to handle, turned to Donald and said, "Won't you join us, won't you help *me*?" He said Yes, and has been her friend and ally ever since.

Donald's great strength is that he has no ax to grind. He asks nothing. He is free to quit any day—and sometimes threatens to. He tells the Generalissimo exactly what is in his mind, without fuss or hesitation; he is the only man in China who can say No to Chiang—and he says it repeatedly. He is a kind of "No man"—though not like Ulysses to Polyphemus—and Chiang respects him for his fearlessness. He pays scant attention to Chinese ritual or sensitiveness. He raises hell with anybody. He is the greatest enemy of Face in China. He scoffs at the purists who try to pronounce Chinese words in Chinese fashion. No "Jiahng Gai-shek" for him. He pronounces it still in an exaggeratedly foreign manner, "Cheeee-ang Kai-shek," and so on.

Donald was never ill in his life till sixty, when he had a serious pneumonia after a tonsillectomy. Thereafter he was in bed for six months with a mysterious stomach malady. He is a complete fatalist. Once his airplane had a forced landing in a snowy field near Sian. Donald had heard one motor splutter and then fail. The pilot, after the landing, found him stretched out in the sofa the plane carries. Donald had never budged. After inspecting the situation the pilot said that he had perhaps one chance in three of getting off again on that one motor. Donald said, "Go ahead."

He noticed that the day the Generalissimo was released at Sian happened to be Christmas. (There were a few other things to think

about.) Madame Chiang describes touchingly how "Don" managed to find a tree and ornaments and a few gifts, and how he used his own golf socks for Christmas stockings. He is blindly devoted to Madame Chiang.

He forthrightly denounced the Nanking generals after the kidnaping, asserting that Chiang was in much greater danger from these somewhat precipitous folk—Chiang's own men who wanted to get his job—than from the Young Marshal and the Reds. The generals were furious, and demanded that he be expelled from China. Chiang refused to let him go. For seven months Donald and the minister of war, General Ho Ying-chin, never exchanged a word.

Donald bought a small yacht in 1933, intending to leave China. But just before he planned to go, he met Madame Chiang. He has scarcely ever seen the yacht. He built a huge desk in it, on which he planned to write his memoirs. If he ever does, they will be remembered. In 1939, Donald —

But one could proceed for a whole book writing about Donald alone.

The Chinese Reds, Who Wear Blue

Land to those who till it.—DR. SUN YAT-SEN.

THE so-called "Red" area is a new Chinese world. The Chinese Red Army, since 1938 incorporated into the national forces as the "Eighth Route Army," fights in the north, and its redoubtable guerrillas are an essential item in the national struggle. But to think of the Chinese Reds merely as guerrilla Robin Hoods is to miss the point. Overwhelmingly their immediate preoccupation and task is to lick Japan. Behind that is a vision of a new China, powerful, forward-looking, incorruptible, alive, and free. Already, in spite of the incessant daily pressure of warfare, and the necessarily limited materials they work with, the Reds have done things in education and social reform to make you blink.

By all-China standards the achievement is local, of course; the Red region is severely circumscribed. The Eighth Route Army is seemingly impregnable in Shensi, has occupied much of Shansi, and is pushing hard in Hopei and Honan. The New Fourth Army is likewise well-entrenched in several provinces. That is all, though it is a good deal. But listen to the chairman of the Chinese Soviet government, Mao Tse-tung, quoted with admiration by the London *Times*, which does not ordinarily admire communists. Above all, Mao has vision. The *Times* correspondent asked him what he thought the new China should be. Mao replied:

Every man has food to eat and clothes to wear. Every man understands the rights and duties of citizenship and has a fair chance of education and amusement. The marriage customs are to be reformed, roads built, industry developed, a six-hour day established. There is no foreign aggression. No man oppresses another. There is equality and freedom and universal love. Together all build the peace of the world.

I have sketched briefly the origin of the Chinese Soviets. Chiang Kai-shek, as noted above, chased the left wing Kuomintang out of

Hankow in 1927; the Leftists who escaped the White Terror organized a vestigial Red government in Kiangsi. Its power spread till it commanded a large area, no matter how hard Chiang fought to beat it down. Chiang began his long series of "pacification operations" and "extermination" campaigns, which were extraordinarily costly in men and wealth; he put 900,000 men in the field at last, and fought five wars. To kill a single Red, Edgar Snow¹ calculates, the Generalissimo had to spend \$80,000. The Kiangsi Soviet held out for seven years, till 1934, when things finally got too hot. The Reds, beleaguered, had to move. With nice Chinese practicality they decided to move their entire "nation." Thus occurred the "Long March," one of the most celebrated feats in modern annals.

It began in October, 1934, in Kiangsi which is southwest of Shanghai; it ended a year later in Yenan in Shensi, far to the west of Peking. The Reds began with 100,000 men; they finished with 50,000. They marched 6,000 miles, across twelve different provinces; a remote parallel would be the march of a European army from Constantinople to Stockholm by way of Sicily and Spain. From the moment when, making the most scrupulous preparations, they broke Chiang's blockade and escaped at night from their Kiangsi capital, till their final arrival in Yenan, diminished in number and exhausted, but intact, 368 days later, they had to fight every mile of the way. The official record of the Long March shows fifteen major battles, three hundred skirmishes. There were one hundred days of "rest," 268 of actual movement, which means an average speed for the entire march of fifteen miles per day. Military experts are duly impressed by these figures. The Reds had to traverse incredibly fractious and difficult country, some of it inhabited by aborigines and virtually unknown; they climbed eighteen mountain ranges, occupied sixty-two cities, and crossed half-a-dozen rivers. They carried radio, a printing press, and their archives. Once Chiang Kai-shek thought he had finally trapped and surrounded them. The Generalissimo does not give way to emotion often, but near the Tatu River he burst out, "Now we have them!" The Reds managed to cross the Tatu and escape, however, with Chiang's breath on their heels. He thought the Long March

¹ Anyone who writes of the Chinese communists must be indebted to Edgar Snow, his wife Nym Wales, and Miss Agnes Smedley. Snow's *Red Star Over China* is one of the best books of historical journalism ever written.

would be the Red funeral march. It almost turned out to be a funeral march for *him*.

So, surviving its ordeal, the Red Army arrived in the isolated northwest. At Yenan in Shensi it joined other communists who had come from Honan, and established a new Soviet. It proliferated steadily, set up an "independent" state, declared war on Japan, and became one of the most interesting communities in the East. It is still there. The Generalissimo never seriously attacked the Reds again. In 1936 came the Sian kidnaping. The Reds intervened in this fantastic imbroglio, used their influence to let Chiang go scot-free, and made a United Front with him. From this event springs much recent Chinese history. It united China—in a manner of speaking—after ten years of civil war—and made full-dress attack by Japan inevitable, since Japan had perforce to prevent Chinese unification at any cost.

The Red Napoleons

The leaders of the Chinese Soviets are Mao Tse-tung and Chu Teh. They are associated so closely that for a long time people thought they were the same man; one heard of the famous "Red general" Mao-Chu, or Chu-Mao. Mao Tse-tung (pronounced roughly "Mow Tzuh-doong"), the chairman of the Central Executive Committee of the communist party, is political chief. General Chu Teh ("Joo Duh") is military leader. An odd point is that "Chu Teh" literally means—Red Virtue!

The two are intimately close friends, but they differ widely in character and attributes. They complement each other nicely. Mao is a philosopher, an intellectual; Chu Teh is an executive, a soldier. Mao, I heard it said, is the Red brain, Chu Teh the Red heart. A calm man, of peasant stock, Mao is a builder, a dreamer, a creator; he has never been outside China. Chu Teh, much warmer in temperament, less aloof, has traveled widely; he has great human quality, and people talk of him almost as they might talk of Lincoln. Mao could hold his own almost anywhere among Chinese intellectuals; Chu Teh talks little. Both have a considerable sense of humor, though Mao's is more sardonic; both have highly modern minds. Mao, perhaps, is the greater man; but he would not be where he is had not Chu Teh developed and led his unique army. I have heard Mao described as equal intellectually to Lenin.

Mao Tse-tung was born in 1893 in a village in Hunan. His father

was a peasant, and he began to work at the age of six on the small family farm. His mother was a considerate woman, his father exceptionally severe; Mao records that he was never allowed eggs or meat, though the other farm boys had these luxuries occasionally. He had remarkable strength of character and ambition, and a fierce urgency for education; he struggled to go to school, and at seventeen tramped alone to the near-by city of Changsha where there was an academy. Came a tremendous event: he saw for the first time a map of the world. He pored over it glutonously. He writes, "I went to the library in the morning when it opened. At noon I paused only long enough to buy and consume two rice cakes, which were my daily lunch. I stayed in the library every day reading until it closed." He studied Adam Smith, Darwin, Spencer, Mill. One book that influenced him was called *Great Heroes of the World*, which contained biographies of Napoleon, Peter the Great, Rousseau. He read about the American Revolution and came across a pregnant sentence: "After eight years of difficult war, Washington won victory and built up his nation."²

Mao began to write, turned to journalism, and found himself on the threshold of politics. With his Chinese directness, he put an advertisement in the Changsha newspaper, asking that "hardened and determined" young men interested in patriotism and politics get in touch with him. Changsha became too small for him. He had seven dollars. He bought shoes and an umbrella, and set out to see the world. His instincts were predominantly nationalist at first; he wanted to free China from foreign domination. Imperialism, he proceeded to see, was inextricably associated with capitalism, and he became a socialist. His revolutionary career began in 1927, when he was appointed president of the first Chinese Peasants Union; his rise was rapid, and by 1930 he was chairman of the Workers and Peasants Revolutionary Committee. Then came the Long March; the great years began. Chiang Kai-shek offered a reward of \$250,000 (Chinese) for him, dead or alive; his first wife and sister were caught and executed. His present wife—a typical enough touch—learned many details of his life for the first time when, in her company, he dictated his autobiography to Edgar Snow. She was severely wounded during the Long March, when she walked 6,000 miles.

Chu Teh's history is remarkably different in detail, though the

² Snow, *Red Star Over China*, p. 121.

same sting of nationalism-*cum*-socialism flavors it. He is about fifty, and was born in Szechwan. I have heard an experienced western military man call him, not merely "the best officer in China," but a military figure "as generous as Lee, as stubborn as Grant, as competent as Wellington." Chu Teh is a friendly, quiet man, full of heart. One hears of the "smiling Chinese"; he is one of the smiling-est, if that is a word, in China. I have never seen a photograph of him without a broad, gleaming, confident, gum-exposing grin. Yet for ten years the price on his head was, like that on Mao, \$250,000. He and Mao topped the market.

Chu Teh was not a poor boy. Quite the contrary. He came of a rich land-owning family, he was well-educated (for a time at Göttingen in Germany), and he passed his youth—as he himself admits—in "luxury and dissipation." He had concubines; he smoked opium (and later drastically cured himself of the habit); he was a fashionable young officer. The 1927 revolution came; it hit him like a mallet on the head. He went to Russia, studied Marxism, and dropped his career as an official in Yunnan. He joined the communists, showed extraordinary military competence, and in 1931 was unanimously elected commander-in-chief of the Red Army by the first Chinese Soviet Congress. Next to revolution and the Red Army, his great passion is basketball.

Other Eighth Route Army leaders have had remarkable careers. It is a pity to have to compress them in a paragraph or two. About each a chapter might easily be written. There is, for instance, the shrewd and competent Chou En-lai ("Jo En-lie"), who is No. 1 to Mao on the political side, and who now represents the communists at the Generalissimo's headquarters. Officially his title is director of Political Training for the National Military Council. A good man for the job: since it was he, one of the chief actors in the Sian kidnaping, who saved Chiang's life. When, in Hankow later, I asked him why, he said it was because Chiang was the one person indispensable to United China. I asked him also what guarantee the communists had that they might not be betrayed by the Kuomintang when the war was over; he said that education among the masses, realization during the war that the communists fought well against Japan, and were real patriots, would keep them safe. Chou En-lai was the son of a Mandarin (official), and was educated—in part at foreign mission schools—to be a scholar. He went to France, and helped organize Chinese com-

munists abroad. In the early revolution he was secretary of the Whampoa Military School at Canton, where Chiang Kai-shek and General Bluecher trained officers. Later Chiang put \$100,000 on his head. Chou En-lai is about forty-four.

The ranking military man after Chu Teh is General Peng Teh-huai, the vice commander. He is a young man, only forty, and a professional officer. But his origins were humble; he told Snow how, at the age of nine, he was tossed into the street alone, because he had dared to kick over his grandmother's tray of opium, and was thereupon (!) sentenced to death by a family council. "My life was spared," General Peng relates, "but I had to leave home. I was nine at the time, it was cold October, and I owned nothing but my coat and trousers." A man of great endurance, General Peng walked almost the whole of the Long March, though as second-in-command he was entitled to a horse. In 1928 his wife disappeared in the revolutionary turmoil; isolated in Kiangsi or Shensi, he has not seen her since.

A terrific fellow is General Ho Lung, the most Robin Hood-like of all. He was one of the earliest Red organizers, and he stuck it out in Honan even after the Long March started. He was rich, and gave up a fortune of \$5,000,000 to join the Reds. . . . Another notable character is General Hsu Hai-tung, born a coolie. For years \$100,000 was on his head, and *sixty-six* members of his family in Hupeh were executed by the Kuomintang, which sought to exterminate the entire Hsu clan, even babies. General Hsu has been wounded eight times. . . . Another Hsu is Hsu Teh-lih, the Red minister of education, who cut off his finger as a token to Mao in the early days, and wrote his allegiance in his own blood. . . . General Tsen Ken is only thirty-five; he is a Whampoa graduate, who once commanded Chiang Kai-shek's bodyguard and once saved his life. He was trapped and arrested in Shanghai when he joined the Reds, but the Generalissimo, in gratitude, let him go.

How Red Are the Reds?

Not very, by our standards. The party calls itself communist, true; it subscribes to Marxist doctrine, and organizes itself on the Soviet model. But if you ask a Red Army chieftain if he has plans or even desires for the nationalization of Chinese production, which is what communism would in theory entail, he looks at you almost bewildered.

Any such prospect is for the remote future. Mao is a realist. In his own words: "For a people being deprived of its national freedom, the revolutionary task is not immediate socialism, but the struggle for independence. We cannot even discuss communism if we are robbed of a country in which to practice it."³ Trotskyists, kindly note.

What the Chinese Reds do stand for is agrarian reform. The movement is not communism, in that it does not even advocate nationalization of the land; what it advocates is a tremendous land reform with land assigned—not to the state—but to the peasants themselves. Even so, in most Red areas, land has not been actually expropriated by the peasants; landlordism is attacked, but the landlords have not been liquidated. There has been little confiscation. Rents, however, have been reduced twenty-five percent, a moratorium on debts declared, and interest cut to one percent. Chinese communism is "rural equalitarianism," with the object of freeing the land from the terrible burden of corrupt and absentee landlords and from the stifling, unimaginable agrarian debt.

There are no Russian advisers or officials with the Chinese Red Army, nor do Russian supplies reach it in any quantity. Back in 1923-4, when Bluecher worked at Canton and Borodin at Hankow, there was profound Russian influence in China, as we know. To-day it is slight in China proper, though very considerable in Outer Mongolia and Sinkiang. The Chinese Soviets run their own show. They are autonomous. On the other hand, the Chinese communist party is an "official" communist party, and as such—at a remote distance—is associated with the Third Internationale, and the Red constitution calls the U.S.S.R. its "loyal ally."

The chief non-military manifestations of the Chinese Reds in their northwestern stronghold have been social and cultural. There is a Red Academy under the veteran soldier-teacher Lin Piao, a former Whampoa cadet; a publishing house employs 800 men and issues a stream of textbooks; literacy in the Red Army is uniquely high. Education—education above all—more and better education—is the motto. Not satisfied with using simplified Mandarin, the communists are flirting with Romanization of the language. Opium is barred, co-operatives are encouraged, child marriages forbidden, radio worshipped, athletics stimulated, and old-style Confucianism scorned.

³ Snow, *ibid.*, p. 415.

Red Army Technique

The main concept of the Eighth Route Army is that it belongs to the people. This gives it a morale, a solidarity, a patriotism, probably unmatched by any other Chinese army, though Chiang Kai-shek's newly trained divisions run it close. It is unbelievably advanced compared to the old provincial armies. The Reds fight because they are defending their country and their ideals, not because they are paid to do so. Indeed, privates get only \$1.00 (Chinese) per month; Chu Teh himself, at the top, gets exactly \$6.00 (Chinese), or 96 cents. There is no "squeeze," and no war lord can sell anybody out.

The officers, called simply "leaders," have no distinguishing rank. Fighters are in three categories, all volunteers. First come troops of the line, most of them hardened by arduous service in the civil wars; next the "Volunteers" or "Partisans," who are the reserve; finally the people themselves—technically nonbelligerent—in occupied areas, who coöperate with the troops and are an essential item in strategy.

Officers are very accessible, and eat the same food as the troops; they may have individual sleeping quarters if their work demands it. Any private may see Chu Teh to present a grievance or for any other reason. Discipline is strict, but is "by persuasion." There are three categories of punishment: (1) confinement to quarters, (2) public rebuke and self-criticism, (3) expulsion from the army. The army takes prisoners (as against the Japanese custom of shooting them), and tries to convert them. Soldiers are taught a few words of Japanese, and when they go into action they shout at the Japanese troops, "Join us! Kill your officers!"

The great strength of the Red Army is in guerrilla warfare, at which it is naturally adept. It retreats when the Japanese advance, and advances when the Japanese retreat; it harries Japanese communications, and razes the country behind them; it cuts railways, burns villages, traps isolated columns, bites exposed flanks—and then melts into the country again. It is delighted, actually, when the Japanese take a considerable town, because it can get its own adherents out, then isolate the town and starve the Japanese. "Foreigners," a Red chieftain says, "pay far too much attention to towns."

When warfare spread after 1937, new Red or semi-Red armies were organized in other districts on the Eighth Route model, for in-

stance the New Fourth Army in Anhwei and Kiangsi under the remarkable communist General Han Ying, who had fought in this area for years. Guerrillas, mostly communist, pinched off parts of Chekiang in 1938, and fought fiercely at the gates of Shanghai and Nanking, a thousand miles behind the Japanese front lines. For a time this "front" was not more than a mile or two from the French Concession in Shanghai. In the Tientsin-Peking area guerrillas persistently attacked and disorganized communications; to run a train 150 miles to Paotingfu became a perilous adventure.⁴ In Hopei, early in 1939, a well-developed communist government was functioning *inside* the Japanese occupied area; a new Red state, like the one in Shensi, with 4,000 square miles and 7,000,000 people, became a big island in "Japanese" territory.

United Front Problems

The Eighth Route Army and the other communist-guerrilla armies are no longer independent forces in theory. They have been "absorbed" (again in theory) by the Chinese national forces, with Chiang Kai-shek as their supreme commander. This was part of the United Front arrangement after the Sian kidnaping. The communists refused to dissolve their party, but they agreed that the Red Army should lose its official identity, and it nowadays wears the blue uniform of the Kuomintang.

Thus the communist party still exists, *de facto*. But the Kuomintang has never abrogated its outlawry of the communist party, and technically communism in China is still a crime punishable by death. The Kuomintang, *de jure*, was for years the only political party in China, but continually the communists are allowed to increase their membership. This anomalous situation produced considerable dissatisfaction and a perpetual struggle for power within the United Front. Chiang met Chu Teh for the first time in 1937, and in the next year Chu Teh again flew down from Shensi to see him; for a time the United Front operated fairly smoothly. But anti-Red pressure by Kuomintang extremists continued, while the Reds continued to grow in power; in 1939 and later came a series of tensions and explosions which all but disrupted the United Front and in fact came dangerously near causing civil war.

⁴The canny Chinese do not merely destroy the rails, but remove and *bury* them, so that the Japanese cannot repair and reuse the metal.

The background to this dispute was the continuing expansion of Red Army influence particularly in the north. According to T. A. Bisson the Eighth Route Army grew to control seven or eight regions—within territory that the Japanese claimed to "dominate"—covering many thousands of square miles and with a population close to 50,000,000. After all, this is more than 10 percent of the total population of China. Moreover, the Red bases were in strategic areas of great importance. From several points of view the Kuomintang and central government were jealous. They felt that their powers were being undermined socially, politically, militarily, and economically. The old bogey lifted its face. Communism was, in a word, spreading.

Then came a fierce crisis in the lower Yangtze Valley in Anhwei province, where the New Fourth army was operating under General Yeh Ting. The nucleus of this army was the rear guard of the Red forces that made the Long March; it was a root source of communist military strength. The New Fourth fought well and bravely during the honeymoon period of the United Front; it worked on both sides of the Yangtze, harried the Japanese in 231 pitched battles, and recaptured much important territory. Friction with Chiang and the Central command then became acute. Probably the Reds were throwing their weight about too much. The Fourth army was ordered to move north of the Yangtze. With bitterness, it obeyed. But its rear guard was wantonly attacked by 80,000 Kuomintang troops at a place called Maolin in January 1941; a bloody battle with large casualties ensued. General Yeh Ting was captured, and the Fourth army was in theory "disbanded."

The Reds in the north immediately countered by threatening to secede from the United Front. This was the most serious crisis in intra-Chinese affairs since 1937. Chou En-lei presented Chiang Kai-shek with a series of 12 demands; he asked that the Fourth Army (which was going right ahead with its proper job, fighting Japanese!) be reconstituted, that General Yeh Ting be released, that the anti-Red generals be punished, that "intrigues leading to civil war" be stopped. The Generalissimo replied on March 6, 1941 with an angry speech roundly smacking the Communists. He accused them of deliberately provoking disunity and of armed rebellion. He said that insubordination must be "checked and punished in the national interest." "There cannot be two governments in this country," he concluded.

Complete stalemate seemed inevitable. Later, however, negotiations for a compromise began.

Two additional items should be noted. One is that the Japanese, who say that they waged war to "save" China from communism, have served to strengthen it. Chinese communists now hold a much greater area of China than they ever held before, and are better organized, more deeply entrenched. Second, Chiang Kai-shek, if he wins the war, will almost certainly face extension of communist influence which the war promoted. The Communist aim in regard to land reform has spread widely and is imitated widely, and the Generalissimo must pay his debt by reckoning with it.

Chapter XV

Young Marshal at Sian

The commander of the forces of a large state may be carried off, but the will of even a common man cannot be taken from him.

—CONFUCIUS

THE Young Marshal, Chang Hsueh-liang (pronounced roughly “Jong Shweh-liahng”), is a marvelous psychological puzzle. I have mentioned several baffling characters in this book, like Prince Konoye, and soon we will have others, for instance Mr. Gandhi. Of them all, I should put the Young Marshal first from the point of view of purely personal interest. He has little political importance at the moment, but so long as he is alive he is fascinatingly unpredictable. Young Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang is one of the most difficult, most refractory, and most engaging human beings in the world.

Consider his looks. Like so many Chinese, he has great physical charm and intense animal magnetism. There is electricity in this man's supple finger. Yet he is ugly. The wide, loose, sensual lips; the nose un-Chinese and beaked; the disdainful but appealing big eyes; the humor, the reserve, the sophistication in his voice; his poised, careful, wary gait—all this marks an exceptional personality. He has been unbelievably weak and strong by turn. The gamut he runs is shadowy and long.

The Young Marshal inherited the domain of his father, the great Chang Tso-lin, in 1928. None of his generals thought that this narcotized youngster could hold Manchuria. The two most ambitious and corrupt were Yang Yu-tin and Chang Yun-hui. Both fawned on the new ruler, both were willing to unseat him. And the Young Marshal suspected them of complicity in the murder of his father. He invited them to dinner, entertained them regally, and with the coffee had them taken out and calmly shot. Then—a generous man—he gave \$100,000 each to their widows.

The story is that, until the last moment, young Chang did not decide whether to kill these two generals of his or not. That afternoon he

spent some hours tossing a silver dollar up and down; heads I shoot them, tails I don't. He couldn't make up his mind. He called in his wife, a pretty girl, and asked her to witness the last throw. It came tails. Chang was dissatisfied. He said he would try again. Finally heads came up. He ordered the execution, happy. Then he tossed the lucky dollar in a big chest, as a souvenir, and locked the chest. Three years later the Japanese, as we know, took Manchuria. They sent the Young Marshal all his belongings, except that chest.

The Young Fellow

Those who know him well call him the Young "Fellow," and his courtesy name is Han Ching. He was born in Mukden in 1898. He is impish and impulsive. His name means, according to one translation, "Learning to be Virtuous"; in an early campaign he once pursued a bandit with the identical name, whereupon he decided that, though he would retain this translation for his own name, the identical name for the bandit should be translated as "Dirty Wolf."

He is a stanch fellow. He has all the courage in the world, and his common sense—in some respects—is almost startling. Royal Leonard, who was his private pilot before entering the Generalissimo's service, found him a highly impetuous aviator. He invented a new method for determining the direction of the wind; he would order the plane to fly so low that frightened sheep would kick up dust, which the wind carried. Then he invented a signal system new to aviation, whereby his troops threw themselves on the ground as he approached, and with their bodies spelled out words and messages.

The Young Marshal has always been extremely sociable, and he likes his friends. They are, however, sometimes alarmed when he plays bridge and draws a revolver to indicate the seriousness of his bidding. He loves bridge, golf, tennis, and companionship. Once, while he was reviewing troops, an American newspaperman who was his guest fell off his horse and floundered in the mud. Instantly the Young Marshal dived into the mud too, ruining his white uniform, because he did not want his guests to be embarrassed. Their Face was his.

Chang Tso-lin, whom I have already described, trained him for rule from an early age. When he was a youngster Chang Tso-lin took him to pay obeisance to the Prince Regent. The Young Marshal, a democrat then as now, refused to kowtow, and merely shook hands.

Chang Tso-lin was impressed at the irreverent courage of his son, but beat him soundly. "I have no brains," the Young Marshal moaned.

For years he was very rich. A Scotch friend, James C. Elder, took care of his investments. When the Japanese kicked his government out of Manchuria in 1931 (he himself was absent during the Mukden incident, ill in Peking), they sent some of his property after him, but not all by any means. To-day the Japanese use his Mukden house for breeding police dogs.

In about 1928 the Young Marshal came strongly under the influence of another westerner, W. H. Donald, who "adopted" him and for five years took care of him like a son. At that time Chang was taking opium. He sought a cure, and fell into the hands of an unscrupulous doctor who, pretending to wean him away from opium, surreptitiously gave him heroin instead, an infinitely more dangerous drug. This was a Japanese idea; they thought they could make use of the Young Marshal, and wanted him to be pliable. Donald, rugged, cheerful, vehement, swept the drugs away. He put the Young Marshal in hospital,¹ saw to it that he had a real cure and made him a new man.

The Japanese are not fond of Chang Hsueh-liang, though once they gave him the Order of the Rising Sun. In a Japanese newspaper recently I came across a "biography" of the Young Marshal, of which the following is a quaint quotation. Chang is portrayed quarreling with a lady, whom he accuses of betraying him. But first he "draws her closer, gives her a kiss." Then his accusation:

Chang Hsueh-liang sprang up to his feet and kicked her off the sofa. "Get up, you wretch," he ordered. He stood still and cold, a revolver in his hand.

"I was a fool to believe you," she said. "You never loved me."

"Wretch!" he roared. His revolver went off at the same moment. Madame Li dropped down. The white shirt was marked with spots of blood. Hsueh-liang, grey from excitement, drew close to her side. He pressed the point of the revolver upon her heart.

In the same moment her hand made an arc, and her dagger flew at his breast. With a sharp cry, he retreated a step. He was not hurt. "So that's what you'd do to me!" he said in an angry voice.

"I hate you!" she said. "I hate you because I loved you . . . I

¹ Dr. Miller of the Seventh Day Adventist Hospital in Shanghai did the job by means of rectal anesthesia, blistering the patient's stomach, and producing an autogenous serum.

love you now. I'll always love you. Oh, I am happy. I am sleepy. Take me in your arms. Take me, please . . ."

With his foot Chang rolled her over on her back. He fired the revolver at her heart [*Sic!*]. A score of excited guards appeared.

"Take this body to the hill back of the northern mausoleum," the general ordered.

"Men!" he added, calling back the soldiers. "See that this lady is left unburied—else a wolf or mad dog may miss a square meal."

All this is perfect nonsense, of course. Nothing remotely like it ever happened.

Five different times the Young Marshal saved Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek from critical embarrassment; on at least one of these occasions he saved his régime, and once his life. Yet there is little love lost between them. Enemies of Chiang Kai-shek say, in fact, that he disliked the Young Marshal so intensely that he was willing to lose Manchuria rather than help him save it. The five occasions when the Young Marshal enormously helped *him*: (1) the Young Marshal, immediately after his father died, raised the Kuomintang flag in Mukden, which gave Chiang's central government nominal authority over Manchuria for the first time in generations. Against the advice of all his generals, and in face of threats by the Japanese to kill him, he acknowledged Chiang Kai-shek as commander-in-chief. (2) In 1930 the Young Marshal intervened to save Chiang in the "Northern War," when a coalition of northern war lords was close to beating him. (3) In 1931 Chiang Kai-shek resigned from the National Government in a huff. The Young Marshal went out with him, which made the position of the new government untenable. (4) In 1933 he took the responsibility for the loss of Jehol, though he had nothing to do with it, in order that Chiang and the National Government should not lose face. He publicly accepted punishment, and went to Europe in disgrace, though it was he, not Chiang, who was passionately anti-Japanese. (5) In 1936 he helped save the Generalissimo at Sian—after kidnaping him.

W. H. Donald first brought Chiang and the Young Marshal together. They met in a railway coach at Paotingfu, and the young man gave over his armies to the Generalissimo. Donald accompanied Chang on his European trip, and the young man had a superlatively good time. Came word that his northeastern army was rising against the Generalissimo. Donald rushed back to China. The Young Mar-

shal was terrified at being left alone in Europe, though he was consoled, the evening Donald left, by at last understanding all the jokes in a music hall. He followed Donald home, and the three—Donald, Generalissimo, Young Marshal—began to work together. I have already described Chang's first fury with Chiang, and how Donald then started to work for Chiang. At first the Young Marshal, desolate at losing Donald, was to share him with the Generalissimo alternate months.

We approach the Sian episode. The Young Marshal's former Manchurian troops, known as the Tungpei Army, were now stationed in the northwest. Chiang warily watched the Red Army arrive safely in Shensi after the Long March; he sent the Young Marshal's forces to Sian to engage them when the moment was propitious. He was performing a double maneuver: giving Chang a tough and ticklish job and getting ready to attack the Reds once more. But what happened was that, instead of fighting the communists, the Young Marshal's men began to fraternize with them. Lonely in Sian, without Donald (who could always keep him out of trouble), young Chang flirted with the Reds. He decided that he liked and admired these enemies whom he was supposed to suppress. His motive was genuine patriotism. Like T. V. Soong, he was disgusted with the Generalissimo's incessant civil wars. He wanted to unite the country, not split it asunder. He wanted to make it strong—against Japan.

Chiang Kai-shek smelled soon that something was amiss on the northwest frontier. He decided to fly to Sian and investigate. What occurred then everyone knows. The Young Marshal snatched him.

Kidnapping at Sian

This was one of the most unusual dramas in history. Analogies are misleading and sometimes intellectually fraudulent. But consider the sensation that would have been aroused if Neville Chamberlain, say, had been kidnaped in a remote part of Ireland and held prisoner for thirteen days by Winston Churchill assisted by Jimmy Maxton and the communist party, and was rescued at last by Mrs. Chamberlain, Lord Halifax, and Montagu Norman, while the bigwigs of Westminster sent bombing planes to blow up everybody.

The Generalissimo arrived in Sian to dress down the Young Marshal on December 7, 1936. They quarreled furiously. Young Chang said that, far from being in a position to fight the Reds, his troops

were on the point of joining them. Chinese simply refused to fight Chinese any longer. The civil war game was up. The Young Marshal pleaded to be given a chance to fight Japan. He said in effect to Chiang: "You have lost a sixth of China without firing a shot. All you do is chase and murder peasants." The Generalissimo, black and red with rage, ordered him to keep his mouth shut and obey orders. Why did not the Young Marshal resign his command? This is what Donald had suggested. But the Young Marshal said he could not resign while the body of his father lay outside Chinese soil. He would not resign because he must regain Manchuria.

I must foreshorten drastically the actual events that began December 12. Far away in Nanking, Donald had taken an hour off to go to the movies. He turned to find a host of telephone messages. He rushed to Madame Kung's house, where he found Madame Chiang Kai-shek. They burst out with the shocking news: "The Young Fellow has kidnaped Kai!" Donald asked simply if they were sure that it was the Young Marshal who had done the job. If so, he said, and it was not a regular military mutiny, the Generalissimo was safe. Donald then posthaste flew to Sian.

What had happened at Sian was this. The Generalissimo was living outside the city proper. Students were rioting; the army was quivering with anger and excitement. The Young Marshal ordered the city gates locked, and, to save the Generalissimo embarrassment, personally headed off a crowd going to his villa to demonstrate. He prevented what might have been an ugly incident. Then he and General Yang Hu-cheng (note well this name), the Pacification Commissioner of Shensi province, called on the Generalissimo for a final talk and to protest against the impending mobilization order. Again came violent but shadowy words. The Generalissimo noted something behind the conversation; he was surprised at the Young Marshal's "uneasy manner" and "apparent distraction of mind." Young Chang returned to Sian with General Yang, seemingly beaten. One can imagine the turmoil in his brain. It was all over. The Generalissimo refused to understand the issue. He continued to rebuke him for not fighting the communists, when fighting was utterly impossible. Something drastic had to be done, and at once. The Young Marshal almost expired at the decision he had to take. "Let's arrest the stubborn son-of-a-blank," he finally blurted out.

On the 12th Chiang Kai-shek, dressing at 5:30 A.M., heard gunfire.

One of his bodyguards rushed in. Mutiny! Chiang grabbed his clothes, forgot his false teeth, slipped out a back door, climbed a wall, fell into a moat, and scrambled toward escape in the mountains. His small party was surrounded; his nephew, a notorious Blue Shirt leader, was killed. Chiang was captured actually by a Captain Sun, a member of the Young Marshal's bodyguard. The scene has Chinese overtones and undertones; Captain Sun, almost paralyzed at the enormity of what he was doing, *knelt* before Chiang weeping, as he arrested him; Chiang shouted, "Hold your tongue, you rebels! If you want to kill me, kill me right now!"²

Chiang's fall injured his back. He was carried to confinement. Then came that extraordinary series of dialogues between the Young Marshal and the Generalissimo, captor and captive, as a result of which, before long, their rôles were reversed. The Generalissimo refused to eat, refused to talk, refused to listen. He lay like a rock. At one point the Young Marshal said to him, "If Your Excellency accepts my suggestions I shall obey your orders." Chiang replied:

Which are you, my subordinate or my enemy? If my subordinate, you should obey my orders. If you are my enemy you should kill me without delay. You should choose either of these two steps, but say nothing more, for I will not listen to you.

At another point the Young Marshal said:

I think you are the only great man of this age, but why won't you yield a little, comply with our requests and lead us on in this revolution so that we may achieve something instead of your merely sacrificing your life?

To which Chiang was adamant:

If I stand firm and would rather sacrifice my life than compromise my principles, I shall be able to maintain my integrity till death, and my spirit will live forever.

The conversation remained on this very superior level, until, curtly, Chiang refused to listen any longer. Meantime the Young Marshal was reading Chiang's diary: one can imagine his thoughts when he found that a few nights before Chiang had written that he had "no character." He then told Chiang that he quite agreed with this!

² This and most other quotations in this chapter are from *General Chiang Kai-shek*, by General and Madame Chiang Kai-shek.

Chiang was violently irritated when, at last, the Young Marshal—cringing now—dared to present a formal list of demands. There were eight points:

1. Reorganize the National Government.
2. End all civil war, and initiate resistance against Japan.
3. Release the "National Salvation" leaders recently arrested in Shanghai.
4. Pardon all political prisoners.
5. Guarantee liberty of assembly.
6. Give the people a free hand to express themselves patriotically.
7. Carry out the will of Dr. Sun Yat-sen.
8. Call a conference immediately for "national salvation."

These points had been put to the Young Marshal by the communists, who were close in the background, though they were actually formulated by a group of army commanders.

Meantime Donald had arrived. Bad weather delayed his flight. He greeted the Young Marshal cheerily, and went in to see the Generalissimo, whom he found lying on his side in a freezing cold room, silent, immobile. Chiang looked up, and saw Donald with surprise; he had had no idea that anyone would come to rescue him; slowly tears rolled down those iron cheeks. Donald persuaded him to move to more comfortable quarters. Already he had a plan, though he carefully did not disclose it. He knew the Young Marshal better than any man in the world; he thought he could wean him away from his associates, persuade him to ignore his colleagues and release Chiang, and then fly them *both* to safety.

But it was not too simple. First, Donald had to keep the Generalissimo from killing himself. The Chiangs have a black terrier, Blackie. The Generalissimo had lost face, and wanted to be a martyr. Donald kept whistling, "Better one live Blackie than a hundred dead lions." Second, the Young Marshal collapsed, and kept pleading with Chiang to forgive him. No one paid attention.

In Nanking the strain was terrible. No one had accurate information. The Kuomintang generals had to be restrained by Madame Chiang from attempting to crush the mutiny by force, which would almost certainly have led to Chiang's death. They did go so far as to bomb Hwahsien close to Sian. They thought the Generalissimo was

probably dead anyway. They felt that they should make this gesture to his memory; some felt too that if they got there first they might get his job. Chiang, when he heard that Nanking intended to march, was happy, even if it meant his death. The supreme effort of Donald and Madame Chiang was not to free Chiang from the Young Marshal, which was comparatively easy, but to prevent the government itself from blustering in and killing everybody.

Donald's own words for Madame's struggle with the Nanking generals—which is minimized in her book—are that “she fought on two feet like a man.”

He had telephoned her from Loyang. Her account reads:

“Fly back to Nanking from Sian,” I urged him.

“No, I'll stay here,” he replied. And my last words were: “Then you'll be killed if I cannot stop the fighting.”

“There may be another way,” Donald said, “but I cannot say more.”

On the 20th Chiang's brother-in-law T. V. Soong started for Sian as intermediary. Donald turned to Chiang. One star shone in the cold sky. He said: “You are a Christian. I don't know why God should save you, but He is; T. V. will be here to-morrow.” Then “Jimmy” Elder, the Young Marshal's friend and financial adviser, arrived. It became quite a party. On the 22nd, at 4 P.M., arrived Madame Chiang herself.

The Generalissimo wrote in his compact, stubborn diary:

I was so surprised to see her that I felt as if I were in a dream. I had told T. V. more than once that day before that my wife must not come to Sian, and when she braved all danger to come to the lion's den I was very much moved and wanted to cry . . . My wife tried her best to be cheerful . . . I was very much worried about her safety. For ten days I have already put away all thoughts about my own safety, but from now on I shall have to worry about her. She is so courageous, wise, kind, and affectionate. . . .

When Madame Chiang arrived in Sian her poise and presence of mind were enormous. The Young Marshal met her at the airport:

I greeted him as I have always done, and when we left the plane I asked him quite casually not to let any of his men search my baggage, as I disliked having my things messed up.

“Oh, Madame, I would never dare do that,” he apologetically replied.

Then she shook hands with General Yang (as if nothing whatever had happened), and told the Young Marshal she would have tea with them *before* going into see the Generalissimo, in order "to show that I took him to be a gentleman and was quite prepared to put myself in their hands." But she had already given Donald a loaded revolver, ordering him to shoot her "without hesitation" if their plan failed.

Settlement was patched up at last, though the Generalissimo signed no documents, and made no promises. The Young Marshal pitifully demanded that he be duly disciplined. Then a new crisis came. General Yang wanted to know where *he* came in. Everyone else was being nicely taken care of, and Yang, a tough customer, did not intend to be the victim, did not want *his* throat cut. He, as the phrase is, "hijacked" the kidnaping. He and his men refused to release the Generalissimo, though the plane was ready to carry him back to Nanking, with motors warming up.

This was the most severe crisis of all. It was at this point that the communists entered the scene openly. Their intermediary at Sian was Chou En-lai, whom I described briefly in the preceding chapter. When the deadlock was complete Donald came to Madame and said, "There is a way out, but it is difficult. Will you and the Generalissimo consent to receive a communist?" Appalling request! General and Madame Chiang had not talked to a communist for ten years; they had spent a decade chasing and killing communists, their mortal enemies, all over China. But Madame has good sense. She withstood the shock. She recovered her poise, and agreed to receive Chou En-lai. They whittled out a new agreement, and on Christmas Day the Generalissimo was duly released. The final suspense was terrific. Everything was in the hands of Yang and Chou En-lai. Though she accepted communist aid, Madame still must feel uneasy at what happened, because this last struggle and compromise is very lightly glossed over in her book. She never mentions Chou En-lai.

The Generalissimo told the Young Marshal—after giving him a final lecture—that he need not return to Nanking. The Young Marshal insisted on accompanying him, and crawled into the cockpit next to the pilot when the plane took off.

Then came an elaborate process of general face-saving. Everybody's Face got nicely scrubbed. The Generalissimo, convinced that he was humiliated, and that he had lost his usefulness, repeatedly resigned; each time the resignation was refused. The Young Marshal

begged to be tried, and was; he was removed from his command, "pardoned," and then placed under "disciplinary observation." For a time he was kept in custody near Fenghua, Chiang's birthplace, and later moved to Kiangsi. He insisted on talking violently at the "trial"; had he not made such provocative observations, he might have been released.

As to the communists, they gained greatly from these events. The Sian episode finally convinced the Generalissimo that civil war was impossible any longer; it opened his eyes to the fact that Chinese communists might also be Chinese patriots. He is a realist; he could not but be impressed by these "enemies" who had him in their hands at last—after ten years!—and then let him go. Although Chiang never accepted them officially, the Young Marshal's eight points became the basis of agreement and future policy. The communists played their hand, of course, with considerable shrewdness. The temptation to get rid of Chiang, he who had fought them so ruthlessly, must have been tremendous. They withstood it. What they got—instead of Chiang's head—was cessation of civil war, and a unity of China against Japan.

As to General Yang, he got \$300,000 cash and a comfortable trip around the world.

Chapter XVI

The War in China

Even a Buddha will get angry if slapped in the face often enough.

—CHINESE PROVERB

IN JULY, 1937, the third and greatest Sino-Japanese war began. We are apt to forget in 1942 how long the Chinese have been sturdily fighting. The Japanese struck when they did for several reasons. First, China was becoming stronger economically. The currency was stabilized, with a new central bank operating; Dr. Kung was in Europe collecting loans, and Chinese industry was rising to compete with Japanese. Second, Chinese military strength and unity were increasing, following Sian and the United Front. The Japanese knew that it was now or never. Finally, the international situation was propitious, with Russia weak.

The Generalissimo and Madame Chiang knew that conflict was inevitable. Once the civil wars were over, once China became united, Japan was bound to strike. But they thought that they had one more year for preparation; they anticipated assault in 1938, not 1937. They thought that Japan—despite the Soviet purges—was still afraid of Russian intervention, and that the Japanese financial position would serve to defer war another year. They were wrong. But they were not caught napping. They fought back—at last.

The most striking thing about the war as a whole is that, although Japan fought for one overwhelming purpose, to keep China from becoming strong, the war has united what is left of China into a more cohesive and effective fighting organism than anything known for generations. The Japanese have carved out much territory; what remains of China is more Chinese than it has ever been before. Japan, by waging war, served to produce just what it sought to prevent.

Worms do turn sometimes. So do dragons—even Chinese dragons.

Incidents and Chronology

The course of the war may be sketched in a paragraph or two.¹ The precipitating incident took place at Lukouchiao, near the Marco Polo bridge ten miles from Peking, on the night of July 7. Japanese troops of the Tientsin garrison were holding night maneuvers, and one man—a private—disappeared. The Japanese decided to teach the bumptious Chinese a lesson. They attacked the Chinese to recover this missing man. Fighting started. Then the lost private reappeared. He had been in a brothel apparently. No matter. The incident was a “good” pretext; within twenty-four hours thirty-five thousand Japanese troops poured through Tientsin toward Peking. Everything was ready. Whether or not this Marco Polo incident of 1937 was, like the Mukden incident of 1931, made by local Japanese officers without knowledge of the Tokyo government, is unknown. In any case, the Tokyo government had no choice but to support what the army did.

Chiang Kai-shek kept his head. He still did not want to fight if warfare could be avoided. But he could not hold his own people back. This was quite a different matter from Manchuria and Jehol; here China proper—almost its heart—was involved. At Kuling, on July 16, he made a speech quite unlike any other he had addressed to the Japanese or to his own people. He demanded the evacuation of Japanese troops from the Peking area. He told the nation that it must fight or perish, if the Japanese did not withdraw. He did not propose to yield another inch. The Japanese replied by marching on Peking itself, which fell, without firing a shot, on July 29, 1937. Tientsin was taken the next day.

Then, just as in 1932, fighting recrudesced spontaneously in Shanghai. The Chinese were maddened by the events in the north. And fearing extension of the conflict, the Japanese had filled the Whangpoo river with warships. Large numbers of Chinese troops drew into the suburban area beyond Shanghai, though this was supposed to be demilitarized. A Japanese officer, in uniform, was discovered prowling near the Hungjao airdrome. This was a dangerous thing to do. He was challenged by a Chinese sentry, he shot the sentry, and then was shot himself. This was on August 9. Within two days a stream of Japanese

¹ There is a complete and concise account of the early part of the war in T. A. Bisson's *Japan in China*.

troop ships was converging on Shanghai. Fighting—real fighting—began.

In 1932 Chiang Kai-shek had been tempted to stand aside while the Nineteenth Route Army fought. This time he did not do so. He poured the best of his new army into the Shanghai area, and if the staff work had been better, his troops might have pushed the hard-pressed Japanese into the sea. The battle lasted till November 9. It was the biggest battle the world had seen since Verdun; Chinese casualties alone were calculated at not less than 450,000 in three months. Chinese resistance was stubborn, and the Japanese attack was violent; the Chinese receded, gave up the Shanghai triangle in November, and lost Nanking, the national capital, on December 13. There is fierce dispute among military folk as to whether Chiang, at such gigantic cost, should have attempted to hold Nanking. His German military mission thought not. He decided to try to save Nanking, no matter how many men he would lose, because of its emotional and historical importance.

For a long time experts said that the Japanese, by taking Nanking, had "lost the war." They had the bear—or dragon—by the tail; they could not go back, once they were so far inland; Chiang enticed them deeper and still deeper into the interior, which cost them tremendously in men and yen. They had to proceed to an attempt to *conquer* China. Most good observers do not think that, originally, the Japanese planned to attack Central China at all. They wanted to nip off the Five Northern Provinces once and forever; they didn't want a major war if a minor one could as easily serve their purpose. So Chiang initiated a process of what might be called attrition in reverse; he fought, he receded a little, he stood, he receded again, always with the object of making any Japanese advance extremely expensive. There was one early and important Chinese victory, at Taierchwang in Shantung, in March, 1938.

The primary Japanese objective during 1938 was junction of their northern armies, in the Hopei-Shantung area near the Yellow River, with their central army in the Yangtze Valley, based on Nanking. This was achieved by a long battle at Hsuchow, in May. The Japanese then gained control of the Lunhai railway, the great west-east Chinese railway (built and formerly administered by Belgians, incidentally); they began to push southwestward in a great expanding arc. Hankow, where the Generalissimo moved after the loss of Nan-

king, fell in October 1938. Chinese troops retreated west, and took up new positions in Szechwan. The guerrillas, meantime, fought hard in the north, and held most of Shansi. They developed the technique of getting the people to rise *behind* the Japanese front line.

But in October, 1938, the Chinese lost Canton. This was a crippling blow, more serious than the loss of Nanking and Hankow together. The great bulk of Chinese munitions had come from Hong Kong via Canton to Hankow, although the Japanese incessantly bombed the railroad. With Canton gone, this route was cut. The Japanese took Canton while Europe was recovering from the Munich crisis. The Chinese had not bothered to defend it seriously, never dreaming that Japan would invade China so far in the south and so close to Hong Kong and Kowloon, British territory. But the Japanese decided after Munich that the British no longer had the will—or power—to protect what had hitherto been considered their vital interests in the Far East. Mr. Chamberlain sold out Czechoslovakia at Munich; he very gravely damaged China too.

In the three and a half years since October 1938 the military position has undergone astonishingly little change. Towns have been brutally bombed, yes; villages have been sacked and burned, and thousands upon thousands of soldiers on both sides have departed to their ancestors; but the essential strategic picture remains very nearly what it was. The Japanese, in other words, have advanced hardly at all. In more than forty long months of fighting they have lost much—in guerrilla territory—and gained little. Despite unbelievable obstacles, the Chinese have held their own.

The chief Japanese victories have been the capture of Nanchang (way back in March 1939), of Swatow (June 1939), and of Ichang, near the Yangtze Gorges on the route to Chungking (June 1940). They pushed a small salient forward near Haiphong (in the extreme south near the Indo-Chinese frontier), and took Nanning, which the Chinese later recaptured. Three major attempts to cut the Canton-Hankow railway failed when the Chinese managed to hold the great city of Changsha in bloody fighting. The Japanese in Shansi tried again and again to cross the Yellow River in force, but without success. Even along the coast their control does not extend much beyond the periphery of the towns, largely because of the extreme efficacy of the Chinese “scorched earth” policy.

The Chinese succeeded in holding the Japanese back only at the

cost of murderous, appalling losses. Some estimates of total Chinese casualties, civilian and military, pass the two *million* mark. Japanese bombs brought death and torture to Chungking, the new capital, in particular degree; Chungking has been bombed more intensively than any city in the world. Yet it still stands. As an example, take the six days from August 8 to August 13, 1941. There were eighteen alarms during this period, occupying 70 hours; the Japanese used a hundred planes a day, and the bomb load amounted to 780,000 pounds. In one seventeen-month period—all over China—the Japanese made 3548 raids on 417 towns and cities in twenty provinces. Yet the Chinese fought right back.

A striking episode in 1939 was the so-called Tientsin incident, which marked a new development of Japanese policy not merely against China but against the western powers. The Japanese demanded that the authorities of the British Concession in Tientsin turn over to them four Chinese, who were accused of having assassinated a pro-Japanese official and who had taken refuge there. The British refused, whereupon the Japanese opened a boycott of the area. British civilians, including women, were stripped and beaten. The blockade went on for a few weeks, until finally the British gave in; later they gave up the four Chinese. At about the same time the Craigie-Arita formula was signed, which marked the highest point of British appeasement of Japan until the Burma Road was temporarily closed the following year. This "formula" came near to granting Japan belligerent rights in China.

In February 1940 the Japanese made a second attempt to call off the whole China war. (The first had come after the fall of Nanking in 1937.) The South China command addressed a formal proclamation to Chiang Kai-shek, asking him to surrender inasmuch as further resistance would be "futile"; the proclamation stated that the Japanese "had won sufficient areas in China for establishment of the new order in East Asia," and that negotiations were proceeding to set up a new "government" under Wang Ching-wei. The Japanese concluded, "In the future we will not expand our operations, but will await your offensive." The Chinese paid no attention, and kept on fighting.

In December 1941 the Chinese attacked the Japanese in the vicinity of Kowloon, in order to assist Britain in the shortlived defense of Hong Kong; in February 1942 they sent a number of troops to

Burma. At the same time they were still fighting off the Japanese on their own fronts. Such is Chinese stamina and vitality.

Totalitarian Paradox

In the early period of the war Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's German military advisers played a considerable rôle. Germany was already Japan's ally in the anti-Comintern pact, and Japan was engaged in a death struggle with China; one would normally have taken it for granted that Germany would assist Japan in every way. But in Hankow—in 1938—I found the amazing spectacle of a variety of Germans helping *China*, the enemy of their ally. What is more, I found Russians—aviators mostly—in Hankow also working on the Chinese side, fighting in coöperation with Germans against Japan. I blinked. The German military mission, the Russian aviation mission, were headquartered within a few blocks of one another—in the old Japanese concession! To preserve diplomatic proprieties, neither Germans nor Russians would admit that the others existed, and they never met officially.

German help to China came in several ways. It was so conspicuous when I was in Hankow that young Dr. Trautmann, the son of the German Ambassador to China, arrived from Berlin with a German Red Cross unit. The Chinese announced that \$500,000 worth of medical supplies were coming to China, donated by German factories and other organizations. Again, indispensable communications between various Chinese cities were provided mostly by German civil aviation. The Lufthansa Company operated Junker planes all over the west and southwest. I flew from Hong Kong to Hankow and back in a German plane, with a German pilot and Chinese radio operator. Again, until the fall of Canton, about sixty percent of all Chinese munitions came from—believe it or not—the German Reich.

Above all, there was the German military mission. This followed tradition. In 1928 or thereabouts the Generalissimo began to import officers from Germany to train his troops, and Colonel Max Bauer, General von Seeckt (former commander-in-chief of the Reichswehr), and General Baron von Falkenhausen, were successively in command. There were between sixty and seventy German officers in all, most of them retired from the Reichswehr, some trained by Lüdendorff, and superbly competent. Officially they were instructors, and in the first months of the war they whipped into shape thirty-one Chinese divi-

sions, 500,000 men. Also they were consultants; the Generalissimo saw how good their advice was when Nanking fell, and thereafter he followed them closely in strategy and tactics. German officers helped plan the Chinese victory at Taierchwang.

This exasperated the Japanese. It enraged them that their ally should thus help their enemy. Tokyo put pressure on Berlin, and after months of negotiation the German military mission was withdrawn. At about the same time (June 1938), German munitions shipments to China were sharply cut, and other manifestations of Reich influence gradually disappeared. But a handful of German officers of the military mission refused steadfastly to return home. They had signed contracts and sworn loyalty to China, and, good officers, they would not break their word. Some were anti-Nazi; they surrendered German citizenship, and stayed on with Chiang Kai-shek.

There was plenty of reason for German interest in China, for the long reluctance of Berlin to meet Japanese wishes. Germany does not, it might be said, passionately want Japan to conquer *all* of China. The Germans might not mind if the Japanese nipped off the Five Northern Provinces, but Japanese occupation of China as a whole did not suit German ambitions. First, it might cut down German trade with China, which was soaring until the war broke out. Second, the Germans did not want to see Japan weakened by a long and indecisive Chinese campaign. Third, the Germans probably had—and have—future ideas and ambitions about China themselves.

Outrages and the Panay Episode

"The Tokyo Foreign Office asks that the powers in China refrain from any action calculated to give misgivings to the Japanese forces. Anything that smacks of brute force is distasteful to the sensitive little fellows."

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

I have mentioned that I have seen Japanese soldiers, in uniform, beat helpless old women in the streets; I have mentioned the slaughter in Nanking, when civilians were executed—some burned alive, some tied in bundles and used for bayonet practice—by the thousand. Such things happen in warfare. Wars are unpleasant. There has never been a war without an atrocity. War itself is the atrocity. But the Japanese make war even more horrible than it usually is. Almost everywhere they have gone, they have burned, looted, raped, and murdered.

In Shanghai is one of the most extraordinarily gruesome sights in

the world. I have never seen anything to approach it. Parts of Chapei and Hongkew, where fighting was hottest, are in ruins paralleling those of the Western Front in France. The Japanese looted this area, which comprises several square miles, not merely of furniture, valuables, and household possessions, but of every nail, every window wire, every screw, bolt, nut, or key, every infinitesimal piece of metal they could lay hands on. Houses were ripped to pieces, then the whole region set on fire. No one lives in this charred ruin now. No one could. The Japanese have, however, maintained street lighting; the lighted avenues protrude through an area totally black, totally devoid of human life, like phosphorescent fingers poking into a grisly void.

What is known as the Garden Bridge separated this Japanese-occupied area from one rim of what was then the International Settlement proper. Barbed wire and sandbags protected it. Japanese sentries representing army, navy, and police stood at one end; British sentries were at the other. I have seen those tall Englishmen go white with rage as the Japanese, a few feet away, kicked coolies or slapped old men with bamboo poles; they could make no protest. The Japanese had—and of course now doubly have—life-and-death power over anyone in their area. Chinese, passing the Japanese sentries, had to bow ceremoniously, and doff their hats. Yet the Japanese—at the same time they might playfully prod a man across the bridge with their bayonets—said that they were in China to make friends of the Chinese people!

Lest it be thought that I exaggerate, I append the following Reuter's dispatch from Shanghai, of date March 30, 1938:

Feeling is running high in British military circles here today as a result of an incident which occurred this morning on a bridge over the Soochow Creek. . . . Japanese soldiers set upon and beat an old Chinese man who happened to be on the bridge, and then threw him over into the water.

The whole action was in full view of sentries of the Durhams, who were on duty at one end of the bridge. The British soldiers, unable to leave their posts, were compelled helplessly to watch the old man drown, while the Japanese soldiers laughed and cheered.

In Nanking a totally scrupulous American observer, arriving in April, saw decapitated bodies of Chinese servants still lying unburied in British compounds. They had lain there five months.

The single most famous Japanese outrage in the early part of the

war was the sinking of U. S. gunboat *Panay*, in the Yangtze a few miles above Nanking, on December 12, 1937—a year to a day after the Sian kidnaping. Aboard were American diplomatic and other officers rescued from beleaguered Nanking; the *Panay* was escorting three Standard Oil tankers, which provide a slight imperialist touch. The river had been extremely agitated for several days. On the 11th Japanese land forces fired on a British gunboat, the *Ladybird*, and two British officers went ashore to protest; other British ships, the *Scarab* and *Bee*, were attacked, but not sunk. The Japanese officer in command nearby was Colonel Hashimoto, who had organized a sub-Fascist party in Japan after he was (temporarily) discharged from the army for alleged participation in the 1936 mutiny. He said that he got orders from Shanghai to "clear the Yangtze of shipping." Later it was "explained" that the message reached him imperfectly, and that the word "enemy" before "shipping" had been omitted.

At 1:38 P.M. on December 12 the bombardment of the *Panay* began. Those aboard had seen Japanese planes circling above; they never dreamed, however, that they would be bombed. Though American flags were clearly visible, the attack continued until 3:54, when the *Panay*, blasted full of holes, finally sank. The Americans tried to beat off the attack with machine-gun fire: in other words, an actual military engagement between the armed forces of Japan and the United States took place. American survivors were machine-gunned as they took off in small boats to reach the shore; attacks continued even after they were on land, hiding in the freezing marshes. Extreme heroism was shown by the American commander, Captain J. J. Hughes, who suffered a broken thigh in the first bombardment, and by Lieut. A. F. Anders, who succeeded to the command. Anders, shot in the throat, could not talk. He then wrote his orders in chalk on the slanting, blistered deck—until he was shot in the wrist and could not write.²

The Japanese in Tokyo were terrified by possible *Panay* repercussions. They weren't ready—then—for war against the United States. They took up collections for the survivors, and paid on the nail the bill for \$2,214,007.36 submitted by the United States government. American officials in Tokyo thought immediately after the incident

² An Italian journalist was among those killed. He was a good Fascist even in death. He is quoted by an Italian comrade as having said that he died happy, in the conviction that Russians (!), not Japanese, had killed him. This of course is total nonsense.

that suspension of diplomatic relations was inevitable. The Japanese had been notified by Admiral Yarnell exactly where the *Panay* was—two hours before the attack began. It seemed wanton and deliberate. Motive for it was probably Face, plus jumpy nerves; the Japanese wanted to show the Chinese that they could afford to be contemptuous of white military power.

Another famous outrage was the shooting of the British Ambassador, Sir Hughe Knatchbull-Hugessen, on August 26. It is held, however, that he did not warn the Japanese military of his presence on the road that day, as he might have done. The Japanese were gunning for Chiang Kai-shek, who did pass down the same road a few hours later.

The Chinese Position: Supplies

Advantages to China in the prevailing deadlock are several. First, time is on the side of the Chinese, and time is a very important factor. The longer the war goes on, the better it is for China, because the standard of living in Japan is depressed every month the war continues, while the Chinese can—and do—live on the country and fight naked. Second, the Chinese army, rebuilt after sharp lessons and drastic reverses, has improved immeasurably, though it could be still better. Third, defense is less expensive than attack. The Japanese must *win* in order to win; the Chinese can, more or less, stand pat. Fourth, guerrilla warfare, as we know, has played havoc with Japanese communications and morale.

Perhaps the greatest advantage to China is the inordinately difficult military and administrative job facing the Japanese. The front runs 2,350 miles, and the Japanese are trying to hold eleven great provinces, covering at least 800,000 square miles, and with a population of at least 200,000,000 people. China, I heard it said, is like a blanket: the Japanese hold the seams, i.e., the canals, the railways, the rivers, the great cities. But to hold the seams is not enough. Japan has almost 1,000,000 troops below the Wall, and hesitates to increase this vast army, the upkeep of which costs money. There are another 350,000 above the Wall—the Kwantung army of occupation in Manchukuo and Mongolia—which costs money too. Another point is of course that the Japanese—since December 7, 1941—have been too busy elsewhere to give China much serious attention.

Disadvantages to China are several also. First, though the army

has improved greatly, not all of it is a first class fighting force. Chiang has about 2,500,000 men under arms, but only about one-half of these are capable of active front-line work. The Chinese army is composed partially of provincial levies, which differ considerably in quality. Some Kwangsi troops have been superb; some others have not been superb. Recruits do not spring from a well-integrated system of national conscription, and they are sometimes thrown into the front with insufficient training. It is, moreover, exceptionally difficult to weld different provincial units into a compact, cohesive, national force. After a battle divisions cannot be reformed of remnants of other divisions; troops from different areas may not speak the same dialect, may not even eat the same food. The greatest military problem in China is to melt and cast these varying strains into a single solid ingot. Another point is that the Chinese still lack aircraft and artillery, though their position is probably better in this respect than it has ever been before.

Second, financial considerations. China has lost all its important seaports, and most of its railways; it has lost its richest tax-collecting provinces, and 90 percent of the Maritime Customs. Almost sixty percent of Chinese revenue came normally from the Maritime Customs, and Japan now has the use of this. Finally, the Chinese export trade has severely suffered, and there is little silver left. One talks glibly of the economic drain in Japan. The economic drain in China is probably much worse, even though aid from America is coming.

Third, the matter of supplies. When I was in Hankow a man indisputably in a position to know said that the whole outcome of the war depended on supplies. For this reason among others the loss of Canton was so serious, as we have seen. The Canton-Hankow line had been the great trough for shipment of supplies. Another important route—lost since the Japanese occupation of Indo-China—was the French narrow gauge railway from Haiphong and Hanoi to Kunming, the capital of Yunnan. Now the Chinese have only one main route left, the old caravan road in the north, Sian-Lanchow-Urumchi, into the Soviet Union. I have already hinted at its difficulties. The route is long; much of it is across desert and difficult terrain; when supplies do reach Lanchow or Sian, they must be transshipped—again overland—to the central front, since the Japanese have cut the northern railroad. The Chinese have now got gasoline dumps along this road, and have worked heroically to improve it.

One should at least mention the celebrated Burma Road, though it

has been closed—temporarily at least—by the Japanese attack on Burma. Work on this road began late in 1937, and it was opened for traffic two years later. It runs through 726 miles of difficult country from Chungking through Kunming to Lashio, the railhead in Burma; a railway then connects it with Mandalay and Rangoon. Building the road was one of those feats that might truly be called superhuman, except that human beings—some 70,000 Chinese coolies—did it. Of course use of the road was attended by devastating inefficiency, corruption, governmental red tape, and plain sloppiness. In 1941 Daniel Arnstein, a former New York cab driver and transportation expert, inaugurated a hard-boiled new traffic system at the request of the Chinese government, and much new American equipment—including 4500 heavy duty trucks—is now in use. Unfortunately, just as parts of the road were paved and traffic was multiplying enormously, its egress—the port of Rangoon—was locked off by the Japanese drive into Burma.

Previously the Burma Road had been closed for three months from July 18 to October 18, 1940, as a result of one of the least pretty examples of *force majeure* on record. The Japanese had been pressing the British to halt shipments to China through Burma for months. The British were in an exceptionally uncomfortable position; they were reeling with post-Dunkirk shock, France had fallen, and the Battle of Britain was beginning. On June 24 the Japanese formally “demanded” that Great Britain close the Burma entrance to the road. The British hesitated, and on July 8 they rejected the demand; Tokyo then turned the screw and put on more pressure, and four days later the British succumbed, even though the United States served notice that it vigorously opposed such a capitulation. But the road was closed for three months only—during which peace maneuvers were to have been discussed—and in October (when the international picture was much brighter) it was opened again.

Lesson to appeasers: One reason why the British agreed to close the road was the thought that, if they did so, the “moderate” Japanese cabinet of Admiral Yonai would be strengthened against army extremists and would stay in power. This was futile—almost comically futile—reasoning. Four days after Britain agreed to close the road, Yonai resigned! The British (to say nothing of the Chinese) lost not only the Burma Road, but the Yonai government too.

An alternative route to the Burma Road exists, at least on paper, but it is almost inconceivably difficult. It may, however, turn out to

be the only route by which China can continue to receive munitions and supplies from India. This new Assam Road—which is not yet a road—will run from Sadiya in Assam through the Himalayas to Sikong and Chungking. Work was beginning in February 1942, with 120,000 coolies mobilized. But it will take many weary months to complete.

Finally, one must mention Chinese morale which is, in a word, magnificent. China is fighting for self-preservation, for national integrity and survival. Against almost inconceivable difficulties, the Chinese have put up a fight against the better equipped Japanese to make the imagination dance. The Japanese thought that the war would be over in three months. They know now that it may last interminable years more; they are talking of getting rid of the guerrillas in the north "in 1944." Bombs have brought Japan's menace into remote Chinese villages that had scarcely ever heard of Japan before. The Japanese have deliberately destroyed not less than fifty-four universities or seats of learning, burning the libraries, smashing the equipment,³ and refugee students have carried their story of renascent nationalism to the remotest parts of the interior. Boys in far-off Szechwan have volunteered for the national army by the thousands, and have marched barefoot to join the united command; in villages buried for generations, young men are training with broomsticks, cheering the name of Chiang Kai-shek, continuing to defend their country.

The Japanese Position

"He who rides the tiger may find it difficult to dismount . . . A dragon stranded in shallow water furnishes amusement for the shrimps."

—CHINESE PROVERBS

The immediate Japanese aim in 1942 remained what it has been for years. First, hold the China front and consolidate it. Second, exploit the occupied areas, so that China will in effect be made to pay for its own destruction. Behind these immediate aims are, of course, others: the Japanese want to prevent the unification of China, to attack western influence and prestige, and to get something *out of* the war, to derive concrete benefits to parade before its people. Also,

³ See the London *Times*, Jan. 3, 1939, for a horrifying account of these atrocities against the mind of man. In many instances Japanese aviators made raids on distant cities purely to destroy universities and especially libraries, which often contained irreplaceable material. In every city, the Japanese burn the books first.

since Pearl Harbor, the war in China is part of a larger strategic scheme.

Point One. The Japanese hold the great north-south railway from Peking to Canton at each end, and at Hankow in the middle. What they want is to gain complete control of this railway, so that their armies will have maneuverability, which the Chinese have not. They then hope to entrench immediately in front of this railway, and make it their impregnable Chinese frontier, above the Yangtze at least. Then, behind these entrenchments, they plan to turn backward, fight the war over again—in reverse—from the railway to the sea, and thus liquidate passive resistance, individual terrorism, and the guerrillas. This campaign, it is hoped, will give them complete military security. It will take a long time, since the railway itself is by no means entirely taken. Of course the Japanese would like to advance and take Chungking too—if they could. Meantime they do not envisage Chinese offensive power sufficient to throw them out. The Chinese, be it remembered, have very little aircraft and artillery—the weapons which an attacking army needs above all.

Point Two. Politically the Japanese are attempting to administer the conquered areas by puppet governments, which we shall inspect soon, while economically they exploit them by several agencies. The new "Federal Reserve Bank" has been set up, with capital furnished fifty percent by the Yokohama Specie Bank, though the Japanese barefacedly deny that they control it. It issues banknotes, paper *yuan* convertible into Japanese yen, with which it seeks to drive out Chinese dollars, which by fiat have been reduced forty percent in value. But the Chinese peasants will not sell their goods for *yuan*. What might be called a currency war developed—especially after Britain and the United States helped to prop up the legitimate Chinese dollar with heavy loans.

The Japanese—without much success—have tried to suck Chinese dollars, which are backed by silver, out of the peasantry. These they sold for foreign exchange, which drove the Chinese currency down. So China imposed a strict currency control, with British backing. This infuriated the Japanese against the British, even though the British coöperated with Japan in a new customs régime until 1941. Britain, Japan says, was the chief factor maintaining Chinese strength, first because of its support of Chinese currency, second because Hong Kong—British territory—became the Chinese capital so far as finance, supplies, trade, were concerned, as well as a perfect home for Chinese

officials who went in and out with impunity until the new war came and Hong Kong fell.

Two huge mechanisms of industrial exploitation have been set up by Japan in conquered territory, the North China Development Company (capital 350,000,000 yen, half of which was contributed by the Japanese government), and the Central China Development Company (capital 110,000,000 yen). Both are under the supervision of the "China Affairs Board" in Tokyo, which is controlled by the army and which froze the Foreign Office out of control of Chinese affairs. These companies will attempt to develop electric power in China, build up transport, collect crops, manufacture salt, explore mineral deposits, and otherwise assimilate the country. The idea is to transform China into a solid Japanese monopoly, with the Open Door shut, and foreign business as far as possible excluded. Thus the Yangtze has remained closed and Canton has been cut off. The best Chinese weapon of resistance to this plan of economic conquest has been the "scorched earth" policy. Rather than turn over their industries to Japan, the retreating Chinese burn the factories if they cannot move them. The textile mills at Tsingtao were burned, with a loss of \$100,000,000 (Chinese). Rather than let the Japanese feed on their crops, the Chinese burn the fields.

The material damage caused by the war is all but incalculable. About seventy percent of Chinese industry has been destroyed or taken over by the Japanese; industrial damage in the Shanghai area alone is stated to be \$600,000,000. Above and beyond this staggering dislocation is human suffering almost without parallel in history. I do not mean military casualties, which are considerable enough. I mean refugees. We have heard of several kinds of European refugees. In China, in the Shanghai-Nanking area alone, there are sixteen *million* refugees; sixteen *million* men, women, and children have had to flee for their lives, permanently displaced, forced out of their miserable homes, destitute, shattered, starving.

The Trek to the West

"The journey of a thousand miles begins with one step."

—LAO-TSE

By the "Trek to the West" China is attempting to retrieve itself. The Long March of the Red Army was a very considerable achievement; a hundred thousand men crossed China to create new life. The Trek to the West is more diffuse, and much bigger. Against unbe-

lievable obstacles, pushed from the splintered ruins of their homes, their mangled dead behind, penniless, with their lives ruined by the Japanese, several million refugees set out from the sea coast and the Yangtze provinces, walked a thousand miles westward, and started to build a new China in the undeveloped west. This migration is comparable to nothing except the march to the west in American frontier days, and has produced strikingly analogous episodes of heroism and endurance, determination and recuperative ingenuity and sacrifice.

Details would demand a whole chapter. The remnants of the old universities are consolidating into new institutions of learning. Old railways have been torn up, and the actual rails carried by terrible physical labor by patriotic coolies to safety in the west, where they are used for new railways. Several hundred industrial enterprises have been bodily moved, machinery and all, and are laboriously being set up and made to work in cities hundreds of miles from their original location. New highways are planned and built. Resources—especially gold in Szechwan, tin in Yunnan—are being explored. Rewi Alley, a young New Zealander, formerly an inspector of factories in the Shanghai International Settlement, organized the "Chinese Industrial Cooperatives" which are functioning well and proudly almost everywhere in free Chinese territory.

Moving the factories was a heroic undertaking. Difficulties were not always technical. One big cotton mill in Hankow refused to move, or to make any provision for its several thousand workers after the Japanese occupation. Arrangements had to be made in haste, as the Japanese were closing in on the city. The government asked the factory to dismantle its machinery. The factory refused. It happened that labor conditions were particularly bad in this factory. One morning at 5 A.M., Madame Chiang appeared just as the night shift was going home, the day shift going on duty. She appealed to the workers, and her intervention was so spectacular that the factory was forced to move.

The Cooperatives should have further brief word. The problem was a simple one, and, like so many simple problems, heartbreaking: how to give livelihood to the refugees, and at the same time augment industrial production to replace war losses. The British Ambassador, Sir Archibald Clark Kerr, Madame Chiang and Dr. Kung, journalists like Edgar Snow and Nym Wales, Rewi Alley and others, put their heads together. What came out was "Indusco," as the Cooperatives are commonly called. And what came out was something that might

fairly be called "guerrilla industry." There are about 3000 Cooperatives functioning now, at work in deserted houses, caves, anywhere, with 80,000 men and women members. They produce everything from surgical gauze to matches, from army blankets to tooth powder. Their achievement is considerable, and their potentiality enormous.

Peace and Deadlock

When the Japanese captured Nanking in 1937 they thought that Chiang Kai-shek, having lost his capital, would sue for peace. He did not do so, and cautiously the German Ambassador, Dr. Trautmann, acting as an intermediary for the Japanese, presented their "peace terms." Madame Chiang, who received him, did no more than glance at the document. She said quietly, "It is pleasant to see you again, Mr. Ambassador. Might I ask—how are your charming children?" There was no more talk of peace.

The Japanese, as noted in Chapter I above, were furious; they "withdrew recognition" from Chiang Kai-shek, and from that day to this have refused to concede that he exists, except to say that they will behead him like a common criminal if they catch him. In December 1938 the Japanese announced their peace terms, including (1), Chinese recognition of Manchukuo and adherence to the Anti-Comintern pact; (2), Inner Mongolia to become a special "anti-communist" area; (3), Japanese troops to be stationed in various parts of China; (4), opening up of China—especially Inner Mongolia and the Five Northern Provinces—to Japanese development; (5), abolition of the Kuomintang. To this the Chinese made no answer; such "terms" were impossible to answer.

The present position is, as we know, an almost total stalemate. The Japanese are not strong enough to push the Chinese into Sinkiang or Tibet; the Chinese are not strong enough to push the Japanese into the sea. Meantime the Japanese must face the united and regenerated force of the Chinese nation. They are fighting a people that have never before been permanently beaten.

Since December 1941 the Chinese have become, as everyone knows, official allies of the United States and Great Britain. The "A.B.C.D." powers formed a military council in Chungking, and General Wavell and General Brett visited the Generalissimo; in February 1942 the United States loaned China \$500,000,000. The China war has, in a word, become merged in the larger war. On its outcome the fate of more than merely Asia rests.

Chapter XVII

Chinese Generals and Politicians

Better a diamond with a flaw than a pebble without.

—CONFUCIUS

THE Kuomintang (pronounced "Gwomindong"), the single political party which rules Chinese China, is now headed by Chiang Kai-shek in person. I have sketched briefly its origins under Dr. Sun Yat-sen, who founded it among Chinese political refugees in Japan, and who established the Three People's Principles (nationalism, democracy, people's livelihood). "Kuo" means country, "min" means people, "tang" means party. The Kuomintang—in theory at least—is the supreme authority in China, since it appoints the government. It is the Chinese equivalent of totalitarian parties elsewhere.

It differs from other mass parties, however, very widely; indeed it is unique among them. First, it stands for democracy as one of its three major tenets; it considers itself the repository of the ideals of the Chinese revolution, which it hopes to develop gradually: not by a process of crude dictatorship but by organic evolution. It is not, like the communist party in Russia, a close-packed nucleus of the devout; it is not, like the Nazi party in Germany, a mass ballyhoo movement. Although it dominates the Chinese government, cabinet ministers do not have to belong to it. Anyone who wishes may become a member if he has a satisfactory sponsor and record; no one is compelled to join. There are no dues, and few duties except to memorize the will of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, which reads as follows:

For forty years I have devoted myself to the cause of National Revolution, the aim of which is to secure for China a position of independence and equality among nations. The accumulated experience of these forty years has fully convinced me that to attain this goal it is necessary to awaken the mass of our own people and associate ourselves with those peoples of the world who treat us on a footing of equality in the common struggle.

The Revolution is not yet achieved. Let all my comrades follow my writings, "Plans for National Reconstruction," "Fundamentals of National Reconstruction," "Three Principles of the People," and the

Manifesto issued by the First National Congress of the Party, and work unceasingly for their consummation. Above all, the convocation of a People's Convention and the abolition of unequal treaties, which I have recently advocated, should be accomplished with the least possible delay. This is my will and behest.

I heard widely varying estimates of Kuomintang membership; most insiders think it has perhaps a million men, of whom some 20,000 are the active cadre. Membership is semi-secret. There is very little feeling, however, between members and non-members, nothing remotely like that separating sheep from goats, party members from non-party members, in Germany or the Soviet Union. I dined several times with both Kuomintang and non-Kuomintang men at the same table; all laughed together, and even joked about party membership. In July 1938 a Peoples Political Council was organized to "democratize" the organization, with Chiang Kai-shek as chairman.

The Kuomintang is organized rather like the communist party in the U.S.S.R., though its spirit is different in that it is not an exclusive party. The highest organ is the Party Congress, which meets every two years. This delegates authority to two standing committees, the Central Executive Committee, which carries out the decisions of the Congress, and the Central Supervisory Committee, which has advisory powers. From these a smaller group derives, the Central Political Council, which handles routine and current business. Responsible to these organizations in a closely interlocked pattern is the actual Government of China, which is composed of five broad councils, or "Yuans."

The war inevitably led to creation of auxiliary organizations. It was urgently necessary to centralize control. Thus the Kuomintang appointed a Supreme War Council, and the Government established a Supreme Council of National Defense, of which Generalissimo Chiang is chairman. An offshoot of the Supreme Council of National Defense is the all-important National Military Council, which the Generalissimo also heads, and which supervises the activity of military branches of the government.

The Yuan system was invented by Dr. Sun Yat-sen. It took over from Chinese tradition, borrowed ideas from the Soviet Union and the West, and was in general a broad, fluid series of channels through which Chinese administration could learn to develop. One should remember that China never had a political party in the Western sense

of the term until 1911; China became a republic overnight, after having been a decadent empire for centuries. Dr. Sun had to feel his way with caution. His whole idea was to *prepare* the people for self-government. China is the only great country in the world which has never had an election. It has never had a real parliament.

Of the five yuans which comprise the government the first, the Executive Yuan, is the cabinet. We call Chiang Kai-shek the prime minister or premier of China; in Chinese diction he is simply chairman of the Executive Yuan of the National Government. It meets every Tuesday morning. Second, Legislative Yuan. This is the vestigial legislative body from which a true national parliament was to arise. It is empowered to initiate legislation, but has little actual power. Third, Judicial Yuan. This was to create a judicial system consonant with the times. Fourth, Examination Yuan. An obvious offshoot of the old examination system, it was to build up the civil service anew. Fifth, Control or Supervisory Yuan, a general overlapping body to correlate activity and enforce discipline among public servants.

Politics in China is inveterately personal, and personalities rather than issues dominate the Kuomintang and the Five Yuans. The Kuomintang is full of competing cliques and counter-cliques, which sometimes merge, then separate again. Since the war with Japan cliquism has diminished, perhaps, but at least half a dozen special groups may be distinguished.

1. The National Salvation group. This is dominated by Madame Sun Yat-sen, and is strongly left wing. Groups of National Salvationists, especially students, began the revival against Japan in the north in 1935, as noted above. This was in a sense the origin of the United Front.

2. The Cantonese group, also markedly left wing, led by Sun Fo, the son of Sun Yat-sen by his first wife. T. V. Soong and other strongly anti-Japanese politicians are members of this group. For a long time it violently opposed Chiang, since it wanted cessation of the civil wars and unity against Japan.

3. The "C. C." or "Chen Brothers" group, which for some years was the Tammany Hall of the Kuomintang. It is strongly on the right; it led the fight against the communists, and was closely associated with the big merchants, *compradores*, Chinese bankers and so on in Shanghai and the treaty ports. It has diminished in influence

lately, partly because the Japanese have occupied its strongholds, Kiangsu and Chekiang.

4. The "Political Study" or "Political Science" clique. This is very fluid, very personal; it is important, but it is difficult to tell what it stands for. Its leader is General Chang Chun, a former foreign minister; for a long time it tended toward conciliation with Japan, and is still very anti-Red. A great many Chinese politicians, as we shall see, are Japanese-educated; most of them belong to this "Political Science" group.

5. The "Whampoa" group, which is composed mostly of officers trained by Chiang Kai-shek (and General Bluecher in the early days) at the Whampoa military academy near Canton. Several are classmates of officers now with the Red or Eighth Route Army. Basically they have been a neutral officers' cadre, slightly on the anti-Red side. The leader is the well known general Chen Cheng.

6. The Western Hills group, which had headquarters near Peking, and which is now almost extinct. It was led by Chang Chi, and was violently right wing and reactionary. It associated with a pro-Japanese group outside the Kuomintang, the Anfus, from which most Japanese puppets in China come.

These groups, dissimilar as they may seem, have a common denominator, in that all have the same single ambition: to gain power by being closest to Chiang Kai-shek.

At this point one should mention the Blue Shirts, which are in effect Chiang Kai-shek's *own* clique, muscle men, private army, GPU, and Gestapo. Something to note: they do not wear blue shirts. The term blue shirt is, in fact, a loose translation of Lan Yi Shih, which correctly means "blue clothes"; the name was chosen because blue is the national color, and most Chinese wear blue blouses. The organization began in 1932, when Chiang's influence over the Kuomintang seemed momentarily waning; the party was riven by dissension, and he thought he could hold it together—and keep his own power—only by the most hard-boiled means.

The Blue Shirts have lost some of their importance, because their main function was to root out and destroy Reds. After the United Front the Reds were not molested as before, and the Blue Shirts—especially with a war going on—turned to other work. A detachment of Blue Shirts went with Chiang—as it accompanies him every-

where—to Sian, under the supreme Blue Shirt leader Tai Li, one of the most important men in China.¹ There the Young Marshal dared to seize and shoot several of them, which caused the organization to lose face severely, and is incidentally one of the reasons why the Young Marshal is still in "voluntary" confinement. The Blue Shirts won't let him go.

The Blue Shirts began frankly as a terrorist semi-Fascist organization. Some members were renegade communists; others, in disguise, were *real* communists—Reds inside the Blue—who became counter spies, and risked not only their lives but terrible torture to get inside the Blue Shirt organization. An early Blue Shirt exploit was the murder of Yang Chien, the secretary of the Academia Sinica and a friend of Madame Sun Yat-sen's. For a long time what remained of white terror in China was in Blue Shirt hands. . . . The Blue Shirt organization is one of the few really hush-hush things in China. Not only are its present status and duties obscure, but it is even denied that it continues to exist. All Chinese smile politely when you mention Blue Shirts, and change the subject—after looking covertly behind the door. *Asia Magazine* published an article about the Blue Shirts once, whereupon *Asia* was suppressed in China for some months; and a high Chinese official in New York demanded that *Asia* retract. He said that the Blue Shirts were a myth.

Finally, a word on secret societies, which at one time flourished widely in China, though they seldom had the importance of secret societies, the Black Dragon for instance, in Japan. The most important is the Ching-Pang, Blue Society or Green Society depending on taste, since *Ching* means literally "middle color" and can be translated as either blue or green. Another is the Hung-Pang, Red Society. The Green Society, of which Chiang Kai-shek was reputedly a member for some years, flourished in the French Concession in Shanghai, though the organization was on a national basis. It was anti-communist, anti-labor, anti-Japanese; it had patriotic aims, an interest in opium, and not too scrupulous methods. For years its leader was Chen Chi-mei, the political boss of Shanghai and uncle of the Chen brothers who formed their own clique in the Kuomintang. It was this elder Chen who was an early patron of Chiang Kai-shek and who started him on the practical road to being Generalissimo.

¹ Unofficially he is head of the secret police. He was educated, somewhat fittingly, in Germany.

Two on the Top

We have talked of Chiang Kai-shek and the Young Marshal, of Madame Chiang and Madame Sun Yat-sen, of Dr. H. H. Kung and T. V. Soong, of the Red leaders Mao Tse-tung and Chu Teh. These might be called the eight most important individuals in China,² though two more names should belong to any dominant list, the Kwangsi generals Pai and Li. These eight—or ten—outstanding names are by no means the only names in China that count. There are a great many other Chinese of important personal and political distinction.

From the hierarchical point of view we should begin at the top, that is, with the venerable Lin Sen who is President of the National Government. His importance is nominal; he is Kalinin to Stalin, or King Victor Emmanuel to Mussolini. President Lin, a native of Fukien, was born in 1864; he lived in California for many years, and returned to China in 1911 to join Sun Yat-sen's revolution. He has been a good Kuomintang wheelhorse ever since, and was elected to his present post in reward for a career remarkably free from intrigue or ambition. He is a frugal man, who once wore one pair of foreign shoes for five years. The peasants call him Lin "Hu-ts" (whiskers), because he has a dangling white beard. Once, tramping up the mountain walk to Chiang's house in Kuling, he sat on a stone bench to rest, and scribbled on it, "Those who have concubines, do not sit." His salary is \$800 (Chinese), or \$64 U. S. per month.

A quite different type of man is Sun Fo, known as the "Crown Prince." He was born in Kwangtung in 1891, the only son of Sun Yat-sen by his first wife. This old lady is still alive, a recluse in Macao (Portuguese territory near Hong Kong); the great Doctor divorced her to marry the marvelous Soong sister now known as Madame Sun Yat-sen. In reality, two Madame Sun Yat-sens exist. The elder one, Sun Fo's mother, is a Baptist (the Soongs are Methodist); the old lady lives quietly, has no interest in politics, and is a simple, pleasant character.

Sun Fo went to school for a time in Hawaii, then at the University of California and Columbia University. He returned to China in 1917 to assist his father, whose secretary he became; later he was mayor of Canton, minister of railways, and president of the Legislative Yuan,

² Note that five of these eight belong to a single family group, Generalissimo and Madame Chiang, Madame Sun Yat-sen, Dr. Kung, and T. V. Soong.

which post he still holds. He will, it is assumed, be the next deputy leader—under Chiang Kai-shek—of the Kuomintang. Sun Fo's allegiance to Chiang has been by no means uncheckered, however. For a brief interval he managed to squeeze him out as prime minister, and in 1930 he was sympathetic to the "Northern Coalition" which made war on him. Sun Fo has always been a radical. He wanted to fight the Japanese, not the Reds. He is to-day very close to the United Front. In 1938 he made two trips to Moscow, seeking to arrange closer Sino-Soviet coöperation.

The Japanese dislike Sun Fo intensely, though once—when his temporary opposition to Chiang Kai-shek made it necessary for him to get out of China quickly—they flew him out. This was in 1930. Times change. In August 1938 one of the airliners jointly operated by China and Pan American Airways was shot down by Japanese, and the fourteen passengers killed. This was one of the first civil airplanes that the Japanese ever attacked; the reason, it is believed, is that they thought Sun Fo was a passenger.

Sun Fo is an intelligent man, pleasant in appearance, rich, cultivated, ambitious. He may go far. But, like Lin Sen, he is not a general; he has no army, and for this reason it is difficult for him to retain really high office except by the favor of others.

The Kwangsi Twins

These are among the finest and ablest men in China, or for that matter anywhere. The two Kwangsi generals, Li Tsung-jen (pronounced "Lee Tsung-ren") and Pai Chung-hsi ("Buy Joong-shee") have had such inseparable careers that they are usually spoken of together as a joint entity like Hindenburg-Ludendorff; like the Red generals Mao Tse-tung and Chu Teh, they are sometimes thought of as actually the same person, under the name "Li-pai." They are significantly complementary. Li is a plain man, unpolished; Pai is more sophisticated. Li has been called the iron fist inside Pai's silk glove. Li is older, and remains senior in rank; Pai does more work in the field, and is in active command.

The importance of these two generals is simple, and may be simply expressed. First, they are probably the best officers Chiang has. Second, their army is uncontestedly the best in China for general operations, better even than the Red Army, which specializes in guerrilla warfare. Li and Pai are poor men, intensely honest, hard-working,

and patriotic. Once, angry because Chiang Kai-shek was wavering before Japan, they seceded in their stronghold Kwangsi³ and set up a virtually independent régime. Immediately after the Marco Polo incident they offered themselves and their armies to the United Command. Pai—who had formerly been Chiang's indispensable assistant—flew to Nanking; he had not shaken hands with the Generalissimo for eight long years. Promptly Chiang made him deputy chief of staff of the national army, which he still is.

Li Tsung-jen looks like a hard-bitten and husky Mongoloid long-shoreman. He was born in 1890, a native of Kwangsi. In his early days he was—something unusual among Chinese—a gymnasium instructor. By 1925 he had joined the revolution, and he became one of Chiang's best soldiers. Three things distinguished him, as they distinguished Pai, from the old-style Chinese military: he was not in the business of feathering his own nest, he was not "squeezing" for himself; he had real military training under actual combat conditions; he had a firmly integrated political ideal—the unification of China against Japan. Good observers call Li "the most sincere man in China."

General Pai Chung-hsi was born in 1893. Like Li, he went to the Paoting Military Academy, and promptly joined the revolution. He is a Moslem: which gives him special and particular importance. During the present war he took a long trip through Kansu and the Northwest, sounding out Moslem opinion and counteracting Japanese propaganda, seeking to keep the Mohammedans safe for China in the critical region where they control the supply route to the U.S.S.R. He is the only man in China, it is said, who has dared to countermand Chiang's military orders in the field if he thinks them incorrect. He is called the best professional strategist in the Chinese army.

I have mentioned in Chapter XII that incredible campaign in 1927-28 when Chiang Kai-shek, marching north, performed one of the most extraordinary of modern military feats by capturing Shanghai, Nanking, Hankow, Peking, and thus unifying China provisionally. Let us not detract from the splendid fixity of vision and organizing skill which directed that accomplishment. Let us also say, however, that very nearly all the actual fighting was done by Pai and Li. They led their hard-bitten and beautifully disciplined southern troops into the Chekiang area; Li took Shanghai (with Pai an inch behind

³ The only province in China with universal conscription, incidentally.

him), and Pai beat off the northern war lords later; together they took the Wuhan cities; Pai got actually beyond Peking, the first Chinese in more than a generation to push through the Great Wall, and reach the borders of Manchuria.

Pai Chung-hsi has at times attacked the Reds, though he winked at their passage through a part of his Kwangsi domain during the Long March, on severe conditions. The story is told that he once saved the life of Chou En-lai, the communist intermediary at Sian, whom he admired. Chou was caught in one of Pai's early purges. Pai knew who he was, though Chou had taken another name. Pai arranged to sit in justice on him himself, and let him go. He never revealed Chou's identity, which would have made his execution unavoidable if it had become known publicly.

General Pai thinks that the war will last three more years, and he said recently that China has supplies ample for that time. If Chiang Kai-shek should by some misfortune be eliminated, opinion is general that Pai is overwhelmingly the strongest candidate as his military successor. If the Japanese could buy off Pai and Li—they have tried hard with no success—China might meet disaster.

Chen Cheng and Chang Chun

These two Chinese generals, both of cardinal importance, are confusingly similar in name. Arriving in China, I had two dominant ambitions: first, interview Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, the Soong family, and the Red Army leaders; second, learn to tell Chen Cheng and Chang Chun apart. The pronunciation of their names is almost identical.

General Chen Cheng is, I have mentioned, the leader of the Whampoa Officers group in the Kuomintang. He is also former military commander of the Hankow area, minister of political training in the National Military Council, and an ex-vice-minister of war. He combines very strong party affiliations with military strength, though he has no army of his own. He was born in 1900 and looks unbelievably youthful. The Generalissimo likes him extremely, and acted as personal go-between or matchmaker for his marriage; he was captured with Chiang at Sian. It is generally believed that he has been chosen by the Generalissimo to be his political successor. Most people in China would say that he was No. 2 to Chiang in a political sense, as Pai is No. 2 militarily.

General Chang Chun is a former mayor of Greater Shanghai, a former foreign minister, a secretary general to the Military Council, and at present the vice president of the Executive Yuan, that is assistant prime minister. He is very close to Chiang Kai-shek. They met in Japan in 1910, returned to China together to join the revolution, and have been good friends ever since. His wife is a Christian. His tenure as foreign minister (1935-37) was extremely difficult; he was continually pressed by Japan to make concessions, while his own people called him pro-Japanese.

Four More Chens

The Chen brothers, leaders of the "C. C." clique in the Kuomintang and nephews of the old Shanghai millionaire and Green Society leader who gave Chiang Kai-shek his start, are a waning influence nowadays, though for a long time they were the party bosses; in the Nanking era the Chen boys really ruled the Kuomintang. Chen Kuo-fu, the elder, was born in 1892, and for a time was in the exchange business in Shanghai; he helped finance Chiang Kai-shek and became governor of Kiangsu. Chen Li-fu is seven years younger, and is minister of education. In *Who's Who in China* it is said that "he is the founder of a new system of philosophy based on Sun Yat-sen's teachings and set forth in a two-volume work" that has sold 100,000 copies. He was the main organizer of Madame Chiang's New Life Movement, the attempt to create an antidote to warlordism in the shape of Y.M.C.A. uplift. Both Chen brothers, as befits party bosses, are public-shy, and both are fiercely anti-Red.

Another Chen, Eugene Chen or Chen Yu-jen, is the furthest possible contrast from those above. He was born in the British West Indies of mixed blood, in 1878, and became world famous in 1927 as foreign minister of the Hankow government dominated by Borodin and later overthrown by Chiang Kai-shek. Born and educated abroad, he does not know the Chinese language well. A violent radical, something of a bombast, a careerist politician, he is not popular these days, though he was reinstated into the Kuomintang in July 1938, along with Chou En-lai, Mao Tse-tung, and others who had been in the wilderness for long years. Eugene Chen was foreign minister in three different Chinese governments, but never in the National Government since the Kuomintang turned Right: first in Hankow, then in Canton during a short-lived Cantonese independent régime in 1931, then in

1933 in Fukien when the radical 19th Route Army set up a government there. Chen has one considerable achievement to his credit: he negotiated what is known as the Chen-O'Malley Agreement whereby the British voluntarily gave up their concession in Hankow—something it is not always easy to persuade the British to do. Chen has several interesting children, including a boy, Jack, who is one of the best political cartoonists in China, and a girl, Sylvia, who is a talented dancer. He flits in and out of China. Whenever he returns, people say that something must be in the wind, since he has a great reputation as a trouble-shooter.

Another Chen, and one widely variegated from the rest, is Chen Tu-hsiu, born in Anhwei in 1879; he was one of the organizers of the communist party in China and its secretary general for some years. Later he took a Trotskyist position, and was known as the chief Trotskyist in China. He is a literary man and great scholar, educated in France. In 1932 he was arrested, and after a sensational trial sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment. Later he was released.

There are 131 different Chens, Chengs, Chuns, and Chungs in the Chinese *Who's Who*. Many deserve a word. But we must press on.

Ambassador Dr. Hu Shih

"Our armies are now undergoing the hardships and trials of China's Valley Forge."

—DR. HU SHIH

I began this chapter by stating that many more important Chinese remain to be discussed; I might have added that almost beyond doubt the single most distinguished living Chinese, from any point of view not narrowly political, is some one so far scarcely mentioned in this book, Dr. Hu Shih (pronounced "Hoo Shur"), the Chinese Ambassador to the United States. It is an impertinence to attempt to compress his life in a paragraph or two. I must, however, give the bare facts.

Charming like almost all Chinese, convivial, graceful, a realist, Dr. Hu Shih is father of what is called the Chinese Renaissance, the literary and social movement which came after the fall of the Manchus, and which complemented and assisted Dr. Sun's political revolution. As with most great movements, its driving line was simple. Dr. Hu had started learning Chinese when he was three, and knew thousands of characters at ten; he remained appalled at the enormous, the inconceivable difficulties and multiplicities of the language. So he popu-

larized the use of Pai-hua, the simplified spoken tongue I have already mentioned. He sought to give his people a simple language they could learn easily and understand easily, one they could *use*. Pai-hua spread, as Dr. Hu and his disciples wrote poems and philosophies in it, instead of in the intolerably obscure and complex *wen-li*. This attempt by Hu Shih to simplify Chinese may rank historically with the reformation of English by Chaucer, or with the replacement of Latin by French in Europe after the Middle Ages.

Hu Shih is one of those extraordinary men starred by fortune from the beginning, and endowed with intellectual strength of an almost abnormal nature. A man like the Christian general, Feng Yu-hsiang, is a physical giant; so, literally, Hu Shih is a mental giant—though he is not a monstrosity like Feng.

He was born in Shanghai in 1891. His father was an elderly scholar and geographer; his mother, the father's third wife, was much younger, under twenty when he was born. The father died when he was three; to his mother he says he owes "everything." At twelve the youthful prodigy had memorized most of the Chinese classics—a feat comparable, say, to memorizing Shakespeare, Dante, Milton, Lucretius, Racine—and sought new intellectual worlds. His family was poor; he had to support himself and his mother by teaching, and he became a journalist. He got a scholarship for study abroad, and went, of all places, to the agricultural school at Cornell University; he thought that China might be regenerated by scientific agriculture, and decided to become a farmer! He began, however, to read western political and philosophical works—incidentally discovering on reading Darwin that his own name meant "survival of fittest"—and left Cornell for Columbia, where he studied philosophy and literature. Here he came strongly under the influence of John Dewey. In 1914 he wrote a prize winning paper on Robert Browning; in 1917 his Ph.D. thesis at Columbia was "The Development of Logical Method in Ancient China," which promptly became a classic. Hu found himself famous—almost. He returned to China, wrote vastly (confounding the critics by producing excellent verse in the vernacular language), and began to be interested in politics. Variously he was professor of philosophy in Peking University, author of an immense work on Chinese philosophical history, editor of a weekly political newspaper called the *Endeavor*, an indefatigable lecturer and political theorist, and (1927-30), president of the China National Institute at Woosung.

He traveled abroad, wrote twelve volumes of collected essays, began a translation of Shakespeare into Chinese, published other literary works, edited another magazine known as the *Independent Critic*, and in 1931 became Dean of the School of Literature in Peking University. Though he was not a member of the Kuomintang (which indeed he had often severely criticized), and though he had never held a political post, he was named Chinese Ambassador to the United States in 1937. When the Japanese heard of his appointment, they decided to send "three" Japanese ambassadors to Washington, in order to match his prodigious energy and talent.

Do not think from this sketch that Dr. Hu is an ivory tower type of student, a recluse. On the contrary. He is crammed with enjoyment of life. He loves to talk, have dinner parties, and meet friends, and he is devoted to his family.

China has been particularly rich in her ambassadors. There is Dr. Alfred Sze, who competently represented China at the League of Nations, and the learned Dr. C. T. Wang, who was Hu Shih's predecessor at Washington. Then consider Quo Tai-chi, one of the most engaging of all Chinese; quick-witted, brilliant with humor, an astute and incisive politician. He was once editor of the *Pennsylvanian* at the University of Pennsylvania, once secretary and publicity director to Sun Yat-sen. He was a delegate to the Paris peace conference, president of a university, and then Ambassador to London and foreign minister. He is now diplomatic representative on the National Defense Council.

The Ambassador to London at present is the positively mythical Dr. Wellington Koo, who—quite aside from his accomplishments in China—has been called the most brilliant student in the history of Columbia University. In three years he won both B.A. and M.A. degrees with various honors, and found time on the side to run the debating team and edit the *Columbian* and *Spectator*, two of the university publications. His LL.D. (Causa honoris) is from Yale. Dr. Koo became Chinese minister to the United States at the unearthly age of twenty-seven. He brought China into the League—which later let China down. His career has been greatly assisted by his competent and beautiful wife.

Wangs and Hos

There are several million Wangs in China; there are several hundred Wangs in the Chinese *Who's Who*.⁴ Let us mention just one at this point—Dr. Wang Chung-hui, the ex-minister for Foreign Affairs in the National Government. A scrupulously devoted public servant, his record goes back a long way. He went to Yale, co-edited the journal of the American Bar Association, progressed to England, and was called to the Bar of the Inner Temple. He was several times Chinese minister of justice, and for some years served on the Permanent Court of International Justice at The Hague. Dr. Wang is an intensely shy man, a trifle bowed, with a passion for detail and great love for his work. As wartime foreign minister he did not, unfortunately, have a great deal of attractive work to do.

General Ho Ying-chin is minister of war. His importance is largely titular. I have heard him described as a jellyfish. He was born in Kweichow, in the far southwest, in 1889; his courtesy name has charm—Chin-chin. He is another of the group of early friends of Dr. Sun educated in Japan; his record of military activity is long, and he is conspicuous in having never once swerved in loyalty to Chiang Kai-shek. For some years a member of the "Political Science" clique of the Kuomintang, he wanted conciliation with Japan; it was he who, as minister of war, signed the Ho-Umedzu Agreement opening up part of north China to Japanese penetration. But, obeying Chiang Kai-shek who at that time was following an apparently pro-Japanese policy, he had no choice. He was the leader of the Nanking group which most strenuously wanted to rescue Chiang from the Sian kidnapers by force of arms.

Another Ho is General Ho Chien, ex-governor of Hunan, and minister of the interior. He was born in Hunan in 1887, and has literary pretensions; he is the author of a book called "The Five Human Relationships and the Eight Virtues." For some years General Ho Chien was Commander-in-Chief of the First Route Army of Communist Suppression Forces; as such he was the most merciless of all the anti-Red generals; the communists say that in his native province alone he caused to be executed not less than 20,000 people. He has one of the cruelest faces I have ever seen.

⁴ Exactly as in the American *Who's Who* there are 281 Smiths.

The Capone of Shanghai

This is an engaging ruffian. I have heard him called "the most interesting man" in China. He is variously known as Dou Yung, Dou Yu-seng, Tu Yeh-sheng, and Tu Tu-hseng; he was for years the opium boss of Shanghai, and he built up a colossal fortune from the narcotic traffic. He is in his late forties, and was a potato vendor by origin. He has, of course, lived down his salad days; his occupation is officially given as "banker and public welfare worker," which is indeed correct, since he is president of a very important local bank, the Chung Wai Bank, and is a director of the Bank of China; moreover he went into philanthropic work quite seriously, and was the efficient—and strongly anti-Japanese—head of the Shanghai Civic Association for some years.

Tu (or Dou) "muscled into" the opium traffic in the early days, and became a powerful leader of the Green Society. He inevitably turned to politics. All patriotic revolutionary organizations are, in effect, secret societies which at the proper time become public societies. This is true of the communist party in Russia, the Fascist party in Italy; and it was almost true of Tu's Ching-Pang. Tu rendered considerable service to Chiang Kai-shek, then also a Green Society man, and he is one of the few men whom the Generalissimo listens to attentively. With the Chen brothers who at that time bossed the Kuomintang, Tu is supposed to have been the intermediary between Chiang and the local bankers when Chiang turned from Left to Right. Some five thousand Red workers were killed in Shanghai in the next few weeks—as a direct result.

Tu's headquarters before 1941 were in the French Concession in Shanghai, on the Rue Doumer; his house, hidden behind a high stone wall, adjoins a charming garden containing a small shrine. He was considered perfectly "respectable" and patriotic. Not only was he a banker and philanthropist; he controlled newspapers (he was managing director of the *China Press* and *China Times*, for instance), electricity plants, produce marts, and mills.

Doubtless the story is apocryphal, but in his early days it was said that Tu was strongly displeased at a very high official indeed of the National Government, who was so tactless as to interfere with the narcotic trade. The high official found a large, handsome coffin delivered to his door one morning. He reformed.

Late in 1938 Tu moved to Hong Kong. The French authorities thought that he was so conspicuous helping Chinese refugees that his continued presence in Shanghai might provoke an "incident." Tu had the reputation of fairly eating Japanese for breakfast. And they would have been delighted to gobble *him*.

Assorted Generals

Until Canton was taken by Japan the governor of Kwangtung was one of Chiang Kai-shek's ablest subordinates, General Wu Te-chen, a big strapping man with a friendly smile, attentive and alert, and one of the most attractive personalities in China. He learned English, which he speaks with a fantastic accent, in Honolulu; one of his sons is a student at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. General Wu was born in 1888, and joined the revolution in 1911. For some years he was Chiang Kai-shek's chief of police, and then the highly competent mayor of Shanghai. With infinite patience and tenacity he withstood the early assault of Japanese surliness, truculence and provocation in the Shanghai area. General Wu is supposed to have been the intermediary who persuaded the Young Marshal to join forces with the National Government after the death of Chang Tso-lin.

Attached to Wu's staff—Wu is now minister of overseas affairs—is one of the most picturesque of the foreigners who have devoted their lives to China, General Morris Cohen, a massive Englishman who was for many years Sun Yat-sen's chief aide-de-camp and bodyguard. He now performs the same service for General Wu.

General Sung Cheh-yuan, a Shantung man of the old war lord type, who was originally one of Christian General Feng's army commanders, was chairman of the Hopei-Chahar Political Council. As such, he was adjudged responsible for the loss of Peking and Tientsin in 1937, and removed from his command. He was never, however, as is sometimes said, a Japanese puppet; he had the thankless job of trying to keep the Japanese in check, while officially serving Chiang Kai-shek. His main policy was to try to outmaneuver the Japanese by willful delay; his weakness was that he never knew if Chiang would back him up. He was conveniently—or inconveniently depending on the point of view—not in Peking when the war started, but visiting the graves of his ancestors in Shantung.⁵

An attractive character is General Tsai Ting-kai, the commander

⁵ General Sung died in April, 1940.

of the Nineteenth Route Army which defended Shanghai in 1932. He fought like a tiger. A strong left winger, he then collected remnants of his demolished force, retreated to Fukien, and in 1934 set up a short-lived independent régime there, with Eugene Chen as foreign minister. By using air power, the Generalissimo crushed it. Tsai Ting-kai was in hospital with a broken leg when the 1937 war came. Promptly, like his Kwangsi friends Pai and Li, he offered his services to Chiang when it appeared finally that the Generalissimo was going to resist Japan.

Another fighting general is Chang Fah-kwei, known as "Old Iron-sides" for his valor in the Northern wars against Wu Pei-fu. He was for a long time military boss of Chekiang, and one of the Generalissimo's best men. He has considerable political strength, which derives partly from his close association with overseas Chinese; he lived for some time in the United States. He is to-day army commander in Kwangtung, in charge of counter-operations to regain Canton. He is a member of the Central Supervisory Committee of the Kuomintang.

Cabinet Officers and Politicians

An exceptionally able official, Dr. Oong (also Wong and Weng) Wen-hao, is minister of national economy. He represents a new and healthy trend, that of disinterested civilian experts giving up private life to join the government, thus helping to form a new administrative cadre. A geologist by profession and a graduate of the University of Louvain, Dr. Oong was once a university president; he left academic life to become a mining engineer. He is one of the best men in China. Largely through his efforts the immense transplantation of Chinese industry to the west got underway. Dr. Oong and his staff bodily moved not less than 138 factories by the end of 1938, including sixty-four machine shops, eighteen electrical plants, twenty-two chemical plants, five glass factories, seven cotton mills, twelve printing plants, four dockyards, four other plants. This was a literally stupendous undertaking. The total weight of the machinery moved and transplanted on coolie back for hundreds of miles was 24,919 tons.

In a similar category is the minister of communications, Chang Kiangau. A banker by profession and for some years the managing director of the Bank of China (he was sometimes called the "best banker in China"), he had been outside politics until 1936, and even now is not a member of the Kuomintang, though he holds one of the most

important government posts. He was the first high official I met in Hankow; I was impressed by the acute sense he gave of technical experthood putting itself at the disposal of the government. Oong, just mentioned above, and Chang Kia-ngau resemble in a way the great industrial chieftains like Bernard Baruch who were mobilized for government service in the United States in 1917. His importance is considerable, as is the movement he represents.

Attached to the Executive Yuan, though not actual cabinet ministers, are a group of officials with special departments. Head of the Anti-Opium Commission is Kan Nai-kuang, a journalist, writer, and professor of political science. Mongolian and Tibetan affairs are managed by General Wu Chung-hsin, who was formerly governor of Kweichow. Chairman of the Famine Relief Commission is Hsu Shih-ying, once ambassador to Japan; a small man, weighing under a hundred pounds, his province includes the immense task of refugee relief. He is a former supreme court justice and prime minister.

The chairman of the second Yuan, the Legislative Yuan, is, as we know, Sun Fo. Chairman of the Judicial Yuan is Chu Cheng, a graduate of a Japanese law college, who has a long record of Kuomintang service; he is a veteran, one of the old Sun Yat-sen followers. The Examination Yuan is headed by Tai Chi-tao, a scholar born in 1890, who wrote poems when he was nine years old. He was a revolutionist at sixteen, and is a Buddhist and a vegetarian. Yu Yu-jen, formerly a journalist, is chairman of the Control Yuan; he was born in Shensi, and is one of the elders of the movement.

The present secretary general of the Kuomintang, who can make of his post an extremely important job, is a younger and more active figure, Chu Chia-hua, formerly minister of communications. Born in Chekiang in 1892, Chu is a Ph.D. from the University of Berlin, and was for some years professor of physics at Peking University, then president of Chung Shan University at Canton, then minister of education. A graceful, sensitive, accomplished man, he represents a new type of Kuomintang party boss.

Parties Outside the Kuomintang

Until the war these were not permitted to exist. Then came the United Front with the communists, and concurrently Chiang Kai-shek performed one of his typical all-sides-of-the-fence maneuvers by suddenly recognizing the legality of a minuscule National Socialist

group, led by Carson Chang. This Chang was born in Kiangsu in 1886, and describes himself as jurist, author, and lecturer; he studied in Japan and Germany, and has written a book *Social Democracy in the New Germany*. His semi-Fascist party is supposed to have 10,000 members. When he was "recognized" by the Generalissimo in April 1938, he announced his fidelity to the Three People's Principles, and pledged himself to resist Japan.

The Chinese Youth Party, led by Tso Hsun-sun, a 46-year-old native of Hunan, who was educated in France, is also theoretically independent of the Kuomintang. It was founded by nationalist refugees in Paris, and has little concrete importance. It is very left wing, and seems to be vaguely Trotskyist; it does not officially belong to the United Front. In April 1938, Chiang Kai-shek permitted it to come up from underground and establish itself as a legal organization. One thing cannot be denied about the Generalissimo: sooner or later, he takes everybody in.

Chapter XVIII

Puppets Look Up

THE Chinese, reasonable people, are easier to understand than the Japanese, who are mystics, or the Indians, who are crushed in a perplexing way between mysticism and the British Empire. A puzzling old-time Chinese phenomenon was that of warlordism. If the Chinese are pacifists, why did they have so many civil wars? If they are so reasonable, why did they let war lords flourish?

One could write at considerable length about the great war lords. I shall not do so, despite great temptation. First, it is time to be getting on; this book is half done, and still we have covered only Japan and China. Second, warlordism is a declining phenomenon. The expanding strength of Chinese nationalism has swallowed and almost digested it. No war lord to-day plays remotely the rôle that Chang Tso-lin once did, or even Wu Pei-fu in his blazing days.

In simple fact the war lords were not war lords at all. They were political bosses who gained control of large provinces and milked them. They were really Land Lords. They did not fight often; when they did, the wars were—with one notable exception, the Northern War against Chiang Kai-shek in 1930—tame affairs. Very little actual fighting took place, and then only between professional retainers, whose object was that of bullfighters—to come close to danger without getting hurt. The people seldom had anything to do with it. As a rule wars were concluded by financial arrangement, not by combat in the field. The agent of one war lord would buy off the troops of the other in a monetary flanking operation.

The war lord epoch was roughly 1916 to 1927, when Chiang's unification of China got under way. The phenomenon derived from the breakup of the Manchu Empire and the temporary incapacity of the young republic. The old dynasty collapsed, the old viceroys fell, and ambitious soldiers and officials recruited armies out of bandits (= unemployed soldiers) and grabbed what territory they could. Breakdown of authority produced get-rich-quick-ism on a fantastic scale.

I confine myself to six war lords, four dead and two living. Let us begin with Wu Pei-fu.

The Philosopher Marshal

He is a very considerable gentleman indeed. Marshal Wu Pei-fu,¹ born in Shantung in 1878, in retirement since Chiang Kai-shek slapped him out of politics ten years ago, was educated to be an officer, served in the Manchu army, and gave his services to the struggling republic. He did not, however, see eye to eye with Dr. Sun Yat-sen and the Cantonese, and from 1920 to 1924—after campaigns and vicissitudes too complicated to describe—he asserted himself as national leader in Peking. At that time many people thought that Marshal Wu, not southerners like Chiang Kai-shek who at that time were scarcely heard of, would dominate China during the next generation. In 1924 he was ousted from Peking by General Feng, the turbulent Christian General who had been his subordinate; he spent two years in retirement in a monastery, and returned fitfully to influence in 1927. When the Hopei-Chahar Political Council was organized, he took a nominal post as special adviser, and received a salary which came from Chiang Kai-shek's Nanking government; but he never declared formal allegiance to the Generalissimo. He is almost certainly the best known Chinese outside the Chiang Kai-shek fold. Therefore the Japanese made tremendous efforts to procure him as their chief puppet in China. They besieged him with every compliment and artifice. Late in 1938 reports said that he had succumbed to the Japanese proposal, but he never confirmed this by taking office. For a long time he stated that, rather than work for the Japanese, he would climb into his coffin. He has something of a sense of humor; when first approached by General Doihara and the Japanese, he said he would be delighted to head their "Chinese" government if (1) all Japanese troops left China, and (2) Chiang Kai-shek gave permission. The Japanese were wild.

Wu Pei-fu has courage; he is one of the very few war lords who, in their various complicated dodging in and out of power, always stayed in China proper; he never took refuge, as would have been easy, in Japan or a foreign settlement. He is supposed to be very superstitious; during his retirement in Tientsin he worked on a commentary on the Chinese classics in a room scribbled with cabalistic charms. He has cared little for money; unlike most war lords, he never

¹ Marshal Wu died in 1940. I reprint this section as I originally wrote it in 1939.

looted the countryside or starved the peasants. Again unlike most war lords (Feng is another exception) he has only one wife. He is a modest man, with only one conspicuous ostentation: a private spittoon bearer who follows him wherever he goes.

One of Wu Pei-fu's poems, written after defeat in battle:

The cold wind from the West stirs my old battle cloak,
To look upon the bloodstain on the cloak brings sorrow to my heart,
My only possessions now are my loyal heart and brave soul.
These will be with me forever, despite the ice and snow of the present situation.²

Marshal Wu is unusual among war lords—among most Chinese for that matter—for his appearance. He has dark reddish hair, and pale brown eyes. Bertrand Russell tells a story that indicates his special quality. He won a battle, but it took place in the rain, which was considered unorthodox. Promptly the Marshal informed his adversary that he would give up his gains, revert to his former line, and fight the battle over again in sunshine.

The old Marshal, without exaggeration, is said to be one of the most learned Chinese of his time; he has had a fine scholastic record since the age of eleven.

The Christian General

General Feng Yu-hsiang (pronounced "Fung You-shahng"), is sterner stuff. This sprawling hulk of a man—he is six feet four, shaped like a pyramid, with a melon-sized head—is as typical a Chinese peasant-soldier as is Wu Pei-fu (with whom he has had an exceedingly complicated relationship) a scholar-soldier. Feng is out of the soil. He is of the earth earthy.

He wears peasant clothes, and looks like a coolie projected to monstrous size. He never wears officer's uniform, and likes a wide straw hat (size ten) which he ties under his neck with a string. He eats only the simplest food, and cares nothing for either intellectual or physical luxuries. He has never eaten delicacies like sharks' fins in his life. Once Chiang Kai-shek sent his limousine to bring him to dinner. Feng scorned the limousine, and drove up to Chiang's headquarters sitting next to the chauffeur on the rough truck used by his bodyguards. When he first came to Nanking as minister of war, he

² Quoted in J. Hampden Jackson's *Post War World*, p. 299.

refused to live in the headquarters provided him, but took a mud hut near by. Once an American newspaper man came to interview him. Feng sat in the courtyard with his soldiers, squatting on the ground in his underwear, chewing watermelon seeds.

Feng is a Christian, and leads an exemplary personal life. His young Christian wife, who was secretary of the Peking Y.M.C.A., is his constant companion. Once she prevailed upon him to address the chapel in the Peking Union Medical College; the authorities were somewhat shocked that, arriving, he brought four bodyguards who mounted machine guns on the stage, and stood watch beside them.

Feng exhorts his troops with Christian sermons before every battle; they march into action singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers." It is not, however, true—as is commonly said—that he baptized his men wholesale with a firehose. The story originated when an American newspaper man remarked to Dwight L. Edwards of the Y.M.C.A. that Feng could more easily baptize a large contingent of troops whom he had just "converted," if he used a firehose. Feng became a Christian, it is thought, because as a boy in Paotingfu he saw some Christian missionaries massacred by Boxers, and was struck by their great courage as they were executed.

General Feng was born in Anhwei in 1880. In his autobiography, which has never been fully translated in a western language, he describes his early struggles. His father was a mason, and the family was unbelievably poor; Feng had six brothers and sisters, of whom five died of starvation. Apparently his terrible childhood experiences marked him deeply; he left his birthplace as a boy, and never returned—in contrast to the habits of almost all Chinese—until 1937 to see the family graves. Both his father and mother were opium addicts, he writes; he loathes opium himself. In 1891 he entered the village school and stayed fifteen months, which is all the schooling he ever had. His real name was Keh-poa. He got Yu-hsiang (which means "jade" and "good luck") by accident.

He tells frankly in his autobiography of his first hatred of white foreigners, then of the Japanese. As a boy of twelve he picked up a rifle and fired shots into a western church, on the general principle that the fewer foreigners in the neighborhood the better. No one was hurt, however; and six or seven years later, Feng joined the same church he had fired upon. He fought in the first Sino-Japanese war in 1895, though he was only fifteen, and has detested the Japanese ever

since. When he became a full fledged soldier he was nicknamed what may be translated as "Apple Pie"; his comrades thought he was so lusciously big that the enemy would eat him alive.

A simple man, he has only two ornaments in his home—a pair of Japanese shell-cases. He cares nothing whatever for money or display. The Generalissimo and Madame Chiang came to dine with him in Hankow in 1938; they got rice and black beans to eat, and nothing else. Recently misfortune of a personal nature crushed him; his only son—by a first wife—was killed fighting the Japanese.

Feng's career of conspiracy and counter-conspiracy, of alternating allegiances and shifting attachments, is far too complex to include in this brief sketch. An excerpt from his official biography has charm:

- 1923. Director General for Defense of Northwest.
- 1924. Married Miss Li Teh-chuan [Christian girl].
- 1924. Betrayed Wu Pei-fu. (He quite candidly uses the word "betrayed.")
- 1924. Expelled Boy Emperor Henry Pu-yi from palace.³

In 1920-24 he was one of Marshal Wu's trusted subordinates. He wanted power himself, and he tossed Wu out. Later, however, he and Wu rejoined. Along came Chang Tso-lin in 1926, descending from Manchuria; he fought and expelled both Feng and Wu. Feng fled to Russia and stayed a year in Moscow. On another occasion, temporarily out of power, he retired in the best war lord tradition to the Taishan monastery in Shantung, near which Confucius is buried. In 1927 or thereabouts Feng became aware of the growing power of Chiang Kai-shek. They played cat and mouse with each other for several years. Obviously this massive peasant puzzled and impressed the supple Chiang. He could not be bribed; he was difficult to fight. For a time the two made an uneasy alliance; then Feng formed the "Northern Coalition" against Chiang, with two other war lords, Yen of Shansi and Han of Shantung, plus the elusive Kuomintang politician Wang Ching-wei, as allies. The coalition fought Chiang almost to a standstill. Then Feng was sold out by Han, and the war collapsed.⁴

Now Feng and Chiang are closely collaborating, because Chiang is anti-Japanese, which Feng always was. When Chiang was released at

³ A lively year for Feng Yu-hsiang. In 1924 also he managed to capture and kidnap the then president of China, Tsao Kun.

⁴ Feng attempted another revolt against Chiang as recently as 1933, in Inner Mongolia.

Sian, old Feng was so overcome with relief and happiness that he drank three glasses of wine, the first he had tasted in many years. Feng is, however, a general without an army these grim days. He is vice-chairman of the National Military Council, a reasonably important post, but one which entails no duties in the field.

Model Governor

General Yen Hsi-shan ("Yun Shee-shahn"), the "model governor" of Shansi province, is a suspicious man. When he is shaved, so the story goes, one of his soldiers holds a gun at the barber's temple, in case the barber has been bribed to cut his throat.

Also the model governor is a good man in his fashion. He taxed his peasants mercilessly, but sought to give them something in return. Except for one brief interlude he has been governor of Shansi since 1911 (he seized power immediately the Manchus fell), a record no other war lord can match, and for long years Shansi was considered the best administered province in China. General Yen abolished opium, at least in theory, and built railroads and schools. While doing so he made a nest egg of \$75,000,000 (Chinese). He lost it all, however, as a result of the Northern War. On being defeated he escaped to Dairen, Japanese territory, with his nest egg; the Japanese flew him back to Shansi presently, but the nest egg remained in Dairen.

General Yen's strength has been that, with the exception of the disastrous Northern War interlude, he has never sought to extend his influence beyond Shansi. He is a localist. He is not an adventurer like Feng. No one disturbed him in Shansi, which anyway was inaccessible and not particularly rich; he disturbed no one outside. As a result his province was seldom ravaged by civil war, and had a fair chance to develop prosperously. He was clever enough, incidentally, to build his railway narrow-gauge: which made it impossible for outside rolling stock, carrying soldiers, to get in.

Yen was born in 1883, and educated partly in Japan. Two things to his credit: he came under the influence of Sun Yat-sen, and supported Chiang Kai-shek as early as 1927; in the turbulent years 1935-37 he, as much as any man, served to defeat the machinations of General Doihara in attempting to sever the Five Northern Provinces from China. One of these is Shansi; but the Japanese could never make Shansi's boss, General Yen, budge one inch in their direction.

Something to his discredit: unlike Fen Yu-hsiang, who is strongly radical, General Yen has old-style ideas, and thinks that the Eighth Route Army now fighting in his province (to help save it for China) is worse than poison—though not worse than the Japanese.

Han, Chang, and Liu

The late General Han Fu-chu, war lord and governor of the great province of Shantung, came to an evil and untimely end. He was a great fence-sitter. It was his doom.

Han, born in Hopei in 1890, was a poor boy; he began life as a coolie, and was a teamster for a time; his mother said, "Some day you will be a war lord, and eat three meals a day." He did. A person of great natural ability, simple, well-meaning, close to the soil, he became attached to Feng, and fought with him for many years; in 1930, however, he betrayed him. Chiang Kai-shek recognized this service, and in reward—but with some cautious misgivings—made Han governor of Shantung. General Han had other titles. He was "Commander-in-Chief of the General Reserve of the Communist Suppression Force, member of the Peiping Readjustment Commission, and member of the Peiping Branch of the National Military Affairs Commission." He worked hard; he tried to do something for the crushed, miserable peasantry; he was no great "squeezers," and when he was shot he had only \$4,500,000 (Chinese) in the bank, a minor sum—veritable tiddlywinks—for the man who ruled Shantung.

The war came; the Japanese offered Han \$80,000,000 (Chinese) to give up Shantung. Han refused. But he was cautious; he pursued a double game, wanting to be on the right side when the war was over. He withdrew from Shantung without offering serious resistance; he let the great towns Tsinan and Tsining fall without a shot.

I have described in Chapter III how, on one occasion, Han fooled General Doihara. On another occasion—the last event in which he participated—General Han got fooled himself. He was summoned to a conference with the Generalissimo. Still sure of himself, sure that he could "explain" the loss of Shantung, he came, bringing with him a large bodyguard which could certainly protect him in the event of trouble. But immediately Han arrived at Chengchow for the rendezvous, there came a curious event: a sudden air raid alarm. Chiang rushed Han hurriedly to a special dugout. Han was thus separated from his men. Placidly he was then arrested. The air raid "alarm" had

been sounded for the purpose of capturing him. He was tried for cowardice and treachery, found guilty, and shot. This made a great impression on China. It was early in the war, and no one knew how hard-boiled Chiang was going to be with subordinates who did not toe the line.

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The fabulous creature General Chang Tsung-chang demands mention as a bizarre historical curiosity. He was Han's predecessor as war lord of Shantung. He was an utterly different type of person. Han was a rustic, an exemplary man if a traitor; Chang was vicious, if patriotic. Chang Tsung-chang was called the "Three Don't Knows." He didn't know how many soldiers he had, how much money he had, or how many concubines he had. It was, however, conceded that Chang had concubines of twenty-six different *nationalities*; each had a washbowl marked with her flag. When not called simply "The Monster," he was called "Old Fifty-Six," for reasons, alas, which as they say cannot be printed in a family newspaper. A youthful American consul was summoned to Chang's palace once. He was somewhat shocked to find the general still in bed. Nor was the general alone.

Chang was six foot six. He was illiterate. He began life as a wharf coolie in Vladivostok. He could speak Russian. When he became eminent, he discovered the good Chinese need of ancestors; he prodded through Shantung, and duly found a grave thereafter attributed to his "mother." Early in the 1930's he visited Japan, and there murdered a Japanese aristocrat whose wife he fancied. The matter was hushed up, because the Japanese saw that they might have use for this man. In 1933 he was assassinated on the Tsinan railway station by a relative of a journalist whom he had executed. Chang Tsung-chang did not like newspapermen.

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General Liu Hsiang ("Lyoo Shahng") was, till 1937, the war lord of great Szechwan. He was corrupt, an extortionist, cruel, illiterate, powerful, and backward. He had never been outside Szechwan till 1933; he had never seen a street car or a skyscraper. From 1920 he fought an interminable series of civil wars with members of his family; in one of these, a three-cornered fracas, all three contestants had the same name, and all were cousins. They united in one thing

only: to suppress the peasants. Szechwan was till recently the most despicably looted province in China.

Lukewarm but finding it necessary to declare fealty to Chiang Kai-shek when war came, General Liu visited Hankow in 1937. He died of a sudden illness a few days after Han of Shantung was shot. Perhaps it was just as well.

The Japanese Puppet Governments

“We are puppets . . . Do we move ourselves, or are we moved by an unseen hand at a game that pushes us off from the board?”

—ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

I have talked much of puppets in this book. Let us finish a tiresome subject with a final brief blast of puppetry.

The Japanese, developing a new technique in imperialism, thought that their interests would be best served by employing Chinese to administer the occupied areas; they could thus assert—if the scheme worked—that Chinese were still ruling Chinese; they could call Chiang Kai-shek an outlaw, recognize *their* “Chinese” government, and hope that other powers would recognize it; in a word, create a new “legal” China, under complete Japanese control, that would ostensibly be “Chinese,” but which the Japanese would run.

Thus in the north, in and about Peking, we had what was called “The Provisional Government of the Chinese Republic,” and in central China, centering on Nanking, “The Reformed Government” of China. Each was an adjunct to the Japanese military in command of the area, who wanted to keep them apart, to see that they were powerless, and stimulate jealousy between them. In South China, following the capture of Canton, a third puppet state was set up, but it was almost completely ineffectual. In Shanghai and the chief cities sub-puppets took charge.⁵ Now all the puppet areas are consolidated under the leadership of Wang Ching-wei, the ex-Kuomintang revolutionary.

The Japanese had extraordinary difficulty in getting good men to work for them. Finally they picked a man named Wang Keh-min to

⁵ That in Shanghai was called the “Ta Tao” or “Great Way” government. The name derives from Confucius. The Japanese want to obliterate the China of the last thirty years, and build anew on old Chinese doctrine. But the personnel of the Shanghai government and other city governments near by is largely Formosan. Chinese who accept jobs are imported from Formosa, where they have been under Japanese influence for a generation. Most Formosans are, in fact, not authentically Chinese.

head the Peking "Provisional" government. He was the seventeenth different man they had approached, and a nonentity by all-China standards. When a Chinese does accept puppethood from the Japanese, he is in grave danger of assassination. Not only do Chinese patriots set out to murder every prominent Chinese who consents to work for the Japanese; in some cases they have searched out and despoiled the graves of their ancestors, which to a good Chinese is worse than death.

The list of murders mounts daily. In the early period of the war there were about eighty political assassinations, most of them in the Shanghai area, which made Shanghai—particularly the International Settlement—the explosive focus of Japanese-Chinese conflict. Among Chinese (who worked for Japan) murdered by nationalist Chinese:

Li Lieh-wen. Puppet commissioner of police, Pootung.

Chen Yun. Puppet chairman of the Nantao District Administration.

Dr. Hsi Shih-tai. Police secretary of Greater Shanghai puppet government.

Mao Yu. Secretary general to puppet Nanking government.

Koo Ping-tsung. Financial councilor of Nanking puppet government.

Wang Chu-lin. President of the Tientsin Chamber of Commerce.

Chan Lo. Foreign Minister of the Nanking puppet government.

General Chow Feng-chi. Presumptive minister of war, Nanking puppet government.

Jen Pao-an. Land commissioner in the Shanghai "Ta Tao" government.

Loh Pah-hong. Catholic businessman and philanthropist, who was accused of friendliness to the Japanese.

Fu Siao-en, Chinese mayor of Greater Shanghai.

Ang Hio-koon, president of the Amoy Chamber of Commerce.

Wu Chi-lun, relative of the Emperor Henry Pu-yi.

Wu Chu-chin, editor of a pro-Japanese newspaper in Peking.

Murder on such a wholesale basis produced retaliation. Japanese gangs were organized and armed, especially the Huang Hwei or "Yellow Society." Among loyal Chinese killed in rebuttal was the eminent Dr. Herman C. E. Liu, president of the University of Shang-

hai, who was supposed to be using his great influence to prevent old Chinese friends from becoming puppets. In February 1939, a group of American journalists friendly to the Chinese in Shanghai were threatened with death, including Randall Gould, J. B. Powell, and Edgar Snow.

Wang Keh-min, former president of the Executive Yuan of the "Provisional" government in Peking, was born in 1879 and educated partly in Japan; he became a banker, and for a time—circa 1924—he was finance minister. He then retired, and took no part in political life until the Japanese, desperately searching for someone to head the Peking régime, found him in Hong Kong. The negotiations were carried on by the Japanese General Umedzu, now commander-in-chief of the Kwantung army. Wang's daughter publicly denounced him for treason. But he took office on the understanding that the Japanese were only to "advise" him; his object was to attempt to hold something for China, to play with the Japanese hoping thus to prevent outright annexation of Chinese territory. Most Japanese in the north disliked him heartily. Wang is blind in one eye, and wears dark glasses.

The Japanese, with Wang as "front," tried to adumbrate a totalitarian régime in the Peking area closely paralleling that of Manchukuo. Occupying the same position—a mass party created after the state was set up—as the Concordia Society in Manchukuo, is the Hsin Min Hui, or New People's Association, in the Peking area. Associated with Wang in his feeling that he could somehow be something of a check to Japanese penetration in the north, was the ablest member of his cabinet, the education minister Dr. Tang Erh-ho, whom the Japanese wanted more than they wanted Wang, but who refused to be prime minister. Dr. Tang, an eminent medical man and scholar, is one of the very few Chinese who has married a Japanese.

Japan had difficulties enough in setting up the Peking government; establishing the "Reformed Government" in Nanking was even harder. Although Prime Minister Wang in the north was not at all an outstanding Chinese, he out-ranked by far those whom the Japanese got to work with them in Nanking. The first prime minister in Nanking was Liang Hung-chih, a poet and civil servant, who had no other discernible qualifications for the post except that he had been a member of the "Anfu" clique, the body of pro-Japanese Chinese who ruled

Peking twenty years ago.⁶ Then in 1940 the Japanese finally succeeded in their designs upon Wang Ching-wei.

The Mysterious Mr. Wang Ching-wei

Wang Ching-wei, who until a few years ago would have been on any list of the dozen most important living Chinese, was formally installed as "President of China" on March 30, 1940. Thus he became Japanese puppet-in-chief, and the various subordinate puppet régimes coalesced. Wang is about 53. I met him in Hankow when he was still loyal to the Generalissimo. I gasped looking at his face. He looked about 30, extraordinarily handsome, slight and supple. Here was one of the fathers of the Chinese revolution. He might almost have been a schoolboy.

It is very difficult to write about Wang, because his career has been marked by such startling inconsistencies. He is a poet; yet all his life he has been pursued by violence. He started on the extreme left wing; he ended as an implacable Red-hunter. He is one of the most disloyal men in history, in that his life vis-à-vis Chiang Kai-shek is a checkerboard of allegiance and repudiation; yet he would say that it was Chiang Kai-shek who alternately supported and repudiated him. Wang is something of an individualist and egoist—to put it mildly.

Wang Ching-wei was born in Canton, though his family came from Chekiang. He finished his education in Japan, where he met Dr. Sun and joined his group of exiles. He was first a voluble journalist and party organizer, and then a terrorist. He returned to China, and assisted by his fiancée he attempted in 1910 to blow up the Prince Regent (father of Henry Pu-yi) by bombing a bridge. Normally he would have been beheaded, after torture; the Empress Dowager, however, became interested in this young firebrand—and his extraordinary good looks—and he was sentenced merely to life imprisonment. The collapse of the monarchy in 1911 freed him.

Wang promptly went to Canton, rejoined Sun Yat-sen, and was his chief assistant until Sun's death. It is quite clear that the great Doctor intended Wang to be his political successor, whereas Chiang Kai-shek was scheduled merely for military leadership; Wang himself

⁶ The Anfus met, in fact, at Liang's house in Peking, which was on a street called Anfu; thus the name. It was also chosen because *An* means "peace" and *Fu* is "joy."

wrote Sun's last will and testament. At this time Wang was emphatically on the Left; he was chairman of the leftist government at Hankow in 1927, though obscured by Eugene Chen and Borodin.

Came the split and collapse in Hankow. Wang went to exile in France to think it over. Gradually he turned Right, and finally joined Chiang. They had their ups and downs. In 1930 Wang joined the Northern Coalition to fight Chiang openly. More exile. He returned, reentered the fold, and with Chiang's connivance became prime minister. The Generalissimo, surpassingly long-minded and wily, needed Wang to unify the party. He himself receded temporarily into the background. In 1935 Wang was shot by an assailant who disguised himself as a newspaper photographer, with a revolver ingeniously concealed in his camera. He was terribly wounded, but recovered. The motive for the shooting is obscure, and has never been fully cleared up. Wang had had a Right period, and seemed to be settling back to a middle leftist course. Both Rightists and Leftists had reason to hate him. Patriots said that he was inordinately pro-Japanese. But possibly he was pro-Japanese on Chiang's order; possibly the Generalissimo was shrewdly using him to buy off Japanese attack. The Blue Shirts hated Wang too.

Wang went abroad and stayed away until the Sian kidnaping. He rushed back to China, still a great influence in the party, and now leader of a special group known as the "Reorganizationists." In 1937 he was made deputy leader of the Kuomintang under Chiang. Yet insiders felt that he was secretly sympathetic to the Japanese. Chang, however, still had use for him. But in December 1938 came another—and major—shift. He jumped right out of China. He bolted suddenly after the capture of Canton. He fled to Hong Kong and then Indo-China.

Wang's poems have been issued in English translation.⁷ They have great color and feeling for nature. Samples:

The quiet lake gleams as if covered with snow,
And lovelier than snow appear the plum flowers;
Endlessly the track winds among the hills,
Scarcely have I finished my song before a subtle fragrance
comes this way in the breeze.

⁷ *Poems of Wang Ching-wei*, Translated into English by Seyuan Shu. London, Allen and Unwin, 1938.

And one called "Arising at Dawn":

How ravishing is the morning air above this quiet vale,
Fresh as early autumn and soft as spring;
The fading moon looks at the vanishing stars,
On these bowers of jade no dust can ever settle.

When he can Wang likes to live in his big house in the French Concession in Shanghai. He is rich, but not ostentatious. He has six children; he likes bean milk; he is kind to his servants; everyone in the house must retire at 10 P.M. promptly and rise at 6; he is an atheist, but has built a small Buddhist temple in the garden for his mother-in-law; the house contains an elaborate system of alarms, sirens, searchlights, and electrically charged barbed wire entanglements.

The Generalissimo was in Sian again inspecting the front with Madame and Donald on Christmas Eve, 1938—two years to a day after their release—when they heard of Wang's last defection. Previously their suspicions had been aroused. Wang saw the Generalissimo in Chungking on the eighteenth, and said he was going to Chengtu to make a speech. Then came a telegram from the governor of Yunnan stating that Wang had arrived there by plane, and was talking about peace. "Do you know anything about this?" the Yunnan governor telegraphed the Generalissimo, who replied that peace on the recent terms enunciated by Japan was utterly impossible, and that Wang had no authority to discuss peace terms. Then the Generalissimo heard that Wang was outside China. He told Donald to pick up the phone, and notify the American and British embassies in Chungking that Wang was disavowed.

Next—a wonderful Chiang Kai-shek touch—he telegraphed Wang suggesting that he return freely to China as soon as he had recovered from the sudden "illness" that had taken him away.

Others were not so forgiving. In the press Wang was called a traitor, "a piece of rotten meat," and an "undesirable horse." On New Year's Day the Kuomintang, meeting in special session, expelled him and deprived him of all his posts.

Chiang Kai-shek, with his prodigious instinct never to be finally quit of an enemy, on the chance that some day, somehow, he might become useful again, was content to let Wang keep what miserable face he had left. But not for long. And not so some young Chinese

direct actionists. They followed Wang to Hanoi, and in March 1939 attempted to assassinate him. He escaped, but his secretary was killed. Then it was reported that the ubiquitous Japanese General Doihara had arrived in the south to prevail upon Wang to head an amalgamation of the puppet governments. Whether or not Doihara did it, the job was done. Negotiations began, and Wang was installed as chairman of a new "national" government in Nanking. His inauguration as "President" followed the next year.

A newspaper in Hong Kong, the *Takungpao*, has published photo-static copies of the "peace treaty" Wang signed with the Japanese. Two of Wang's own followers deserted him in resentment at the terms he signed, and smuggled the text to British territory. According to this document, Wang's "government" agrees to recognize Manchukuo, to encourage general cultural, economic, and political relations with Japan, and to make a common front against communism. North China and Mongolia are to become a special sphere of Japanese influence, and Japan is given a "paramount position" on the Yangtze and in several coastal regions. Japan will have the right to station troops at strategic points throughout China, and to control posts and telegraphs. Japanese advisers will be assigned to the Chinese government, and China is to indemnify Japan for "losses of rights and privileges" caused by the war.

The Wang Ching-wei régime, it is hardly necessary to state, exists only by virtue of Japanese cash, Japanese credit, and Japanese bayonets. Of the 260 members of the Central Committee of the Kuomintang, only six have joined Wang to date. The only countries that have recognized Wang's government as the "government of China" are the Axis powers and their satellites, Japan, Germany, Italy, Spain, and the Balkan sub-states. Without Japan, Wang is nothing.

General Ma Chan-shan of the Nonni River

This general has great and picturesque quality. He has been called the pluckiest man in China. His name means horse, but, after all, in England and America there are thousands of people named Lion, Fox, or Wolf. General Ma, a northern Moslem, born in extreme poverty of a shepherd's family, was one of the old-time guerrilla chieftains on the Russian border. When, after the Mukden incident in 1931, the Japanese began to advance northward to occupy all of Manchuria, General Ma was in command of the region and decided to withstand

them. He was the first Chinese since 1895 to have had courage enough to fight a pitched battle against Japan.

He did a good job of it. He retreated, blew up a bridge over the Nonni river, and beat the Japanese back when they tried to cross. He appealed (vainly) for help from Chiang Kai-shek, and addressed a remarkable telegram pleading for intervention by the League of Nations, saying that the Japanese had bigger guns than he had! Ma kept fighting as he retreated, although the Japanese got reinforcements; he fought on the Chinese Eastern line and at Tsitsihar, then finally was pushed across the Russian border.

The Japanese decided that this man was worth having. Doihara got in touch with him. He offered Ma a fantastic sum to join the new Manchukuoan puppet régime, which Ma promptly accepted. Then Ma suggested that he make a tour of the north to tranquilize his people and adjust them to Japanese rule. The Japanese agreed. Ma promptly decamped with all the money, used it in an attempt to re-create his own army—*against* Japan—and established himself at Heiho, on the River Amur, until the Japanese, boiling with rage, sent another force to throw him out. Meantime General Ma proceeded good-humoredly to reveal to the world what Japanese secrets he had picked up.

In the battle that followed the Japanese thought that finally they had squared accounts with Ma. He managed to escape, but the Japanese advance guard captured his horse and equipment. This was sent to Japan, and presented to the Emperor himself, with the glad news that Ma was dead at last. Unfortunately he reappeared a few days later, escaped across the Russian border once more, and made an incredibly circuitous journey through the Soviet frontier regions and Mongolia to rejoin Chinese forces in the south.

In the 1937 war the indomitable Ma was at work again. He led guerrilla resistance to Japan in Suiyuan province. Ma is neither a war lord nor a puppet, but a simple Chinese soldier, with guts and charm.

Chinese Miscellany

Chinese, the most civilized people on earth, keep ink in a box, and send invitations on blotting paper. They seldom kiss in public, and dislike cheese. Chinese smoke in church, and wear white, not black, for mourning. No long division is possible with Chinese numerals.

Chinese have little ear wax and very little bodily hair. At Chinese

dinners the guest of honor faces the door, presumably so that he can see his way out. Chinese houses usually face south, and are not numbered in sequence as a rule.

Chinese seldom wash the umbilicus, because this is the place where evil spirits gain entrance to the body; they celebrate birthdays of their dead relatives by playing mah-jongg; at funerals they burn paper representations of ships, houses, and furniture which the departed may need in heaven; funerals await—sometimes for months—a propitious day.

Chinese have no word for either Yes or No; Chinese adore noises, porcelain, and philosophizing; children of Chinese concubines kowtow not to their mothers, whom they call their aunts, but to their fathers' first wives. There are only twelve hours in a Chinese day.

Chinese drug stores are identified by triangles of metal hanging outside, and noodle shops by coils of tissue paper. Chinese sign their names with a chop (rubber stamp), and pay bills on the fifteenth day of the harvest moon. Chinese use bewildering "small" and "large" money, and are a year old the day they are born.

Note in Diagnosis

One of the most accomplished and experienced of American diplomats abroad told me—before war broke out in 1941—that one must not look for "solutions" in Sino-Japanese relations, since there is no "solution." Three dilemmas, he recounted, were "insoluble." I am sorry he is so gloomy.

First, Japan must have land, must expand: expansion can come only by conquest, which makes war inevitable for a long time.

Second, China cannot beat Japan back, but is nevertheless unconquerable: which means that the war will be "permanent."

Third, Japanese imperialism will come into conflict with the Western powers, which will extend the war elsewhere.

Philippines After Quezon

My loyalty to my party ends where my loyalty to my country begins.

—MANUEL QUEZON

AS THESE lines are written in February 1942 fierce battle is still raging in the Bataan peninsula. General Douglas MacArthur, a hero in the authentic American tradition, a tough and gallant fighting man with overtones of glamour, is beating off the Japanese attack like a slab of oak spitting back at a buzz saw.*

The Japanese attack on the Philippines began, as we all know, on December 7. Some 200,000 experienced troops were hurled suddenly against a garrison that probably did not exceed 50,000, many of whom were newly trained Filipinos. The operation was carefully planned, and executed without warning; the American defenders were caught as much by surprise as those in Hawaii. The Japanese made simultaneous air attacks on Manila, Cavite, Clark Field, Nichols Field, and elsewhere, and their amphibian landing parties established themselves almost at once on Luzon shores. From the beginning, the odds against the Americans were terrific.

Technically the 7083 islands of the Philippine Archipelago, stretching for 1152 miles from north to south, guarding the southern entrances to the China coast, had long been considered almost impossible of defense. Manila is 7000 miles away from San Francisco. Such a long and attenuated supply line presents insuperable difficulties, as was obvious not only to us but to the Japanese. Moreover, the Philippines are flanked by the Japanese base at Formosa, only 400 miles from the northern extremity of Luzon, and to the southeast by the Japanese Mandated Islands. Once the invaders had command of the local air, it was virtually impossible for reinforcements to reach MacArthur. Once the Japanese had taken Hong Kong and bottled up the Indo-Chinese and Malayan ports, no substantial help could possibly arrive.

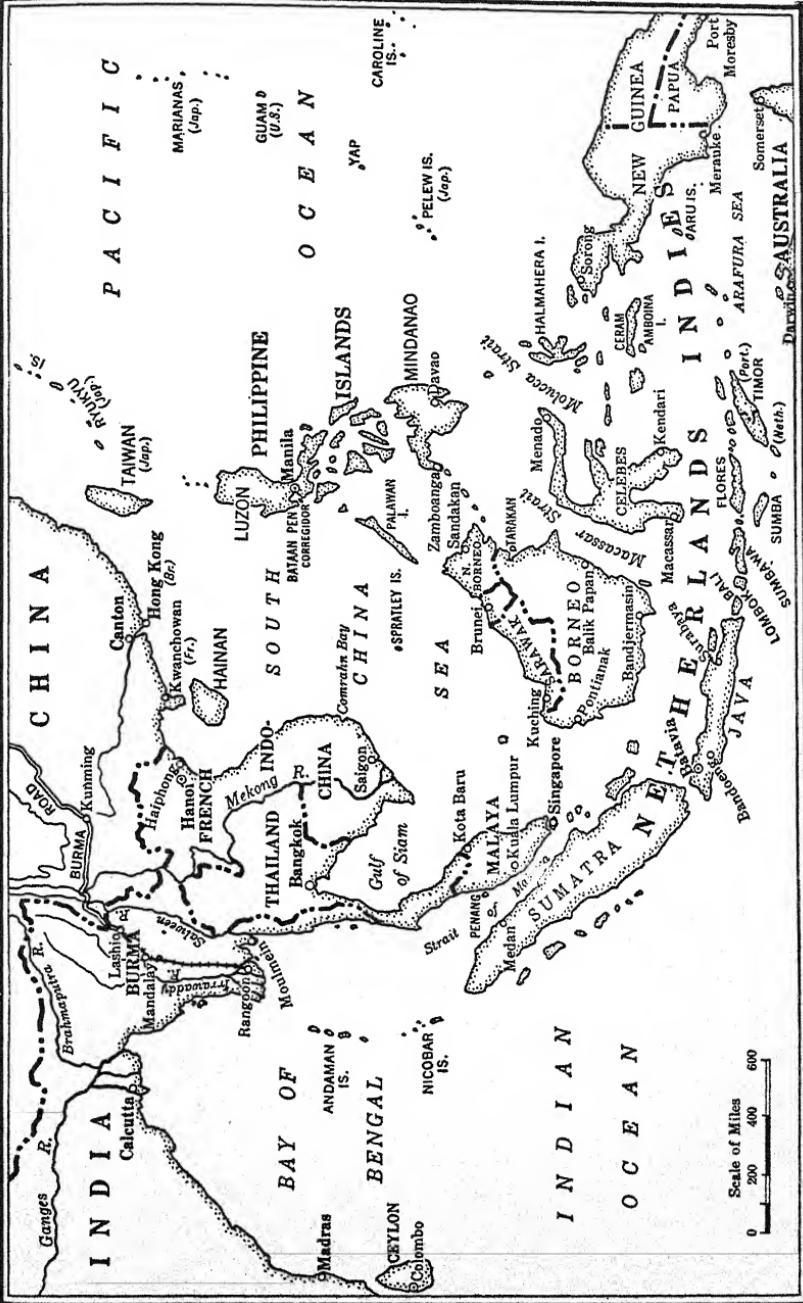
For years, in fact, United States military and naval policy was to

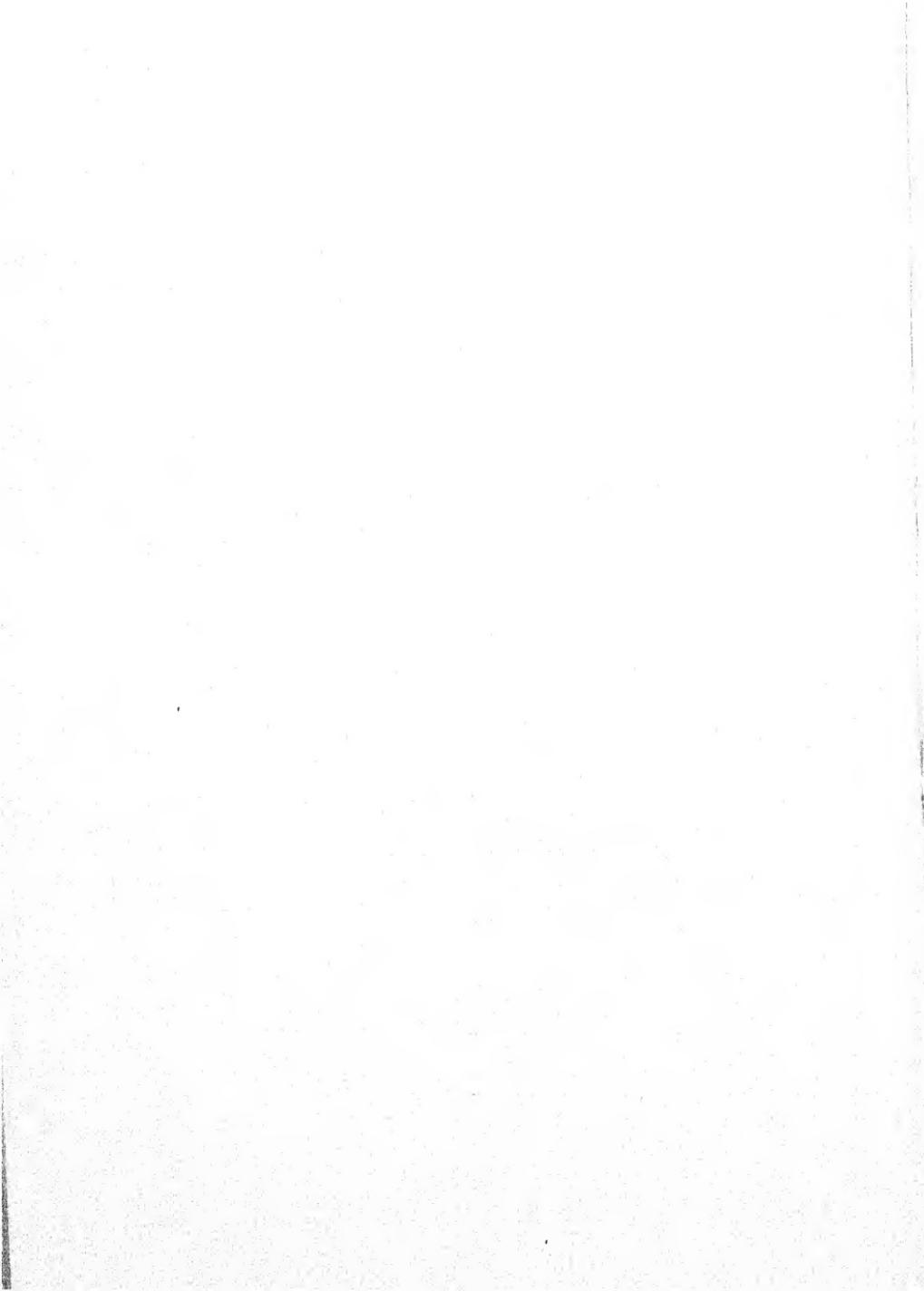
* On March 17, 1942, General MacArthur arrived in Australia to assume the post of Supreme United Nations Commander in the Southwest Pacific.

consider the islands indefensible. The best that could be hoped for was a holding action. Then MacArthur took command of the Philippine defense establishment. He thought, contrary to almost everyone else, that the islands *could* be defended, and he initiated a vigorous and competent series of military measures. The Filipino army was augmented by 40,000 recruits a year, and work began in fortifying the beaches and other strong points. MacArthur (as he told me in 1938) thought that the attack, if it came, would be concentrated at the Batangas area in the south and at Lingayen in the north. He was right. By midsummer of 1941 MacArthur had convinced Washington that he must make a fighting stand. The Filipino army was incorporated into that of the United States, with MacArthur as commander-in-chief, holding American instead of Filipino rank. Reinforcements began to pour into the islands. Day and night, night and day, preparations for full-scale defense continued. Whether or not MacArthur thought that he could hold the islands indefinitely is of course doubtful. But as he said to me in Manila four years ago, he was absolutely determined to make the *cost of attack* by Japan as high as possible; with luck, to make it more costly than the reward of victory.

The course of events to date may be sketched briefly. Manila was subjected to merciless bombing from the outset, and it soon became untenable. MacArthur declared it an open city on December 27, but the Japanese paid no attention; it fell on January 2. Meantime the Japanese, using their air power expertly, had made successful landings at Aparri and Vigan in the north (December 10), at Lingayen a few days later, and at Altimonan and Legaspi in the south. They attacked the island of Mindanao, where a large Japanese colony clustered at Davao with much Fifth Column activity. The prongs of assault converged from all sides. Meanwhile the small American naval force in Philippine waters had been forced by incessant aerial bombardment—particularly at Cavite, its base—to withdraw. Before this, Capt. Colin P. Kelly, Jr., went to his death and won imperishable renown by a single-handed successful attack on the battleship *Haruna*, 29,000 tons. No detail of the whole story makes sense unless the enormous importance of air power is admitted. Whoever was on top in the air won in the end not only in the air but on land and sea.

General MacArthur and his hard-pressed forces withdrew after the fall of Manila to the craggy 30-by-14-mile Bataan peninsula above





the capital. The fortress of Corregidor in Manila Bay likewise continued to hold out. Day by day stories of American prowess against unbelievable odds filled the newspapers of the world. Day by day the struggle became more colorfully and picturesquely desperate. MacArthur is a splendid hand with pen as well as gun, as witness the heroic prose of his message to President Roosevelt, "*Today, January 30, the anniversary of your birth, smoke-begrimed men covered with the marks of battle, rise from the foxholes of Bataan and the batteries of Corregidor to pray reverently that God may bless immeasurably the President of the United States.*"

The loss of the Philippines, these outposts excepted, is of course a serious blow to United States and Allied strategy and tactics. The Japanese *had to* take the Philippines, in order to prevent aerial attack on their lines of communication while proceeding southward against Malaya and the Indies. Conversely, enemy occupation of the islands makes difficult in the extreme any future American action toward the mainland of Japan or for the direct relief of China from the southern route. The islands will become a major Japanese base, and they will not be easy to regain.

The Japanese worked very cleverly. They carefully sought to bomb the business district of Manila and the U. S.-dominated water front but they left the old Filipino districts largely untouched. At once they attempted to make propaganda that Japanese and Filipinos are both orientals and that they were rescuing the islands from "oppression" by the white man. They gave Filipino nationals strong support, and they set about rewarding local Quislings with high office. One report is that Jorge B. Vargas, formerly the secretary and intimate associate of President Quezon, has become the new Filipino "chief-of-state."

Why did the Filipino troops with MacArthur fight so much more effectively than the Malayans or Burmese? Probably the answer is that the United States had promised them freedom, and that they fought as equals with white troops. The Filipinos were not looked down upon by Americans as an inferior caste, as the British were tempted to despise their Chinese and Malayan subjects. The Filipinos were trained by Americans to look forward to independence and to stand on their own feet. They had never been politically exploited on anything like the scale of the Indians, say.

When I first wrote *Inside Asia* my chapter on the Philippines was

largely concerned with the personality and exploits of the fabulous Quezon. In the following sections I retain much that I have written, because its gist still has relevance, and Quezon's career is a remarkable example of one kind of interaction between West and East.

The Beau Brummell of Dictators

Here is a highly engaging little man. The elastic prankishness of Quezon, the rakish tilt to the brim of his hat, his love for the light of pleasure as well as the light of power, his dash and roguery, the spirited elegance of his establishment all the way from the yacht cruising on Manila Bay to the resplendent pearls—so luminous they seemed—cruising on his shirtfront, combine brightly to indicate a character straight off Broadway or Piccadilly Circus, a light-hearted playboy among eastern statesmen.

But such an interpretation would express only a fraction of the composite truth. Mr. Quezon, the first president of the Commonwealth of the Philippines, is a good deal more than a playboy. He is full of nerve—and nerves. He is one of the world's best ballroom dancers, and also one of its supplest practical politicians. He loves cards and alcohol; also he loves his country and his career. He likes to laugh—even at himself—but he is, or was, a quite genuine revolutionary, as much the father of his country as Kemal Ataturk. The history of the Philippine Islands up to 1941 and the biography of Manuel Quezon are indissolubly one.

When Quezon was a boy of eighteen or so he returned to his native village in the north, feeling himself a grand cock of the walk with his newly gained academy degree. Both his father and mother were school teachers. His father took him to see the chief authority of the village, a local priest who had come there while Quezon was away at school. The tradition in those days was that anyone visiting a priest must kiss his hand. The priest was a very fat man who sat with one leg sagging over the arm of a chair. He extended his pudgy hand for the boy to kiss, not otherwise moving. So young Manuel grasped and shook the hand instead of kissing it. Sensation. The priest begged Quezon's father to punish him for his irreverence. Young Quezon bided his time. He discovered that the priest was having a liaison with a girl in the village. Quezon became acquainted with her himself, and then paraded the main street—with the priest's handkerchief stuck jauntily in *his* pocket!

At about the same time he came in conflict with the other source of authority in the village. He quarreled with an officer of the civil guard over another girl. He managed to insert himself in the girl's place at a rendezvous with the officer, knocked him down, and fled. It was a bitterly serious offense then to assault a Spanish officer. Quezon was caught, arrested, and sentenced to imprisonment. But the authorities chose to mask the real reason for the quarrel, not caring to mention the female element; they justified Quezon's arrest merely by asserting that he was a revolutionary—which was untrue. He had scarcely heard of the Filipino independence movement at this time. He began to get interested in it. The affair gave him the idea that the revolutionaries—no matter what their politics—must be nice people.

These two anecdotes, lost in years and trivial as they may seem to be, were important. Quezon would have become a revolutionist anyway, since it is his nature to be rebellious, but this early conflict with authority sharpened him for the struggle to come, and told him on which side he belonged.

Anecdotes about Quezon are abundant. Yet they do not build up into a legend. There is nothing hazy or mythological about him. He is an exceptionally concrete and compact man. He has a genius for directness, and also for slipperiness.

His nephew, training to be a cadet in an army preparatory school, was one of a group recently convicted of a hazing offense. Quezon is an enemy of nepotism—indeed it is a rule in the civil service that no two relatives may work in the same office—and he expelled the entire group of cadets, nephew included. His wife pleaded with him; Quezon was adamant, asserting that the punishment must be a lesson to the army as a whole. A month later, he gave the cadets a chance to get their commissions after all, by serving for eighteen months as privates. Once the nephew was on guard duty at Malacañan palace, the residence of the president. Quezon heard that his wife was secretly feeding the lad in the palace kitchen. He ordered her to stop this, or else feed the entire two hundred privates in the guard.

He is exceptionally impulsive and generous. Once when Malacañan was being restored he noticed a workman who didn't seem to be the ordinary type of Filipino laborer. Quezon talked to him, found that he was a student out of a job, and gave him clerical work inside the palace. The next day the whole working crew struck and asked for the same kind of easier work.

Nothing daunts him. Crossing the Atlantic once he taught the ship's orchestra to play the Filipino national anthem by tapping out the tune with one finger on the piano—though he hadn't touched a keyboard for years—and though Paderewski was a fellow passenger and startled onlooker!

He is a good deal of a scamp. Once, courting his wife, he arrived wearing a spray of orange blossoms. She asked him why. He said airily, "Oh, I've just been married!" The poor lady burst into tears, so that Quezon knew that she really loved him.

His approach is inveterately personal. When a political prisoner is arrested, which isn't very often, Quezon usually talks to him himself. Once a prisoner had been arrested for making amateur bombs. He was the driver of a *carabao* (buffalo) cart earning fifteen cents a day. Quezon said, "This is ridiculous. No wonder you are a bomb-thrower. No one can live on fifteen cents a day." And he ordered his release.

His temper flashes quickly over little things. He may violently rebuke a secretary, and twenty minutes later completely forget what the trouble was about. He likes to quote a saying of his father's: "Better one day red than three days blue."

He is full of histrionics: His agile, intensely mobile features make him an excellent mimic and actor. When he is bored or petulant, anyone who knows him well knows it instantly, because his thick eyebrows shoot up, and his long and expressive nostrils twitch.

He is almost startlingly informal; he makes his very informality dramatic. Saying good-by to his great friend Roy Howard when Howard was in Manila last, he called alone at Howard's hotel, and simply walked in unattended and unannounced. But woe to anyone who abuses his informality by wanton insult to the dignity of his position. Swift and stinging rebuke came once to an American who, dancing at a party where Quezon was a guest, slapped him on the shoulder with a gay "Hi, Manuel!"

He is very Latin and expansive with great affection for his own roots, his own past. In his home in Pasay, a suburb of Manila, he has a large airplane photograph of the village where he was born, marked: "Here I First Saw the Light of Day." In his official residence he has built up a veritable museum of Quezoniana. In 1937 he was pleased beyond measure to recover at last a knife he lost when he was captured in 1899 by American troops. But he has never been

able to trace and find the sword he sold for twelve *pesos* when the war was over.

Loyalty and gratitude are good political weapons, and Quezon knows it well. Dozens of friends who helped him in the early days have been rewarded with jobs or pensions. He held a man named Antonio in such affection—Antonio fed and housed him when he was poor—that he adopted his name as part of his own. He has great sympathies for the old and poor. When he was a young lawyer he charged the poor no fees, and soaked the rich—so at least the story goes.

His wife told him recently, with considerable perturbation, that she had discovered their cook, whom he greatly admired, to be a communist. Quezon went straight to the kitchen. He returned and told his wife, "The cook is not a communist. If he were a duke, he would be for the dukes. But he's a cook, and so he's for the cooks."

He likes to do things quickly. He got General MacArthur to come to Manila as his military adviser and superintendent of the military establishment of the islands in five minutes of talk. He said to MacArthur, "I want your answer to just one question: Are the islands defensible?" MacArthur said, "Yes," and Quezon offered him the job.

After his election to the presidency he called together the rich Manilans who had supported him and paid for his campaign. "Gentlemen," he said in effect, "let there be no misunderstanding between us. Of course I know, now that I am in office, that you do *not* anticipate any political favors. You have contributed to my campaign, but surely you do not expect to derive profit from having done so. If you should have such an assumption, you would be dishonoring yourselves, by suggesting that you had attempted to bribe the President, and also myself, by suggesting that the President could be bribed." The rich Manilans were too staggered to say a word.

Once, years ago in Washington, he was chatting with friends in the office of Secretary of War Henry Stimson. Stimson turned to him suddenly: "Quezon, do you really want independence for the Filipinos?" Quezon smiled and told the anecdote of the young Spaniard who always asserted that it was his ambition to become bishop of the church. The Spaniard ended up happily enough as a janitor for the church property. Quezon winked.

An excellent politician, he knows all the approaches. Once a group of legislators wasn't doing the work he expected of it. He announced,

"I won't fire you, but if your job isn't finished by next Monday, I'll write a letter to the newspapers under my own name denouncing you as incompetent." The job was done by Monday.

Once Lloyd George said of De Valera: "He is like trying to pick up mercury with a fork." Quezon has something of this defiantly fluid quality.

Don Manuel Luis Quezon Antonio y Molina was born in Belar, a small town on the island of Luzon, on August 19, 1878. His father was a Filipino schoolmaster, certainly not rich, but not desperately poor, a member of the *illustrado* class; his mother, Molina by name, who also taught school, was partly Spanish. Young Quezon was a bright lad, but lazy. As a schoolboy his nickname was *gulerato*—bluffer. The family pinched itself to send him to Manila, eighty miles away, where he studied first at San Juan de Letran, a junior college, and then at the law school of the University of Santo Tomas. His studies were interrupted by the revolution against Spain in 1898.

The Philippine Islands, discovered by Magellan in 1521, were forlorn and almost forgotten remnants of the Spanish Empire. That Empire, corrupt and decadent, was governed by remote control from Madrid, but most actual power was in the hands of the local Catholic Church plus a few Spanish grandes and landowners. The Filipinos—about 9,000,000 of them then and perhaps 14,000,000 now—are in the main Malay by race, Christianized by Spain and with strong admixtures of Spanish blood. They are an easygoing people, but they rose against Spanish oppression under the patriot Aguinaldo, and were fighting a bloody and successful revolution when the Spanish-American War broke out. America attacked Spain in Philippine waters, promising to help the revolutionaries. Then America, victorious, took the islands over; Aguinaldo continued his revolt against the United States, but he was captured in 1901, and the fighting fizzled out.

Young Manuel Quezon plunged melodramatically into this situation. He joined Aguinaldo, in a year rose from private to major, and fought the Americans. Advancing under a flag of truce he was told Aguinaldo had been taken and that the revolt was over. Quezon refused to believe this. The Americans took him to Manila and showed him Aguinaldo in captivity with his own eyes. Quezon spent six months

in jail; his cell was a dungeon in the city walls near the south-eastern gate, and not more than a hundred yards from the Letran school he had attended. When fifteen years later he returned to Manila from Washington with the Jones Law (which prepared the way for Philippine independence) in his pocket, the gate was renamed Quezon Gate in his honor.

Quezon was furious at the United States when the rebellion collapsed. The insurrectionists who fought with the Americans in the original struggle considered themselves betrayed. Out of jail, Quezon was so angry that he refused to learn English. But he met an American officer, General Bandholtz—the first American he had ever known well—and discovered promptly that Americans were not Spaniards. Bandholtz said that Quezon must learn English and that *he* would pay Quezon, instead of vice versa, to take lessons from him! Then Bandholtz was transferred from the islands; Quezon dropped English, and did not take it up again until he became Philippine Commissioner in Washington in 1909, when he learned it with astounding speed.

Quezon's first years after the revolution were difficult. He resumed the study of law, while scratching out a living at odd jobs. His father died, and he returned to Belar to settle the family estate; then he began practice in Tayabas province. He was at once successful. Politics beckoned. He gave up his job, at which he was earning \$500 per month, to accept a position as the local *fiscal*, or prosecuting attorney, at \$75. He got a national reputation almost at once by daring to prosecute a prominent American lawyer for fraud; this was as early as 1904, when it was almost unheard of for a youthful Filipino to attack a foreigner. By 1906 he had become governor of Tayabas; by 1908, when he was thirty, he was floor leader of the Filipino Assembly, and obviously the coming man.

The next twenty-five years were all variations on a single theme: the stubborn and wary campaign of Manuel Quezon to further his own career and achieve independence for his country. Battles with ill-health; spectacular junkets;¹ a local struggle for power with Senor Osmeña, alternately his rival and running mate in Filipino affairs—these were subordinate to the unchanging main current of his life. Two things helped Quezon cardinally. One was the very considerable

¹ In 1908, when chairman of the committee of appropriations, he sent himself to St. Petersburg as delegate to a navigation congress. Cost: 34,000 *pesos* or \$17,000.

anti-imperialist sentiment in the United States which steadily favored liberation of the islands on political grounds. The other was the sugar lobby in Washington, which I will touch on later. Very early Quezon saw that the key to everything was Washington. So he contrived to become Resident Commissioner there, a post which he held from 1909 to 1917. He was an effective lobbyist. He helped arrange the appointment of the Pro-Filipino Francis Burton Harrison as governor general in 1913, and he was spiritual if not temporal author of the Jones Bill in 1916. He knew also that complete independence—too soon—might wreck the islands economically; he had continually to plot a sinuous middle course. By 1917 he saw that Manila was a better strategic post than Washington; he became President of the Philippine Senate and as such the first man of the islands. He had years of passionate struggle with General Wood, a governor who reversed the Harrison policy; he ingratiated himself with other governors, cajoling, bluffing, threatening. He dodged back and forth to Washington. Finally in 1934 came the Tydings-McDuffie Bill, which tentatively at least won the fight. The Philippines became a commonwealth of autonomous status, with complete independence promised in 1946.

Quezon went to the country and won its first presidential election. His chief opponent, whom he overwhelmed, was old General Aguinaldo, who wanted independence without compromise and at once. Quezon moved into Malacañan palace, and the American governor, his title changed to high commissioner, rented a house in town.

Quezon is sixty-four. He doesn't look it. Before the Japanese invasion, when he was chief executive, he worked a long and restless day. He still would be inclined to do so, no matter where he is. Usually he is up at dawn, and he likes to entertain at breakfast. In pre-war Manila he received visitors in a comfortable airy room on the second floor of Malacañan, decorated in gamboge and orange. He had what seemed to be a velvet swivel chair, and photographers would snap pictures of El Presidente and his guest as they conversed. Next day the photographers would try to sell the pictures to the visitor.

The President loves good clothes; the splendor and multiplicity of his shirts are famous. For his own dress he invented a semi-uniform of high russet riding breeches, a soft white shirt, and high buttoned military tunic with a high collar. But often he receives visitors in

formally, wearing a polo shirt open at the neck. At home he wears native Tagalog dress, which he claims to be exceptionally comfortable.

Probably Quezon could make an easy living at cards if he wanted to, since he is indisputably one of the best poker players in the world. Recently he took up bridge, too, and he likes it even better than poker. Most of his relaxation before the war came on his yacht, the *Casiana*, on which he cruised and dined when the day's work was done. He got it, a bargain at a reputed price of 100,000 *pesos* (\$50,000), from an American oil magnate. He reads a good deal in a utilitarian way, especially when he wakes up, restless, very early in the morning, but he is an impatient reader who finds it hard to finish books he has begun. He likes to ride, and is a tolerable horseman.

There was a bar in the Manila palace, and he asserts that he has never refused a drink, but in fact he drinks rather little. At one reception at Malacañan that I attended, no alcohol was served at all. The President likes to joke about liquor as he likes to joke about the ladies. Old photographs show him with wonderful twirling mustachios over a jaw-breaking collar; he says he cut them off because they tickled the girls too much. Once he said,² apropos of alcohol:

When I left Manila the doctors told me that I could drink nothing intoxicating. When I reached Java I saw a doctor and he said a glass of beer would not hurt. So I drank beer from Java to Paris. In Paris another doctor said, "You should not drink beer; wine is the thing." So I changed gratefully to wine. Then a French specialist told me, "You should drink only champagne; it is the only drink for you." So I drank champagne for a time. Then I reached the United States, and the physicians said, "Don't drink wines or beer at all, but only whisky." So now, if I want a drink, all I have to do is decide which physician I shall obey.

He is fond of good food, but of his trim figure too. Before he underwent a serious operation at Johns Hopkins in 1934, he asked for *adobo*, a highly seasoned Filipino specialty consisting of beef steamed in vinegar, then fried with garlic. The doctors wouldn't let him have it. He enjoyed his operation, which was for gallstones, immensely; he dramatized every detail, and the newspapers in Manila carried front page photographs of all the instruments the surgeons used. He

² Quoted in the biography, *Manuel Quezon*, by I. P. Cabellero and M. de G. Concepción, p. 376.

said afterward, "All I have is a thin red line that looks like a pin scratch, and I can say that it is even elegant."

But what he liked most of all—in the good old days—was a junket. His political pilgrimages carried him all over the world, and nothing was lacking to make the journeyings impressive. El Presidente travelled with a flash and a flourish. Special trains, mass meetings, speeches were in order, and the entourage was huge. Usually Quezon took with him a doctor, two or three secretaries, a military aide, and a half dozen hangers-on. He learned more than one lesson from the politics of the United States: he was a junketeer par excellence, and his expense accounts were wonderful to behold.

In Manila Quezon went from place to place in a big Chrysler Airflow with special glass which impeded the view inside. Contrary to report it was not armored or bullet proof. But there was a small revolver in the side compartment which contained writing materials, cigarettes, and the like. It bore license plate No. 1.

He wanted to attend the coronation of George VI of England during his European trip in 1937, but the British foreign office didn't know quite what precedence to give him, and informally persuaded the Americans to ask him not to go. On this trip he had planned to go to Ireland and Denmark, also the U.S.S.R., to study agrarian problems; time cut his itinerary short. In Germany he saw Schacht, but not Hitler. On the way he visited Cuba and Mexico; for ex-President Cárdenas of Mexico he has terrific admiration.

About Mussolini Quezon once said, "He talks loudly but everyone can rely upon him to do the right thing." About Hitler: "That's not my idea of a leader." The President calls himself "almost a communist" except that he believes in the right of private property. But he also believes that the government has the privilege of curbing the right of private property "if and when public good demands it." He gets along beautifully with both rich and poor, which was one cardinal source of his power.

His wife, whom he adores, and who has considerable influence over him, is his first cousin. Her name was Aurora Aragon; he eloped with her to Hong Kong in 1918 after an interrupted boyhood romance. She is a pretty and cultivated woman, and a good Roman Catholic. When they were in Mexico she told her husband that perhaps she might skip going to church for once, if church-going should embarrass his conversations with Cárdenas; the President replied that she could

blankety-blank well go to church any time and any place she chose. The Quezons have three children, Maria Aurora, who is eighteen, Zenaida, seventeen, and Manuel, Jr., twelve.

Donna Aurora doesn't pay much attention to politics—her hobbies are orchids, her collection of dolls, and her two thousand books—but she did contribute something to the woman suffrage movement in the islands. Quezon was lukewarm on the issue, and, hoping to forestall it, arranged a compromise providing that suffrage should come if 300,000 women voted for it within a year. No one thought that 300,000 women could be found who would vote. But Mme. Quezon plunged into the campaign, and the votes were found. Quezon was uneasy, because most women voters are in the hands of the priests, whom he thinks have enough power already. But he did not want to oppose his wife's wishes.

Quezon and Paul V. McNutt, the former higher commissioner, were not intimate friends, but relations between them were quite correct. Quezon had hoped that another man would be appointed and that in any case he should have been consulted on the appointment; McNutt's name was rushed through before Quezon got to Washington, and for several days he sulked, refusing to call on McNutt until Roy Howard smoothed the matter over. Quezon said in Manila later that he liked to see McNutt in order to get away from the local politicians. He records that his friendship with him was cemented by a poker game, in which both were winners—Quezon, however, by a bigger margin.

The McNutt toast story set tongues wagging on several continents. What really happened was this. When McNutt arrived on the islands the Japanese Consul General gave him an official dinner, at which the first toast was to the Emperor of Japan, the second to the President of the United States, the third to President Quezon, the fourth (after rather a long pause) to High Commissioner McNutt. The next day McNutt wrote a private and confidential memorandum to the consular corps asking that this procedure be henceforth corrected, since officially he, as representative of the President of the United States, outranked Quezon. He hadn't wanted a scandal; he was as embarrassed as Quezon when the story got out, which it did when the Japanese tipped off the newspapers.³

³ Some time later, asserting his prerogative to be consulted in all international matters, McNutt asked that correspondence between the various consuls and Malacañan be routed, as was correct, through him. The Japanese sought to get around this by using the telephone instead of writing.

Like most good American politicians Quezon gets on nicely with newspaper men. Once he promised Dick Wilson, Manila correspondent of the United Press, some letters of introduction to friends in China; he was suddenly stricken with appendicitis and actually while being wheeled to the operating theater he saw Wilson in the hall, and remembered to call a secretary to tell him not to forget the letters. His press conferences were quite informal. Ninety percent of what was said was off-the-record. Once the correspondents asked him about a matter in connection with his personal religious history. Quezon couldn't remember a date exactly. He reached for the phone, telephoned his wife, and got it from her.

Quezon's religious history is curious. He was, of course, born a Roman Catholic, but he was not confirmed until he was fourteen, although the usual age is three or four. Then he joined the revolution and became a Freemason, when Masonry, forbidden by the Spanish régime, was a symbol of the independence movement. He rose to be a thirty-second degree Mason, but was reconverted to Catholicism in 1928 after two decades of apostasy. His wife strongly wanted him to reenter the church for the sake of the children. He was ill with tuberculosis; he took communion when he thought he might be on his deathbed, but only—a typical enough Quezon touch—after saying he would refuse to believe in miracles. He wants to be a Catholic, like everything else, on his own terms.

Late in 1939, when it became clear that a Japanese attack on the Philippines was inevitable, the question of independence for the islands took a drastic new turn. After having devoted his whole political life to the independence movement, Quezon woke up one morning not so sure that he wanted it. After forty years of agitation which brought them to the threshold of nationhood, the Filipino people became increasingly alarmed that they were going to get—what they asked for. Reason: fear of Japan.

A word on background. The Tydings-McDuffie Act provided an interim period until 1946 in which the United States would retain certain rights in the islands, and be responsible for their defense. America was to give up its military bases in 1946, though the question of naval bases was left open. Until 1946, American law was to control matters of tariff, immigration, debt, currency, and foreign trade. In 1946 all this would be cut off, according to the Act. The country would become the Philippine Republic, and swim—or sink—alone. The

theory behind the Act was to provide a ten-year transition during which the islands could learn—to swim.

Now there were several points of view among Filipinos in regard to independence. Some outright folk like Aguinaldo wanted unconditional independence at once. They called Quezon a trimmer. Some wanted a "Permanent Commonwealth," i.e., the status quo extended in perpetuity in the form of something resembling Dominion Status. There were some who stood by the Tydings-McDuffie Act. Finally there were the Retentionists, who did not want independence at all, though they were not often bold enough to say so outright. Among Retentionists were the reactionary clergy, who feared social revolution under independence, and the sugar interests, who knew that they could no longer sell sugar profitably to the United States—and sugar is by far the most important item in the economic life of the islands—after it became a foreign commodity and had to pass an American tariff wall, instead of going in duty free.

In essence the struggle for Filipino freedom was a struggle between two competing spheres of sugar interests. This is basic fact.

American sugar, and Cuban sugar which is controlled by New York finance, wanted the islands to be independent, so that Filipino sugar would have to pay duty in America and enter the American market at a severe and possibly fatal handicap.

Filipino sugar feared full independence. It preferred the status quo, so that it might continue to flourish by free entry into the American market, which would be lost if the islands became a foreign state and had to climb a tariff barrier.

Thus an odd situation: American interests tended to support the liberation of the Philippines, whereas Filipino interests tended to prefer the pre-1941 situation, i.e., their own servitude. Patriotism? But the Filipinos said that it would be hardly "patriotic" to ask for independence if its result should be suicide. Seventy-two percent of Philippine trade was with the United States; sixty percent of this was sugar.

American imperialism has never been anywhere near so tenacious or grasping as European imperialism; the Filipinos knew this, and were grateful, more or less. If you asked a Filipino why almost no one harbored deep or passionate resentment against the United States—as an Arab, say, may harbor resentment against an Englishman—he was likely to say that, first, America was a veritable fairy godmother com-

pared to Spain, and second that America had always been willing to clear out.

Immediately after Quezon's inauguration a curious thing occurred. The President took Roy Howard for a cruise on the *Casiana*. When Howard returned he wrote an obviously inspired story—this was in 1935!—to the effect that the "dream of Philippine Independence was fading." If Quezon, having just won his fight, was indicating by this that he hadn't wished to win it, he might justly have been accused of monstrous hypocrisy. But probably the story was a *ballon d'essai* to sound out political opinion in the United States; Quezon didn't want America to cut the Philippines adrift too soon.

In 1937, Quezon took the uttermost opposite line. He came to Washington and asked for complete independence at once. He said:

The Philippines have been assisted economically and schooled politically by the United States for almost forty years. No people in history, coming under a foreign flag, have ever been treated so generously. . . . We are as competent to govern ourselves now as we can possibly be eight years hence. . . . Under actual test the terms of the Independence Act are proving surprisingly capable of creating irritation. One high commissioner, even if of the highest character, if lacking in sympathy could create a most unfortunate clash. . . . One [American] Congress apparently cannot bind the action of a succeeding Congress. Consequently, as long as we are bound by the present Independence Act, which we have no power to alter, the Philippines will continue to be at the mercy of every self-seeking group of lobbyists capable of log-rolling a tariff or commercial quota to our disadvantage.

In July 1938, Quezon made a sudden brief holiday visit to Tokyo. He had been there several times before, and the Japanese did their utmost to be nice to him. Quezon denied hotly a story to the effect that he had sounded out official opinion in regard to Japanese intentions toward the Philippines. Japan, he said, was willing after 1946 to adhere to an agreement neutralizing the islands—which makes strange reading now. In fact it would be an insult to Mr. Quezon's very active intelligence to suggest that he did not know—then as now—that Japan was hungry for just the sort of loot the riches of the Philippines, including very large gold deposits, provide. Probably he wanted the best terms he could get to defer a crisis as long as possible.

In 1939, veering again with the prevailing winds, Quezon came

out for a plebiscite in 1944 to settle the independence issue. In other words, he still hadn't made up his mind. In 1940, discouraged by the ease with which Germany had conquered France and the Low Countries, and more fearful than ever of Japanese attack, he suggested what was called "semi-independence"; the Philippines would remain in the American orbit, but should have treaty-making power. (With Japan?) In 1941 Quezon was elected president for a second term, after having received powers to change the constitution; previously he had said strenuously that he would not run again, and indeed a second term was forbidden by earlier statutes.

Until the Japanese came the Philippines were an advanced democracy, at least in theory; economically they were still in the feudal age.

Spain left its ugly heritage. Industry was largely in the hands of a few Spanish aristocrats; the land was held largely by great land-owners or by the Church. Less than one-fifth of one per cent of the landowners owned twenty-one per cent of the total arable land. They gave staggeringly lavish parties in Manila; their tenants paid the taxes; the peasants starved. In one district in central Luzon ninety percent of the land was owned by two percent of the people. The landless proletariat numbered at least ten percent of the total population, and agrarian wages were as low as fifteen cents a day. The Church had vast properties, some gained by gifts or purchases through the tithe, some donated by the penitent. All this provided an unhealthy situation on which the Japanese hope to thrive.

Very cautiously, before the invasion, Quezon began a program of breaking up the big estates. He wanted, he said, to "complete the revolution," and abolish feudalism; he had to move very slowly. He promised much. But he was roughly in the position that President Roosevelt would have faced if, attacking Wall Street, he knew that all his cabinet and perhaps seventy percent of his majority were Wall Street men. Quezon knew that to make a real revolution he must destroy feudalism, i.e., the power of the Church. This he could do only by destroying himself too.

Opposition to Quezon was feeble. In 1935, a group known as the Sakdalists staged an uprising, and its leader, Benigno Ramos, fled to Japan. Later a Popular Front embracing everyone from communists to the "national socialists" of Aguinaldo was organized to combat

the President, but it did not get very far. One dissident leader of consequence was the liberal head of the Philippine Independent Church, Bishop Aglipay. The popularity of Quezon was great—and carefully nurtured—and no real opposition leader rose. In the last election Quezon won every seat.

Indeed, members of the Popular Front did not normally dislike or oppose Quezon, whom they regarded as the father of the country, as a man or a leader; they simply wanted him to modify his policy. Their complaints were that he created a bureaucratic dictatorship; that he controlled not only the executive, but the judiciary, the army, the legislature, the entire complex of government; that he was afraid of the Church and the big landowners; that his economic program was too slow. They did not want to replace Quezon; they hoped to swing him to the Left.

Quezon was profoundly impressed by Roosevelt and Cárdenas in 1937; he returned to announce a kind of New Deal for the islands under the name of the "Social Justice" program. This, he announced, gave expression to a "distributist" philosophy, a middle path between capitalism and socialism; he said that it was the duty of the government to use every means it had to force the distribution of wealth so that the rich would be less rich and the poor less poor. "I do not believe," he said, "that any one man can earn a million *pesos* by his brain alone. If that is communism, then I am a communist." He inaugurated a minimum wage for government employees (one *peso* per day), and set about a new tax program.

Perhaps a tongue was in Quezon's roguish cheek. In any case the question is outworn and academic now. MacArthur is still fighting in the Bataan peninsula, but the occupation by Japan of most of the islands has brutally ended one great phase of Filipino history. Now the Japanese inherit the Quezon problems and predicaments. They are slipperier than he was. What they will do with them the next few months—or years—will tell.

Chapter XX

Catastrophe at Singapore

SINGAPORE BASE—that agglutination of British imperial power once thought impregnable—is no more. Rather, the Japanese have it. Singapore fell on February 15, 1942 after a knife-sharp Japanese campaign through Malaya, a disaster to the cause of the United Nations at least as great as the fall of France. What the Japanese will make of Singapore remains to be seen. Plenty, probably.

The importance of Singapore lies chiefly in its remarkable location. Probably Manhattan is the only small island in the world to outrank it as an extraordinary combination of geographical position, commercial development, and strategic significance. It lies about 1500 miles from Manila, 1674 miles from Hong Kong, and 3345 miles from Yokohama. It drove a great armored pivot (so we thought) into the junction of the trade routes from India and the West to China and beyond. It gives the Japanese facilities for naval repair, dockyards, oil storage, and above all airfields. It was a natural vantage point for operations against the Dutch East Indies, and westwardly toward the Indian Ocean. Batavia in Java is only 550 miles away, and Colombo, Ceylon, 1580 miles. Singapore is, in a word, crucial to the strategy of the whole "A.B.C.D." and southern Pacific regions.

Moreover, the loss of Singapore deprives the United Nations—temporarily at least—of an essential base for future offensive action. The Japanese will, it goes without saying, augment and intensify its natural defenses, and make use of what the British built. Not only have they freedom of movement (for the present anyway) in the area linking the Indian Ocean with the China Sea and the Pacific; their hold on Singapore effectively inhibits any countermove. To attack the Japanese in these waters the British, the Americans, the Dutch, need a base imperatively; a base is the *sine qua non* of military policy in these regions. Another point is the amount of raw material wealth that fell into Japanese hands. Malaya, be it remembered, produces not less than *one-half* of the world's rubber, and a very considerable portion of its tin.

The Japanese invasion of Malaya began on December 8 with a landing operation at Kota Bharu, on the east coast near the Siamese

frontier. As usual, Japanese staff work and coöordination between army, navy, and air force, was expert and efficient. And—again as usual—the Japanese had practically their own way once they established effective air control. Singapore was bombed at 4 A.M. on the 8th, and about 60 people were killed. The British authorities could hardly believe that the inevitable had happened. They were rudely shaken from all previous conceptions of strategy when, two days later, the great new battleship *Prince of Wales* and the battle cruiser *Repulse*, which had only arrived in Singapore on December 2, were shattered by Japanese bomber and torpedo planes and sunk.

Thereafter, invasion of Malaya proceeded systematically. The defenders had scarcely any chance; indeed their only strategy was to fight a holding action, and retreat according to plan ten miles a day. The important city of Penang was evacuated on December 19, only eleven days after the attack began, and by January 5 Japanese landings on both east and west coasts of the narrow peninsula threatened Pahang and Selangor. On January 31 the invaders reached the Strait of Johore which separates Singapore, an island, from the mainland, and the siege of the great bastion duly began. It lasted only fifteen days. On February 7 the Japanese penetrated the island, and on February 15 the city fell.

According to a Tokyo broadcast released by the Associated Press the following conversation took place between General Tomoyuki Yamashita, the Japanese commander-in-chief, and the British commander Lieutenant General A. E. Percival. One should take it with a grain of salt.

Yamashita—I wish replies to be brief and to the point. I will listen only to unconditional surrender. Percival—Yes.

Yamashita—Have any Japanese soldiers been captured by the British? Percival—No, not a single one.

Yamashita—What about Japanese residents? Percival—All Japanese residents interned by the British have been sent to India.

Yamashita—I want to hear whether you wish to surrender or not, and if you wish I insist it be unconditionally. What is your answer, yes or no? Percival—Will you give me until tomorrow?

Yamashita—Tomorrow? I cannot wait, and it is understood, then, the Japanese forces will have to attack tonight. Percival—How about waiting until 11:30 P.M. Tokyo time?

Yamashita—if that is to be the case, the Japanese forces will have

to resume the attack until then. Will you say yes or no? Percival—
(No answer.)

Yamashita—I want to hear a decisive answer, and I insist upon unconditional surrender. What do you say? Percival—Yes.

Yamashita—All right, then. Cease firing must be ordered at exactly 10 P.M.

Immediately after the fall of Singapore General Tojo, the Japanese prime minister, announced his future "war aims" as follows:

1. Japan is carrying out operations in Burma for suppression of Chiang Kai-shek's regime at Chungking, but "it is farthest from the thought of Japan to regard the Burmese as her enemy." Japan "will gladly extend to them her positive coöperation for the establishment of Burma for the Burmese."
2. Japan firmly intends to strike the finishing blow at the Chungking regime, but "the attitude of Japan toward the people of China is that of regarding them as our brothers." Japan "intends to carry on Great East Asiatic construction with the people of China by helping each other."
3. As India now has a golden opportunity to throw off "Anglo-American domination," Japan expects her to restore for herself the status of India for the Indians and will "not stint herself in extending assistance to the patriotic efforts of Indians."
4. Japan will crush thoroughly the Netherlands forces that continue to resist us in coöperation with the United States and Britain. However, if the Indonesian people understand our real intentions and coöperate with us in Greater East Asiatic construction, we shall emancipate them from the despotic rule of the refugee Netherlands Government.
5. Australia and New Zealand should avoid useless war in reliance upon the United States and Britain, which are not worth depending upon. Whether the people of these regions will or will not enjoy happiness and welfare depends entirely on whether their governments understand the real intentions of Japan and take a fair and high attitude.

—*New York Times*, Feb. 17, 1942

Singapore, it was then announced, would be renamed "Shonan Port," Light of the South.

The loss of Singapore produced naturally enough an ugly flood of recrimination. And much bitterness arose at what seemed to have been a British lack of foresight, grip and gumption. It was revealed

that the approaches to Singapore were not mined until February, 1941, and that the Malayan airfields were pitifully underdeveloped and understaffed. One news dispatch that appeared in the first week of February carries its own tragic burden: "Yesterday—nine weeks after the first Japanese bombs fell on Singapore—authorities announced the intention to build at government cost public air raid shelters near markets, food shops, and in congested areas."

Cecil Brown, correspondent for the Columbia Broadcasting System, reached Australia after having been forbidden to broadcast by the Singapore censor, and told a grisly story of complacency, inefficiency, and lost opportunity. The British, he said, were outnumbered in the air 50 and 100-to-one; he quoted pilots desperately calling for more planes, *any* planes. He said that the "scorched earth policy in the first four weeks of the war was virtually a figment of the official imagination," and that vast stores of equipment and raw materials fell untouched into Japanese hands. "At Penang the Treasury was left intact with more than a quarter of a million dollars and when the Japanese walked into Penang they simply threw a switch in the radio station and began broadcasting." Also, Brown reported, the British authorities refused to accept help from the Chinese who might have been their allies, and were "unable to distinguish between Japanese . . . and Chinese." Not until ten days before the end was a Chinese battalion recruited. Singapore, be it remembered, is largely a Chinese-populated city.

Another correspondent, Harold Guard, telegraphed to the United Press:

Bureaucratic complacency had stood by in idleness for months, supremely confident that Japan could not drive through the jungles and attack Singapore from the rear and would be forced to make a direct attack on the strong sea defences.

One small dispatch in the London *Daily Telegraph*, quoted by the *New Statesman*, might have been read humorously had not the consequences been so grievous:

It is now possible to reveal that Gen. Sir Henry Pownall, C.-in-C., Far East, has visited Singapore's secret defensive fortifications, which it will be his responsibility to maintain. Nothing has been withheld from him. Not only the secret but even the ultra-secret fortifications have been shown to him.

A crucial point in the whole story was the color line, the stuffy hatred of so many white men in the East for the Asiatics. "The sahibs trusted a tradition of racial superiority which has ceased for a generation to correspond with the facts," the *New Statesman* wrote; "they ignored the Chinese; they despised the Malays; and they failed to realize that the Japanese are a first rate military power." Consider the following excerpt from the same journal on January 17:

Compared to the Governor of Malaya and Sir Robert Brooke-Popham (whom Lord Addison called a "nincompoop" in the House of Lords last week), Mr. Duff-Cooper is a shining example of enlightenment. He is credited with persuading the British authorities that the Chinese, who are half the population of Malaya, are on the same side as Britain in this war, and that since Russia came into the war, Communists are our allies. The chief political organization of the Chinese is the Kuomintang; its leader, of course, was in gaol. I am told that Duff-Cooper was responsible for getting him out, and also that it was he who arranged for a Communist manifesto urging resistance to the Japanese to be circulated in Malaya. This, I understand, scandalised some of the authorities into a premature apoplexy. Correspondents report to us that no foreign troops had ever been allowed in Malaya, while local Chinese newspapers have been "discouraged" (whatever that may mean) when they suggested that troops of the regular Chinese army should be invited to Malaya to join the Allied defense. The British authorities thought that a Chinese army would be bad for British "prestige" amongst the colored people. Fancy suggesting that the white sahib could possibly need Chinese help!

On February 25 Mr. Churchill spoke as follows:

Before I left for the United States early in December most of the principal orders had been given, and in fact we managed to reinforce Singapore by over 40,000 men, together with large numbers of anti-aircraft and anti-tank artillery, all of which were withdrawn from other points where they were needed or even actively engaged.

This was especially true with regard to modern aircraft. Unfortunately, before enough of these latter could arrive in the Malay Peninsula, although there was no delay in giving the orders and many varying methods were adopted by the commanders—the air-fields in Singapore Island were already under fire of Japanese artillery from Johore, from which we had been driven out.

Nevertheless, the speedy reinforcements of Singapore by not less

than nine convoys would be judged a splendid achievement if the resulting defense had been crowned with success.

I shall certainly not attempt at this stage to pass any judgment on our troops or their commanders. Seventy-three thousand of them are stated by the enemy to be prisoners of war. Certainly larger numbers than that were in the fortress at the time. I shall not attempt to pass judgment. We have more urgent work to do.

But historically what caused the loss of Malaya and Singapore was something above and beyond colonial complacency or even lack of air power. Singapore was lost in large degree because Indo-China had been lost the year before. Once the Japanese had established military control over the Indo-Chinese area Singapore was doomed, because enemy air bases in Indo-China completely altered the strategic picture. Singapore was built to withstand attack by sea. It was a naval base. The idea that it could be attacked on land and in the air from fields only a few hundred miles away had never entered anybody's head—until the occupation of Indo-China made this possible in 1941. People then began to realize belatedly that Indo-China could be to Malaya and Singapore exactly what the Austrian Anschluss was to the collapse of Central Europe, what the occupation of Sudetenland was to the conquest of the Czechoslovaks. At this time the A.B.C.D. combination was only in process of formation. We still thought war might be avoided. We in the United States were not prepared to undertake to throw the Japanese out of Indo-China, any more than the British were. And anyway it was probably too late.

Opium and the Fortress Isle

Work on Singapore Base began after the last Great War. In 1919, Admiral Lord Jellicoe toured the British dominions and recommended that a British Pacific fleet be created and based on Singapore. He wanted battleships instead of mere cruisers in Far Eastern waters; he wanted a two-hemisphere naval policy for Britain. Soon after, a conference of British admirals met in Penang; it seconded Jellicoe's suggestion. The British were worried about the new post-war situation and the growing power of Japan, but their nearest base equipped to handle big British warships in case of trouble was Malta, 8,000 miles away.

In 1921, the Imperial Conference met in London, pondered the Jellicoe statement, listened to the cabinet and the Committee of

Imperial Defence, and took the plunge. It decided to build Singapore. In 1922—mark the sequence—the Washington Naval Limitation Treaty was signed which established naval ratios among the great powers and ended the Anglo-Japanese Alliance.

Considerable outcry came from England. First, critics said that the new base was an unreasonable extravagance; second, that it would needlessly irritate and provoke Japan. And indignation in Tokyo was high and hot. Also, purists in politics claimed that the new base was a moral infringement of the Washington Naval Treaty, which forbade fortifications or naval bases east of 110 degrees east longitude. Singapore lay outside this zone, but only just outside it—by six degrees. One M.P. put it this way: "It is contrary to the spirit of the Washington treaty to move a few hundred miles from Hong Kong and then embark on an expenditure of £10,000,000."

Some people talked about British "duplicity" at Washington. The allegation was formally denied by officials who took part in the conference. For instance, Mr. Bruce, prime minister of Australia, said, "Australia understood when the treaty was signed that Singapore was to be built. Australia would have never agreed to the treaty if Singapore had been included in the area where the building of bases and docks was prohibited." The British say that all the powers at Washington were cognizant of their plans to embark on the Singapore undertaking.

Work on the base began late, because the Labor Government reversed the decision of the previous conservative government and canceled the project. Pacifist Ramsay MacDonald called it "wild and wanton folly." The Conservatives took office in November, 1924, whereupon policy was changed again and work resumed; Mr. MacDonald lived to be prime minister of a national government which pushed the base almost to completion. The work took about fifteen years in all.

Altogether the base cost a pretty sum, about £16,000,000 (the official estimate) for equipment, and perhaps £60,000,000 if the cost of maintenance, garrison and so on is included from the beginning. Oddly enough the mother country, England, had to furnish only a minute fraction of the cost of the base itself. Contributions came from Hong Kong, New Zealand, the Straits Settlements, the Federated Malay States and neighboring potentates like the Sultan of Johore. The upkeep of the base in normal times was calculated at £500,000 per year,

but this was almost covered by the annual assessment of 4,000,000 Straits dollars or £464,000, paid by the Straits Settlements, the crown colony of which Singapore is the capital.

In other words, capital expenses excepted, the Singapore Base cost the home government almost nothing. Where did the government of the Straits Settlements get the money from? Two sources of revenue were unusual. One, direct, was opium. The other, indirect, was the American importer of tin and rubber.

Opium was a government monopoly in the Straits Settlements and it was highly profitable. The British bought raw opium from Iran or India and made it into what is called *chandu*. The raw opium cost perhaps one Straits dollar per "tahil" (one and one-third ounces); *chandu* sold for twelve Straits dollars per tahil. The profit was obviously enormous, but the price was put so high in a deliberate effort to diminish sales. The *chandu* was sold on a strictly controlled basis, like liquor in Scandinavia; only registered addicts could buy, and no one could get on the addict list except upon medical authorization. The shops were rigidly inspected. The addicts were about ninety-nine percent Chinese.

Revenue from opium for many years made up not less than *one-third* of the total revenue of the Straits Settlements; in 1936 it provided 23.23 percent of the total revenue, in 1937, 24.48 percent. There were about 35,000 registered opium addicts, that is to say, roughly five percent of the Chinese population. In other words, 35,000 registered Chinese opium eaters paid one-quarter of the colony's share in the cost of the Singapore Base, which was perhaps ninety percent of the total cost.

The American importer contributed indirectly to Singapore's upkeep because the Federated Malay States, on which Singapore was economically dependent, affixed high export duties on the two chief articles of export, tin and rubber, for which the United States was a very substantial customer. In 1937, of the total revenue of the F. M. S. (50,900,000 Straits dollars), the export tax on tin contributed 16,215,000 Straits dollars or 31.6 percent, the export tax on rubber 5,634,065 (eleven percent). American importers paying a steep tax kept the F. M. S. solvent, which in turn made the contributions of the Straits Settlements to Singapore possible.

I visited the base just after its formal inauguration in February

1938. I saw the glittering blue ribbon of the Strait of Johore, and its famous causeway, now of course destroyed (unless the Japanese have rebuilt it); I saw the tawny hills and the tropical jungle which were a background to the excavations; I saw the dull pewter-colored oil tanks (which held 1,000,000 tons of fuel each), and the great floating dock and graving dock, which cost \$5,000,000 and took six years to build; I saw the anchorage big enough to hold half the navies of the world, and the 20 miles of "perfect water" for flying boats.

At about this time three American cruisers visited Singapore to take part in the inauguration ceremonies. This caused a great flurry among the local officials. They thought it might annoy Japan! And this was just four short years ago.

Notes on Empire

If you look at a map of the British Empire, neatly colored pink by tradition—an odd color to choose, when you come to think about it—the temptation is great to consider it as a unit, as something uniform. As a matter of fact the British Empire, with its 485,000,000 people, its 13,290,000 square miles, is very far from being uniform. Its vast "mixture of growths and accumulations" is by no means governed by a single law.

The Empire—what was left of it in February 1942—includes dominions like Canada and Australia, which are self-governing, sister states of Britain virtually independent since the Statute of Westminster, except for the common bondage of the Crown. It includes the colossal subcontinent of India, itself subdivided into British India and princely states, which we shall deal with soon. It includes some crown colonies which are administrative dictatorships, and some which have constitutions and legislatures. It includes "free states" like Eire, mandated territories like Palestine, protectorates like the hinterland of Aden, condominiums like the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, territory held jointly with the United States like Canton Island, and political curiosities such as Bhutan which fit into no normal categories. There are even regions ruled by chartered companies like the old East India Company.

Parts of the Empire were rented and then purchased, like Zanzibar. Some were gifts, Bombay for instance. Some were gained by conquest, and some by luck in exploration, like Australia. Some came to Britain as the result of warfare thousands of miles away, like

Canada; some were grabbed locally, like Hong Kong from the Chinese. British Honduras was won by woodcutters from the West Indies, and Malta by a revolution of the Maltese. Togoland was captured from the Germans, the Gold Coast from the Dutch, Cyprus from the Turks, Jamaica from Spain, and parts of India from the Portuguese. Some divisions of the Empire were gained by original settlement, like Barbados and Fiji; some, like Nigeria, were ceded by native kings. Some were almost lost by war, like South Africa, some regained after mutiny, like Oudh and Agra, and some were loot, like Tanganyika.

Aside from the dominions and India, which have their special offices, the executive force over the Empire is the colonial office in London, which has the reputation of being the most backward of the great British government departments. I heard one incisive critic say that there are four classes of colonies. First, the "unicellular," like Gibraltar, where the colony is merely a fort; there is no native population, no political problem, and the governor—in times of peace—may happily be a retired admiral or some similar figure. Second, what my friend called the more advanced or "mollusk" type, like Uganda or the Bahamas, where the governor has considerable preoccupation with local problems like public health and administration, but where political issues are not acute. Third comes the lower "mammalian" category of colonies like Cyprus or Ceylon, where the governor is—or should be—some one competent to deal with highly difficult political problems, and where he must face politically advanced native populations. In jobs like these the old-style soldier-administrator governor, who may be admirable in the remote interior of Africa, is utterly hopeless. Finally come the "human" colonies; for instance, Palestine (technically Palestine is a mandate, of course), where a good governor must be a good politician above all else.

The British rule their colonies by a subtle combination of power and prestige. The power is—or was until the war with Japan—always there, but often in the form of battleships a thousand miles away; meantime the young officer might boss 10,000 people with a swagger stick and dinner jacket.

A common denominator is, of course, imperialism. The root reason why the colonies exist is exploitation. The British are there to get something out of being there. But exploitation is paid for by a variety of services; the British try to influence the natives to enjoy the

process of exploitation by a double reward: first, attention to such matters as public health, public order, education; second, by gradual training of the people toward self-government. No British colony is or ever will be a slave state, though political mastery may be complete. In most British colonies the eventual result of British imperialism is held to be freedom from the strictures of that imperialism. Obviously the process thus envisaged is an extremely gradual one. Development of self-governing institutions is not allowed to interfere with the immediate demands of empire.

One psychological factor helping the British in their imperial rule is their innate, impregnable unassimilability. Once an Englishman, always an Englishman. I have met British officials, British merchants, who have lived in Malaya or Baluchistan for forty years; for all the effect on their character, their habits, they might have spent all that time in Nottingham or Bournemouth. The British Empire is the furthest possible remove from a melting pot. The British do not Mix.¹

The most pleasant locality in almost any Asiatic city is—and has been for twenty or forty years—the site of the British club; the best embassy, consulate, or local bank is almost always the British one; in every capital in the East from Cairo to Peking (except Teheran) there is a daily British newspaper, usually edited by Scotsmen. The British never become expatriates, as do Americans.

Malay Medley

The Straits Settlements including Singapore and Penang were a crown colony; the Federated Malay States were native principalities ruled by Britain; the Unfederated Malay States were hardly more independent than those federated, but technically their sultans enjoyed autonomy. The region as a whole, under Japan as under Britain, is dominated by one momentous consideration, namely, that acre for acre it is one of the richest spheres of interest on the face of the globe. It produces fifty percent of the world's rubber, and thirty-five percent of its tin; the annual foreign trade normally reaches more than half a billion dollars, which is much greater than that of many western countries.

Malaya is—for the Japanese as for the British—a wonderful imperial preserve. Labor is infinitely cheap, the people are indolent and

¹ One interesting minor point is that no English prostitute or even female night club performer is allowed anywhere in British territory in the East.

affable, nationalism hardly exists. The Malays are Moslems by religion, but they have never used religion as a spearhead for political expression, as Moslems almost everywhere else in the world have done.

Look at the way the Straits Settlements was governed until February 1942. The British Governor was chairman of what was known as the legislative council which met perhaps for an hour every month or so; there were thirteen official members, i.e., those who held government posts, eleven unofficial members appointed by the governor, and two members "elected" by the chambers of commerce in Singapore and Penang. Of the group all were British except one Malay (a former government civil servant), one Eurasian, one Indian, and three Chinese. Only the governor could initiate legislation. The structure of government had not changed since 1867 when the colony was separated from India. There had never been a political campaign or an election.

The Federated Malay States, the most important of which were Selangor and Perak (this latter region of 7,800 square miles produces not less than twenty-seven percent of the total world output of tin), were ruled until the Japanese took them by a Federal Council of which the Governor General of the S. S., in his capacity as High Commissioner of the Federated Malay States, was chairman, though each native ruler in state council was theoretically vested with "supreme" authority. The sultans were a mixed bag. Some did not even speak English. One had forty-three children. A political issue in the F. M. S., now defunct, was what was called "decentralization," which meant extension of the power of the sultans. For years they were regulated with iron authority by the Chief Secretary in Kuala Lumpur, the capital, who reported direct to the colonial office in London. Recently this post was abolished and the sultans were given more elbow room, so that they might think that they were as well off as the unfederated sultans. This process was roughly analogous to that which led to provincial "autonomy" in India. But the British remained very distinctly in a position to make any sultan do what they wished. For instance—to choose one minor point—the old sultan of Selangor, known as His Highness Aladdin Suleiman Shah, had both his first and second sons rejected for the succession by the colonial office, which found the third son more satisfactory as a ruler.

The unfederated sultans had a good deal more power. The most

important and picturesque of them, the Sultan of Johore, is a robust character, a great huntsman and bon-vivant, who spent forty years on the throne. He was an absolute sovereign in his own domains, though the British had full control of his foreign policy. His state was just across the causeway from Singapore, and thus had great strategic importance; he contributed £500,000 to the expenses of Singapore Base. His future—under Japan—will not be bright.

The Sultan of Johore was for some years married to a Scotswoman, a Mrs. Wilson, whose previous husband had been the Sultan's physician. His three sons are said to be of different mothers, but all three, an odd point, married sisters. The Sultan is—or was—very rich. Of the total revenue of Johore, 16,660,594 Straits dollars in 1934, some 5,400,000 were written in the budget as "personal emoluments." He has a prodigious sense of humor. One of his good stories describes a visit to a Czechoslovak spa, where he couldn't get a bath until he had seen a doctor, to visit whom cost £20.

In conquered Malaya, the Japanese very shrewdly play up the Malayans, generally the peasants and poorest folk in each community, to the disadvantage of the Chinese. This is the same policy pursued in the occupied Philippines, where anyone who submits dutifully to Japanese authority (except the Chinese) is given good treatment. The Japanese, it is presumed, will attempt presently to set up a puppet Malayan state, as part of their "Asia for the Asiatics" program. This puppet state will include the Malayan principalities, Borneo, Sumatra, adjacent islands like Celebes, and of course Java. It may function tolerably well, and its riches will be enormous. We may not like the fact, but most Malayans probably feel closer to the Japanese than they do to us.

Borneo and Sarawak

Near the Malayan peninsula before the Japanese invasion were the British portions of the vast island of Borneo—as large as Germany before the Czechoslovak conquest—which existed in three distinct divisions. All were conquered and taken over by Nipponese forces in February 1942.

One was Sarawak. This state, ruled for years by a white rajah, was unique, and had an extraordinary history. In the middle of the nineteenth century the local ruler, facing a rebellion, asked a retired English officer of the Indian army, James Brooke, for help. Brooke

was what might be called a counter-buccaneer. He was a mercenary professionally engaged in suppressing pirates; he had his own boats, his own crew. As reward for his services the local Bornean potentate gave him Sarawak, a territory as big as England, and Brooke became its first rajah or ruler. The British government recognized the independence of Sarawak in 1888, and the fiction that it was a sovereign state was maintained to 1942, though the British had, of course, the right to control its foreign relations, and the ruler of Sarawak looked to the governor general in Singapore for advice.

In 1868 the first Brooke died; he was succeeded as rajah by his nephew, Sir Charles Johnson Brooke. The family lived between England and Sarawak, cultivated its preserve, kept everyone else out, and married able women. The Dowager Ranee of Sarawak, widow of Sir Charles, died in 1936; she was born in Paris as Margaret de Windt, and was a brilliant patron of music and the arts. She lost four children through illness (three tragically died of cholera on the same trip to England); her fifth child, Sir Charles Vyner Brooke, was the rajah when the Japanese arrived. He succeeded to the title in 1917. His wife, the Honorable Sylvia Brett, a daughter of Lord Esher, was a great friend of Shaw, Barrie, and literary figures of the day. When she and the rajah became engaged Shaw sent her a jingle:

*Ride a cock horse
To Sarawak Cross
To see a young Ranee consumed with remorse.
She'll have bells on her fingers,
And rings through her nose
And won't be permitted to wear any clo'es.*

This rajah, Sir Charles Vyner Brooke, now unseated by the Japanese, has three daughters but no sons. His heir was his brother, Captain Bertram Brooke, known as the Tuan Muda; in effect they divided rule, since each took over from the other while one was on holiday in England. The three daughters all made remarkable marriages, one, Valerie ("Princess Baba"), to a professional wrestler, Bob Gregory; one ("Princess Pearl") to a jazz band leader, Harry Roy; the third ("Princess Gold") to Lord Inchcape, heir to the P. & O. shipping fortune. When Princess Pearl was married a popular song saluted the occasion:

*Sarawaki's skies of blue,
And a meeting beneath the golden bamboo . . .*

Rather testily Rajah Brooke announced in 1939 that none of his daughters were "princesses." He said:

The title is a pure fabrication by the Press, a slogan which has been used and misused until not only our country, but every country in the world, is heartily sick of the sound of Sarawak. . . . I wish to state definitely here and now that none of my daughters are Princesses. Before they married their names were: Miss Leonora Margaret Brooke, Miss Elizabeth Brooke, and Miss Nancy Valerie Brooke. At least, that is what they were christened. . . . I would be extremely grateful if the gentlemen of the press would realize once for all that there are no such people as Princess Gold, Princess Pearl, and Princess Baba, but that I have three daughters whose names are: The Countess of Inchcape, Mrs. Harry Roy, and Mrs. Bob Gregory.

Aside from the Brooke family—and now the Japanese—no one knows much about Sarawak. No foreign could buy land in the territory, and outside enterprise was severely discouraged. Annual revenue was \$2,135,000, and there was no public debt. In February 1940 the rajah created a mild rumpus by outlawing his nephew, "Crown Prince" Anthony Brooke, from the succession, and in 1941, just before the outbreak of war, the family surrendered supreme authority and "constitutional" rule began. It did not last very long.

The other divisions of the British part of Borneo were Brunei and North Borneo. Brunei had a sultan but he was subsidized by Britain, and the real ruler was the British Resident. Its revenue was \$100,000 per year a decade ago, and later ten times that, because oil was discovered there. Its single town is hard to reach, because junks filled with stone were sunk across the river bed as a barricade during the days of piracy, and have never been removed. . . . North Borneo was in still another category. It was ruled by a chartered company, which had a "Court of Directors" in London and its own civil service. The board appointed a governor, who was *de facto* and *de jure* ruler of the state, but with the consent, of course, of the colonial office. There is a big Japanese colony in North Borneo, which presumably assisted the invaders.

Here arises a detail which concerned the United States before the war. The Moslem tribesmen in the Philippines, known as Moros (it was not usually realized that a large number of Mohammedan semi-savages lived under the American flag), had as titular leader the Sultan of Sulu, who also claimed to be Sultan of North Borneo. The British North Borneo Company paid him a subsidy or land rent so

that his territorial ambitions did not become too pressing. This is the first but not the last time in these pages that we will come across British subsidies to undeveloped kings or countries in obscure parts of the world.

Rajah Brooke was vehemently bitter about the invasion of Malaya, and he talked about "gross incompetence and almost criminal negligence" by Singapore officials. He called the authorities there "brass hats, lah-di-dah, old-school-tie incompetents" who should have been sacked immediately. He had been told that Sarawak would be given air support if invaded. But Sarawak didn't get any. There was none to spare.

The Dutch East Indies Under Fire

THE Japanese onslaught on the Netherlands East Indies culminated in the capture of Java as this book goes to press. Batavia, Surabaya, and Bandoeng were attacked heavily from the air—despite tough Dutch and Allied resistance—and were taken. American and Dutch naval forces were unable to prevent Japanese landings at Bali, to the east of Java, and the fate of the great fertile island was thus sealed. So the last great stronghold of the ABDA powers in the southwestern Pacific, except Australia, fell to Japan. A bastion almost as important as Singapore was lost.

The Netherlands Indies are—or were—a prodigious world of their own in this swing around Asia we are making. Some 70,000,000 people live in the Indies, Malay-Polynesian by race and predominantly Moslem or heathen in religion, ruled until the fall of Holland by the stout burghers of the Netherlands, to whom they pumped a steady stream of invigorating wealth. There are some two thousand islands in this extraordinary archipelago. If you put the western tip of Sumatra at San Francisco, then the eastern extremity of the Indies, in New Guinea, would almost reach the Atlantic coast, the Dutch extremity of Borneo would be in North Dakota, and the southern extremity, below Timor (Portuguese territory now occupied by Japan) would lie somewhere near New Orleans.

Japan opened its attack on Insulinde, as the islands are sometimes called, as soon as it was convenient to do so, i.e., when the invasion of nearby Malaya got well under way. On January 9 the Japanese dispatched a convoy of six heavy cruisers and fifteen transports to Tarakan, on the northeastern tip of Dutch Borneo. Tarakan held out two days. Before surrendering the islanders burned their oil wells. On January 11 a similar convoy struck at Celebes, and a little later the brutal, relentless pincers reached the spice island of Amboina in the Moluccas, where the Dutch had established an important aerial base. Amboina fell on February 7.

Immediately after the fall of Singapore, the Japanese jumped southward to the huge jungle-thick island of Sumatra. They took Palembang, which produces 85 per cent of the Indies oil, on February 6.

But the staunch Netherlands destroyed their wells, tankage facilities, and refineries before being driven out. This act of immolation was rightly called one of the supreme sacrifices of history, and an example of the scorched earth policy worthy of comparison with the Russian destruction of the Dnieper dam. Half a *billion* dollars worth of property went up in smoke. It is calculated that it will take the Japanese at least a year to make the wells usable again, perhaps longer.

But the Japanese continued to press forward. They are believed to have 26 divisions fighting in the A.B.D.A. area, almost 500,000 men. They flew and marched toward Telokbetong on the southern tip of Sumatra, only 40 miles across the Strait of Sunda from Batavia; they landed at Balikpapan in Borneo, directly north of Java, and turned toward Bandjermasin on the Java Sea; above all they took Bali, at Java's eastern end. Thus Java, which had become the headquarters of the United Nations command, under General Wavell, was surrounded on three vital sides. The pincers began to pinch. And presently Java fell.

The Japanese paid severely for their successes. In late January they sent troop ships without adequate convoy through the Macassar Strait between Borneo and Celebes; they are not likely to repeat such a costly mistake again. Here occurred the first important naval battle of the war. Of one hundred Japanese ships at least 30 were sunk by the Dutch, and 30,000 Japanese troops are believed to have been drowned. Late in February they suffered similar tremendous losses during the attack on Bali. It was in this engagement that American Flying Fortresses first went into action—and went into action well.

The dominating fact about the Netherlands Indies is that, like Croesus and John D. Rockefeller, Jr., they are rich. They are the Big Loot of Asia. They are packed tight with natives, under the steaming sun, who both produce and buy wealth. Java is the most densely populated country in the world, exceeding even Japan. In the old days, the days of the Dutch East India Company, trade was a simple business of profitable barter: glass beads, which cost little, for spices and cinnamon, which brought profit. Nowadays it is—or was—a tremendous international process. The Netherlands Indies can pour out an illimitable stream of copra, sugar, rice, tea, coffee, oil, iron, gold. If necessary they could totally supply the world's rubber. They produce normally ninety-five per cent of its quinine, thirty per cent of its to-

bacco, twenty percent of its tin, eighty-five percent of its pepper, ten percent of its petroleum.

The government of the Netherlands Indies is—or was—a complete but a benevolent autocracy. If you compare the Dutch system of rule with that of, say, the British in India, several points of contrast and analogy arise. One point is that the Indies were almost always more independent of the colonial office in The Hague than British India has ever been independent of London. Under some governors the islands practically made their own policy.

Another cardinal item is that the Dutch encouraged intermarriage with natives in the old days, and never outlawed it. What would make the *pukka* Sahib in British India go gray with horror was accepted in the Netherlands Indies without moral or ethnic shame. This was because the first Dutch settlers came out alone, and often stayed their lives in the Indies without returning. They married natives because there was no one else to marry—to say nothing of the manifest charms of those ladies from Bali and similar islands which grace the shipping advertisements. In British India, a Eurasian (half-caste) is considered an Indian. As a rule he is outlawed socially. In the Netherlands Indies, a Eurasian, no matter how slight the amount of white blood in his veins, was considered a European, and could reach almost any position.

Another point is land. In British India land is held by the British Crown. In the Netherlands Indies the title of the land (in Moslem districts anyway) was theoretically in the hands of Allah; it was vested in the people, and only administered by the government. No foreigner, not even a Dutchman, could own, buy or sell land. He could only lease it. Land was never alienated from a native, and no peasants were dispossessed for debt. The land was supposed to belong to the people as a whole. This did not, however, prevent exploitation of land; for instance, much of Sumatra was held under lease by the Handels-Vereeniging of Amsterdam, the biggest enterprise in the islands, which produced sisal, hemp, palm oil, and so on. Its chairman was once Dr. Colijn, the former Dutch prime minister.

There are native princes in the Indies just as in Malaya and India, and the Dutch let them have a mild kind of autonomy. In Java two outstanding potentates were the Soesoehoenan ("Emperor") of Soerakarta, sometimes known for short as Solo, and the Sultan of Jogjakarta, a considerable character. Recently he divorced his twelve wives. The

gentleman from Solo is highly picturesque. He has fifty or sixty decorations, which he inveterately wears, and his own little army; one of his numerous and resplendent titles is "Nail of the Universe." He rests one day a year in ceremonial fashion, so that the universe, which revolves upon him as on a pivot, may rest likewise.

Large rubber and oil properties in Sumatra are in the hands of native sultans, and were held on lease by American and British companies—for instance U. S. Rubber, Goodyear Rubber, Hawaii-Sumatran Rubber, and Standard Oil of New Jersey. Some of these leases are expiring soon, and the sultans—if they survive the Japanese—may hold out for bigger rents. This put the Dutch administrators in a quandary. They didn't want to interfere with the right of powerful sultans like those in Deli and Langkat to make good bargains, but on the other hand they did not want to set precedents to future Dutch disadvantage. Of course the war has pushed all this into the background.

The governor general of the Netherlands Indies, like the viceroy in India, was appointed by the Crown for five years. Nowadays the viceroy may return to England once during his term of office; the Dutch governor general was not allowed this privilege. He had to spend his five years in the islands without a break. The governor general was usually chosen from among distinguished civil servants, politicians, or even business men. The job was the supreme plum in the political life of pre-war Netherlands. A British King may, if he wishes, visit India for his Durbar; in contrast, Queen Wilhelmina never saw her former island empire. The distance was thought to be too great, and the risks of travel too onerous.

The governor general of the Indies had very wide powers—wider probably than those of a British viceroy. Like the viceroy, he was assisted by a council of state—in India it goes by a different name—which was both a cabinet and a rudimentary upper house. One interesting detail was that members of the council of state were usually civil servants who also served five years, but their terms did not necessarily correspond with the governor general's term. This theoretically led to steadiness and continuity in administration.

In British India the overwhelming problem, the problem which every viceroy must face every minute of every day, is that of relations to the Indians. This problem hardly existed in Netherlands Indies. The Indians in British India, led by Mr. Gandhi and Pandit Nehru, are

a terrific political force; the Indian National Congress, pledged to freedom from British rule, was governing in eight out of eleven provinces until war came. But in Netherlands Indies political consciousness was primitive, the autonomy movement was closely held in check, and the governor general ruled supreme.

Yet despite the rigidity of the Netherlands system of administration, it had characteristics which tended to bring closer relations between Dutch and native than between British and Indian. The Dutch civil service, called the Binnenlandsch Bestuur, was probably nearer to the people than the Indian Civil Service in British India. This was because of the system of *native* administrators called Regents, who worked under Dutch residents or governors, but who had considerable local influence and authority. The Regents served to decentralize the administration.

In British India, however, there is an electorate of some 35,000,000 people, and provincial autonomy under native governments has begun to function. In the Netherlands Indies there was hardly any electorate at all, and provincial autonomy was a distant dream. A Volksraad, or People's Assembly, did exist, but twenty-two of its sixty members were appointed, and the others were elected on an extremely limited franchise, perhaps one percent of the population. Nor had the Volksraad anywhere near as much power as, say, the Congress legislatures in Bombay or Madras when they were first formed.

The governor general of the Netherlands Indies when the Japanese invasion began was an official out of the diplomatic service, very young for his post—he was appointed at forty-four—with the jaw-breaking name of Jhr. Dr. A. W. L. Tjarda van Starkenborgh Stachouwer. Young as he is, he looks younger. His eyes are among the most piercingly blue I have ever seen. He is a tremendous worker, a man of courage and ability, and something of a stickler for punctilio. His wife is an American, the daughter of a diplomat.

The last lieutenant governor, 48-year-old Hubertus Johannes van Mook, is tough and sturdy as an oak. Early in 1942 he visited the United States and Australia to help coördinate the united effort, and this stout red-headed Dutchman made a great impression in both Washington and Sydney. Van Mook was born in the Indies, and has studied chemistry and law; he has spent most of his professional life in the Insulinde civil service. In February 1942 he spoke sharply to F.

Tillman Durdin of the New York *Times*, appealing urgently for more and more and more American planes:

If the Allies should lose the Indies they would be driven back to bases so far away from the centers of Japanese power that a counter-attack would hardly be possible. Russia would become the deciding factor in the war, with all the implications that would involve, as far as the continuance of Chinese resistance and the future of the world were concerned.

If the Japanese get the Indies they will turn west into the Indian Ocean and attack India and the Middle East and perhaps Siberia and try to link up with their German allies. They would be crazy if they invaded Australia. They merely hope to pin Allied forces to Australia and will probably confine their operations there to air attacks and a blockade.

Australia is too far away. If Java is lost, Japan will be too far away ever to be attacked in force. Here is the place to begin a real war of attrition. Here is the place where we can come to grips with the enemy.

The loss of Java would mean that the Western nations would be virtually expelled from the Far East. The effect on China would be very depressing. It could be said that the United States had been unable to stand up against Japan. Asiatics here and elsewhere do not like the Japanese, but they are realists and would be inclined to accept the inevitable if the Allies had demonstrated that they could not halt the Japanese attack. This would make the re-conquest of this area doubly difficult.

In 1933, a very severe series of "crisis measures" was introduced in the Netherlands Indies. The object was to counteract the ravages of the world depression; in four years, the total trade of the islands had fallen sixty-nine percent. The new decrees gave the governor general the right to limit and license both imports and exports, to control local trade and industry, and to fix prices. The budget was slashed almost in half, from a 1929 figure of 763,364,000 guilders to 485,706,000 in 1933. Taxes went up, salaries went down. The operation was almost herculean, and the patient just managed to recover. Accompanying the crisis came some fairly severe exercises in political dictatorship. The governor was given power to outlaw any political party, to regulate public meetings, to forbid political activity by government servants, and to control the posts, telephones, telegrams, and local transportation.

The pinch of these crisis decrees plus resentment at what seemed excessive political regimentation produced much grumbling. One result was what came to be called the Dominion Status bill. The Volksraad could not introduce legislation, but, by majority vote, it might petition the queen asking for legislation. So a deputy rose in October, 1936, and petitioned her "to take steps to see that the government of Netherlands Indies was administered in accordance with terms of Article I of the Constitution." This meant Dominion Status, since Article I provided for equality of the Dutch colonies and the home country under the Crown. The petition was passed on June 15, 1937. The Eurasians, who are usually more Dutch than the Dutch, voted with the native nationalists to make its passage possible.

The nationalists were in two groups. The moderates—sensible men!—were afraid of Japan, which tended to dampen their ardor, since they preferred Dutch rule to Japanese. They never wanted to cut the ties with Holland, because they knew that this would make Japanese penetration easier. The extremists, on the other hand, who called themselves "non-coöperative," wanted independence, apparently without regard to the position *vis-à-vis* Japan. The nationalist leader, Mohammed H. Thamrin, the son of a civil servant who was for a time acting mayor of Batavia, is an able man in his early forties; he dominated the thirty natives in the Volksraad. What has happened to him now is unknown.

When I visited Batavia the grievances of the nationalists were several. They said, first, and most important, that Holland sucked all the wealth out of the country, that the Indies were run for exploitation and profit by the home government. The Indies gave Holland its essential life blood, and got little in return. Until the depression, the home country got almost \$150,000,000 per year from Insulinde. Second, they accused the Dutch administration of deliberately starving the educational system. This tended to keep the people in subjection, and to prevent the normal growth of political aspirations. Dutch policy, it has been said, was "to keep the bellies of the people full, their minds empty." Indeed, the record of the Dutch in education was indifferent, and illiteracy reached ninety-five percent.

Some parts of the islands are inhabited still by aborigines,¹ who

¹ Most of the remaining cannibals and headhunters are in New Guinea. Aviation in Insulinde now penetrates territory hitherto almost unknown. Recently a plane flew over a backward stretch in New Guinea. The tribesmen below

occasionally caused trouble. For a time a focus of discontent was the Atjeh region in northern Sumatra, where Moslem tribesmen resisted subjugation. What brought them to settlement was mostly the steady advance of roads, automobiles, and movies, which gave them better (and less risky) amusement than brigandage. Also on Sumatra are the Minang Kabau Malays, who consider themselves the fathers of the Malay race; they are the purest in language and blood of anyone on the islands. They revolted briefly in 1926, largely because they had no share in government. In West Java there is a little-known tribe, the Bantameese, who likewise had to be suppressed at about the same time.

In Batavia, also in 1926, occurred a serious rising partly communist in origin, partly straight nationalist. The situation was critical for a time. The putschists gained control of the telephone system, but were finally crushed. The leaders were shipped to Boven Digoel in New Guinea, an isolated camp in cannibal territory, where they were let pretty much alone—since the character of the country almost precluded the possibility of escape—and told to make their own Utopia there.

Partly as a result of criticism, partly to strengthen itself, the government of the Netherlands Indies embarked in 1938 on a far-reaching reorganization. The Indies were always considered to consist of two units: Java and the adjacent island of Madura comprised one, and everything else—the “Outer Possessions”—were the other. Hitherto the Outer Possessions—Borneo, Sumatra, New Guinea and so on—had been parceled up among a number of local governors or residents; there were ten in Sumatra alone, for example. Under the new scheme the whole Outer Possessions—covering a territory almost as widespread as the United States—were consolidated into three big governorships: one for Sumatra, one for Borneo, one for the remaining islands which were lumped together as the *Groote Oost* (Great East). This was expected to produce two effects: encouragement of autonomous development, and at the same time strengthening of the center against Japan.

Overwhelmingly the great worry of the Netherlands Indies was Japan. The war in China threw into vivid spotlight the possibility

decided that it could not be a bird, because it made too much noise. They consulted the medicine man who informed them that it was the devil himself. The apparition, devil or not, had come from the south, and the villagers—just to play safe—marched southward and slit forty-odd throats in the next community.

of eventual Japanese penetration to the south. In Malaya and Singapore, by and large, I found an atmosphere of confidence—mistaken over-confidence, as the events of 1942 duly proved. But the Dutch, even back in 1937 and 1938, were thoroughly and sensibly alarmed. Defense appropriations rose literally tenfold between 1936 and 1942, until they reached \$250,000,000 or about two-thirds of the total budget. The Dutch built an excellent small navy; they augmented their air force heavily, until it reached a strength of 1000 first line planes; they sturdily increased their land defenses. All Dutchmen between 18 and 46 became liable to military service, and native troops were arduously trained.

Until 1939, when it became clear that war was certainly coming, the major line of Dutch defense had been to rely on diplomacy, i.e., support from Great Britain and the United States. After the fall of the Netherlands, in the summer of 1940, coalescence between Dutch, British, and American policies naturally became more pronounced. Then the Japanese Foreign Minister Arita pointedly expressed Japanese "concern over any development that might affect the status quo of the Netherlands Indies,"² and Secretary of State Hull replied with a sharp warning that we would regard any interference with the islands as "prejudicial to the cause of stability, peace, and security not only in the region of the Netherlands Indies but in the entire Pacific area." But negotiations between Japan and the Indies government continued on economic matters; for a brief period an agreement was reached whereby petroleum exports to the Japanese were steeply increased, though these did not include high octane gasoline. Steadily Japanese claims and demands grew bolder. Tokyo asked permission finally to explore the Dutch Outer Islands, establish concessions there, and exploit them. The Dutch would not agree, since this would have been tantamount to a surrender of sovereignty, and the negotiations ceased.

Japanese commercial penetration was a serious preoccupation before the war. For many years Japanese business was unimportant; roughly from 1914 to 1929 it did not exceed ten percent of the total import trade. But after the crash of 1929 the Japanese began to undersell the countries of the West and to multiply their exports to the Indies. In 1928, for example, Holland contributed 20.05 percent of the islands' imports and Japan only 9.54 percent. But, in 1934,

² See T. A. Bisson in *Foreign Policy Reports*, Nov. 1, 1941.

the Dutch share of imports dropped to 12.98 percent, and Japan's share rose to 31.88 percent. Alarmed, the Dutch proceeded to impose quota restrictions on Japanese products, and decreed that a certain proportion of Japanese exports to the Indies—thirty-eight percent—must be carried in Dutch ships. Even so, Japanese textiles, shoes, chemicals, rubber goods, bicycles, cotton, continued to pump into the islands. The home country found it impossible to compete with Japanese low wages plus the depreciation of the yen.

Note on nationalism. It is a striking phenomenon that most native peoples tend to take on the complexion of the folk that rule them. Human and political nature *does* change—at least in the East. For instance, the Filipinos, after forty years of Americanization, are more American than the Americans. A barman in the Hotel Manila, a deputy in the Filipino legislature, could have lived all their lives on Broadway so far as general attitude is concerned. Similarly in British India most of the great nationalist leaders behave strikingly like Englishmen. They go to school in England; they learn about that extraordinary concept, "fair play," and they look at "gentlemen"; back in India, they become English gentlemen themselves, even when bitterly attacking British rule. The same thing is true in the Netherlands Indies. Most of the nationalist leaders I met were almost indistinguishable from Dutchmen.

And now we return to the Asia mainland for a quick glimpse of Siam and Indo-China, and then assault on India.

Thailand, Once Called Siam

THAILAND, formerly known as Siam—and often in this chapter I shall continue to call it Siam, from force of habit—must be written off as a Japanese puppet state, no more, no less, since the cataclysmic events of 1941 and 1942. Siam is—or was—the country where no one needs to work more than three or four months a year (because the climate is so propitious and rice so abundant), where the pronunciation of names is fantastically at variance with spelling (for instance “Guamchitiphol” is pronounced “Kunchit”), where there are 17,408 monasteries and 225,000 priests, and where white elephants are sacred. Its capital, the town of Bangkok, is a charming place where the tramcars are yellow and the priests’ robes orange, where one-fifth of the total area is covered by temples, where silver plated tiger skulls are sold as ash trays, where rickshas are drawn by bicycles, and where you put your feet in bags up to the thighs to keep the mosquitoes off.

Until 1942 Siam was the only independent country except China between Japan and Persia, the only eastern territory that did not become booty of the great powers during the imperialist expansion of the nineteenth century. The Siamese call their country “Muang-Thai,” which means land of the free, and they adopted “Thailand” as its official name in 1939. They were an independent state from about 1350, and originally their kingdom extended almost to the Yangtze. The Siamese are a distinct racial and linguistic group, but with very marked affiliations with China, and some Malay admixtures. They performed the miracle of surviving so long as an independent kingdom partly because their territory, half of which is even to-day unexplored jungle, was hard to penetrate and conquer, partly because it was convenient to both Britain and France to have a buffer state between Burma, Malaya, and Indo-China.

Siam was not merely an independent country; until 1932 it was the last absolute monarchy remaining in the world. Since 1782 it has been ruled by members of the staggeringly prolific Chakri dynasty. Until 1932 it was a backwater, a stagnant and not unhappy land where the monarch, although with absolute powers, chose as a rule to

govern mildly. Siam was a remnant, picturesque in the extreme, of Oriental medievalism. But the first flush of modern ideas had begun to reach the country. The flush spread, and became a fermentation. The people demanded reforms, they demanded the extension of governmental institutions. So in June, 1932, a curious bloodless revolution took place. The Siamese are mild people. The only casualty was one general wounded in the leg.

King Prajadhipok, a small gloomy man, with great subtlety of mind and sense of balance and moderation, promptly accepted the ultimatum of the revolutionaries. There was no need even to declare martial law. The revolutionaries apologized for the bluntness of their first manifesto, which had attacked the king, and prepared a provisional constitution, which was followed by another one. The movement was directed mostly against the topheavy clique of royal princes and noblemen who monopolized the political power and economic privileges of the land. The king was permitted to remain.

This revolution was made by a group of officers and students who had strong leftist tendencies. They wanted to democratize Siam. Soon a split came, and in June, 1933, occurred another coup d'état, after the king had been prevailed upon to suspend the new constitution. The first prime minister of the revolution, Phya Manoprakorn, fled to Penang, and was succeeded by an army officer with a more forthright policy, Colonel Phahol. Then in October, 1933, came an attempt at counter-revolution. Several disgruntled noblemen and landowners sought to overthrow the new régime. The revolt—granting the extreme difference between Spanish and Siamese character—was strikingly similar to that of General Franco in Spain. The propertied classes and aristocrats had been ejected from domination of the government; they refused to stay ejected and rose against the revolution. They were put down (unlike General Franco) largely because the counter-revolutionary leader—gentle like almost all Siamese—refused to take the responsibility for further bloodshed when fighting began.

The government passed death sentences on several of the captured counter-revolutionaries. King Prajadhipok meantime had begun a long trip around the world searching for relief from eye trouble. It became clear that he did not want to return to Siam, though the government insisted that it had only the friendliest feelings toward him, and would treat him with respect if he remained faithful to the

new constitution. Crisis came when royal assent was necessary for the execution of the rebels. The King refused this assent—this was in 1935—and abdicated for this and other reasons. He was in London at the time; the abdication came by mail. Incidentally the rebels were never executed.

The quality of Siamese political life before the revolution may be judged from the fact that a great many words, not existing in Siamese, had to be invented to express the ideals of the movement. A brilliant young Siamese, Prince Varnvidya-Vavarane, who chose to side with the new government despite his royal blood, and who was trained in philology at Balliol, had the task of creating words hitherto unknown to the Siamese language. For instance:

Constitution	Revolution
Political Science	Proletariat
Reform	Political Party
Civil List	Policy (in the sense of statecraft)

Actually these concepts had never found expression before in Siamese. (On the other hand, words did exist before 1932 for such terms as "Democracy," "Privy Purse," "Cabinet," "Education," "Taxes," "Legislature.")

A revolution may be judged by two things, first by its transfer of political power, second its transfer of economic power. As regards the first item the Siamese revolution was complete in theory at least. A legislature and an independent judiciary were set up, with the paraphernalia of western democracy closely imitated; power remained in the hands of the People's Party, an outgrowth of the original revolutionary clique. Economically the revolution never became complete. Beginnings were made to equalize taxation and distribute wealth, and a social reform program of some consequence was inaugurated; but Siam still had a long way to go before it could become an integrated people's state.

The actual technique of the revolution was unusual. It was a technological coup d'état of an advanced type. Its chief authors had read Trotsky and Malaparte. They acquired power not by force of arms but by seizing the sources of power—the telephones, the electricity plants, the railway, and so on. Also the Siamese revolution differed from many others in that there was no punitive assault on the class represented by the previous régime. The great bulk of the princes

and aristocrats were permitted to live in peace; they were not eliminated, even after their attempt at counter-revolution. Their privileges, however, were severely curtailed. Before 1932 the royal princes usurped a tremendous proportion of the national revenue. By 1939 the civil list, which included the expenses of the regency, was only 445,200 *ticals* (1 *tical* = 45¢) out of a total budget of 104,891,114, or .004 percent.

After his abdication King Prajadhipok continued to live in England. His successor was his nephew, the boy Ananda.

Royalty in Thailand

Thailand is still a kingdom in theory, and the Japanese may make good use some day of the royal and semi-royal puppets available. So it is necessary to interpolate a word about what is by all odds as improbable and ornate a group of characters as the Asian world can show.

The great Siamese king Phra Chula Chom Klaow, known as Chulalongkorn, the most impressive figure in the country's history, ruled from 1868 to 1910. It was during this long reign that Siam heard the first enticing whispers of the modern world outside. Chulalongkorn was an enlightened despot. Railways came; so did posts and telegraphs; so did treaties with foreign nations. But the most interesting thing about him was his family. Reputedly he had eighty-four wives and 362 children. In the current Directory of Thailand nine and a half pages are necessary merely to list the male descendants of Chulalongkorn who survive to-day. They are grouped in twenty-five main families, presumably offspring of the twenty-five chief royal wives.

In a polygamous country like Siam, if more kings lived with the vitality of Chulalongkorn, practically the entire population would eventually become admixed with royal blood. So the Siamese invented a system unique in royalty whereby the progeny of kings gradually resume the status of commoners. Thus the son of a Siamese monarch is known as a Royal Highness; the grandson is merely a "Mom Chao" or Serene Highness; the grand-grandson is a "Momrajawong" or Lord; the great-great-grandson is plain mister.¹ Even this gradual but drastic de-royalizing of royalty did not seem sufficient precaution

¹ There are, however, several categories of minor nobility in Siamese; a man may successively be a "Luang," a "Phra," a "Phya," and a "Chaophya."

in view of the inordinate number of surviving princes, so that a law was passed inflicting monogamy on the Siamese monarch. Moreover, it became a custom that the monarch—if he can find anyone—should marry some one not of royal blood.

The marital affairs of King Chulalongkorn, quite apart from the number of his wives, were incredibly complicated. Incidentally his senior wife, known now as the Dowager Consort, is still alive; she prays daily in the great temple of the Emerald Buddha, and is the richest person in Siam. King Chulalongkorn's first wife had two sons. The King then married in turn two sisters, the first of whom had six sons. This second Queen had great influence over him, and persuaded him to skip the *second* son by his first wife when arranging the succession, in favor of *her* first son and then her other sons. Another complication is that the wives who followed the first wife were not only sisters, but moreover were half sisters of the King himself. All had the same father (the previous king) though the mothers were different.

So King Chulalongkorn's heir was his eldest son by his first queen; he reigned from 1910 to 1925 as King Rama VI. He was an exceptionally engaging creature, a spendthrift and wonderful gambler, with a very fat stomach; his people nicknamed him "Tum-Tum." He translated Shakespeare into Siamese, wrote plays, and acted in them. Folk in Bangkok talk of him with affection still.

According to King Chulalongkorn's rule of succession, Rama should have been followed by his eldest half brother whose name was Mahidol. But Mahidol was far from being interested in kingship. He refused the succession. He went instead to Harvard and Johns Hopkins, became an excellent doctor, and married—in Albany, New York—a Siamese girl who was a hospital nurse. The succession then passed to Mahidol's next brother Prajadhipok. When Prajadhipok abdicated, the next heir was adjudged to be Ananda, the son of Mahidol, who had been born abroad in 1926, and who was educated in Switzerland. In November, 1938, he made his first state visit to Siam. Among his titles are Supreme Arbiter of the Ebb and Flow of the Tide, Half Brother to the Sun, and Keeper of the Twenty-four Golden Umbrellas.

Three regents were appointed in 1935 for the period of Ananda's minority. They were Prince Aditya (pronounced "Odit"), a cousin of King Prajadhipok's, who represents royalty—he looks like an extraordinarily gifted child, though he is in his forties; Chao Phya

Yomaraj, of humble birth, who was a monk for many years, who represents the government; and General Bijayendra (pronounced "Pitchian") who represents the army.

Of the great mass of survivors of King Chulalongkorn who are still Royal or Serene Highnesses, very few occupy conspicuous positions to-day. By terms of the new constitution none were allowed to become government ministers, though they may be advisers or department heads. The most noteworthy of them lives in Java. He is Prince Nagor Svarga (pronounced "Nakan Sawan"), who was King Prajadhipok's half-brother and minister of defense, and who was the power behind the throne until 1932. He has pledged himself never to return to Siam.

One pleasant little anecdote is told of Prajadhipok, who died in 1941. His sight was saved by an operation performed in America by the late Dr. John M. Wheeler. "I can see," muttered the King, as the cataract was removed under local anæsthetic. Wheeler wondered about the etiquette of presenting a bill to royalty, and in the end simply gave him a receipted bill with no amount mentioned. The King then reputedly sent him a check for \$86,000!

Siamese Triplets

Until the Japanese took it over Siam—or Thailand—was ruled by a junta of thirty or forty men, the nucleus of the People's Party, who were the active conspirators in the 1932 coup d'état. These thirty or forty officers were bound by an oath of blood brotherhood. They are still young; most of the cabinet ministers were under forty-five. In effect they ruled the country, although it was not a dictatorship. The ambition of the junta was to create a Siamese democracy, though only one political party was allowed, and half the members of the legislature were appointed. Even so, opposition could be spirited; for instance, it took the government three months to hammer the 1938 budget through the chamber.

Three men dominated the junta which in turn dominated pre-Japanese Siam. Of these the former foreign minister, Luang Pradist Manudharm, was probably the most interesting. He is a shy, chunky man with a shrewd peasant's face; he is partly Chinese in origin, and has the familiar Chinese characteristic of looking younger than he is; when I saw him he was 36, but he hardly looked more than 25. Pradist was a poor boy who struggled for education; he won a

scholarship maintained by the old government, and went to Paris to study law. Returning to Siam he became a teacher and then entered politics.

Pradist (some spellings of his name omit the "s" and it is pronounced merely "Pradit") was the civilian organizer of the 1932 coup d'état. A convinced radical, he began at once to agitate for agrarian coöperatives, a land reform, and educational advances; his colleagues thought that he was going too fast and he left the first government soon after it was formed. He went into exile for a time, and visited Japan, Britain, and the United States. He was accused of being a communist, and ultimately was cleared of this charge by a parliamentary committee. In 1934, he returned to Siam to be the left-wing leader of the junta and foreign minister of the government.

The former prime minister, Colonel Phya Phahol Pholphayuha Sena (pronounced "Pa-Hoon"), is an older man, with considerable force of character; his function seemed to be that of arbiter between his brilliant and radical foreign minister, and the minister of defense who was on the conservative side. He chuckles a great deal; he has a wide, white smile; he suffers from asthma; his wife has great influence over him. Phahol was educated first in Denmark, then Germany. An army man, he went to the same cadet school as did General Goering, who was a class ahead of him. His nickname is "The Buffalo."

Colonel Phahol was succeeded as prime minister late in 1938 by the reputed "strong man" of the country, Colonel Luang Pibul Songgram (pronounced "Peebun"), who had been army minister. His enemies were apt to say, first, that he had totalitarian ambitions *à la* Mussolini, second, that he was not likely to accomplish them because he was not tough enough. What power he had came from the fact that he controlled the army, especially the new mechanized units, like the tanks. The colonel is a quiet and retiring individual, educated in France. There were two attempts on his life in the autumn of 1938. From the beginning he was called pro-Japanese, and was an obvious potential Quisling.

Foreign Affairs, the Japanese, and Kra

Thailand is not, like Malaya, rich. Only thirty people in the kingdom pay tax on incomes greater than \$10,000 per year. There is no middle class, and no feudalism any more; the great bulk of the population is the peasantry. The country lives on rice, the principal article both

of consumption and export; teak and tin are its other important resources, most of which are—or were—controlled by British capital. The British also hold the small foreign debt.

Yet Siam has great untapped possibilities of wealth; it is one of the few countries left in the world with a vast public domain; perhaps fifty percent of the country is still not surveyed. Covering about 200,000 square miles, it contains only 14,000,000 people; it is practically a vacuum compared to the suffocatingly crowded provinces of China and India near by. And this, of course, is one of the reasons why the Japanese were so glad to grab it.

It is too early to write the full story of the coup whereby Japan, to all intents and purposes, acquired Thailand as a province of its own when war came in 1941. I have sketched the background in Chapter VII above. As soon as Indo-China fell to Japan the concomitant penetration of Siam became inevitable. The diplomatic arrangements were well made in advance, and the Japanese quietly slipped into Bangkok and took the country on December 8 almost before anyone was aware of what was happening.

On December 11 the Thai government announced that an “alliance” with Japan had been concluded, and that a state of war existed. Subsequently, a ten-year treaty with Tokyo was signed providing for mutual assistance and embodying the usual worthless clauses regarding “respect for sovereignty” and so on. Immediately Thailand nationalists began prodding in the direction of Burma.² Siam, it was announced, wanted the “Shan states” which are part of Burma and which it had long coveted. Presumably when the conquest of Burma is complete Siam will be rewarded with this territory.

Before 1941-42 the foreign policy of Siam had long been one of strict neutrality, with no external engagements or entanglements. The Thailanders were an independent nation, and most of them wanted to remain so. The greatest care was taken to steer a neutral path. For instance, Siam customarily employed several foreign experts; an American was chosen by tradition as adviser in the foreign office, an Englishman in the ministry of finance, a Frenchman in the judiciary, and so on. Then Siamese nationalism began to seek expression in many small particulars; for instance, government reports, hitherto always written in English, were ordered to be done in Siamese.

² For a brief discussion of Burma see Chapter XXXI.

Siam and China were good friends until the Japanese came, although—a curious point—there have been no diplomatic relations between the two countries for several hundred years. This is because China traditionally insists on claiming Chinese nationality for children born of pure Chinese parents no matter where they live. There is a very large and powerful Chinese community in Siam, probably numbering 2,500,000 in all, and the Siamese could not accept the thesis that those born in Siam were Chinese by nationality, not Siamese.

The Isthmus of Kra, as one may readily see from any map, is the narrow bridge of land near the junction of Siam and Burma. For several years this otherwise unremarkable strip of rock, swamp, and jungle was responsible for a fancy crop of rumors to the effect that the Japanese were building a canal there. There was no foundation to these rumors; the Japanese, as we know now, were busy with more pressing and productive ideas. London newspapers printed picturesque stories about Japanese laborers at Kra, assiduously digging between sea and sea. They were apparently without foundation.

The reason for the Kra legend was, of course, that a canal at the Isthmus would permit Japanese or other shipping to progress from European or Indian ports to China or Japan without passing Singapore. It would have short-circuited Singapore Base. Technical experts disagree as to its feasibility. The canal would have to be only thirty-three miles long, but difficulties of construction are believed to be formidable. The Kra project, if it can be called a project, dates back a good many years. King Rama VI, a madly generous person—he could refuse nothing to his friends and he gave untold wealth away—once voluntarily offered the Isthmus to a French concessionaire. But Rama's foreign advisers stepped in and persuaded him to withdraw the gift.

In Siam we strike a new foreign trail. It is that of Germany. In Siam, as in Afghanistan, the Germans began in the 1930's to subsidize radio broadcasting stations. Most of Siam's news came from Berlin even before the war, and was broadcast in Bangkok in English and other languages; the Siamese news report, furnished by the Deutsches Nachrichten Buro, was heard all over India and the East. We shall pick up this kind of radio news and propaganda again—in Italian throughout the Middle East—before this book is done.

Note on Climate

Most of the westerners who lived in Bangkok before the war liked the Siamese. Customarily the Siamese and Burmese were called the "nicest" people of the East. But the westerner was apt to say that the Siamese, for all their admirable qualities of gentility and intelligence, were inept, slothful, lacking in push, and incredibly timid of accepting responsibility. One foreign engineer told me that among the natives of all Malaysia, including Siam, there were only half a dozen "adults."

Whether this childishness is real or not I don't know. A reason sometimes put forward for it is—heat.

In Japan, in China, it may be hot; Manila knows scorching days, and Singapore and Batavia are warm and humid; but the real heat of the East begins in Bangkok. Here temperature becomes an enemy; here sunshine is a vice. Thailand is hot, with the terrible debilitating heat of the deep tropics, as India is hot. And often the white man says that heat is what ruins the natives. The inexorable sun wrings vitality from their very blood; it sucks wit and gumption from their brains, and reduces them to moral impotence and slavery. I have heard Europeans say that true autonomy, true independence, is impossible to a tropical country. So the white man, who can outwit heat, is tempted to adduce climate as a pretext for imperialism.

French Indo-China

I have already sketched in Chapter VII and mentioned many times the crucial importance of Indo-China in the expanding realm of Japanese conquest and penetration. An additional detail is that apprehension over the number of troops Japan had poured into Indo-China—as a steppingstone to the invasion of Malaya and the Netherlands Indies—was the chief point that Mr. Roosevelt underscored in his negotiations with Tokyo during the summer of 1941, and next to the future of China itself it was the chief stumbling block in all that complex story. Japan was absolutely intransigent on the subject of Indo-China.

Before the Japanese took it over Indo-China was the chief bastion of France in the East, "the French balcony in Asia" as it was called. It resembles Siam very closely. The people are mostly Annamese, who once had a mighty kingdom; travelers who have been impressed by the magnificence and heroic scale of Angkor Wat know what a civi-

lization once existed in this remote jungle-dim corner of the world. Indo-China is roughly the size of Siam, but with twenty million people instead of fourteen. Like Siam, it lives on rice. The French, as we have seen, took it from China late in the nineteenth century.

French colonial methods stood roughly midway between those of British and Dutch. The French, who are good administrators, believed in decentralization and local autonomy—but some of their colonies were considered to be actually part of France. French officials did not encourage as much admixture with natives as did the Dutch, but they were less self-conscious than the British about their superiority to the local populations. The French kept iron watch on local political activity, and ruthlessly suppressed strikes in Indo-China; but they covered the country with good roads, good hotels, and so on. The standard of living is much higher than in Siam, which in comparison is still virtually a wilderness.

The French, as we will see when we reach Syria, are great partitionists. Their method of administration is to divide and subdivide. Indo-China, for instance, contained five quite distinct and separate régimes, though as a whole it was "ruled" by a governor-general responsible to the Minister of Colonies in Paris. First came Cochin China. This was precisely in the category of a French *departement*; like Algeria it elected representatives to the old Chamber of Deputies and was legally an integral section of France itself. Then came Annam, which was a protectorate. A youthful "Emperor," known as Bao-Dai, was theoretically vested with authority; the real ruler was of course the French Resident-Superior. Cambodia was likewise a protectorate, ruled in theory by a native king with the nice name Sisowathmonibong. Another division, Tonking, with its capital at Hanoi, was an independent unit under the theoretical rule of the Emperor of Annam. Finally there was Laos, which had a sort of sub-king, or kinglet, of its own. Annam was the most highly developed of these separate states. The warmest political discontent came from Cambodia.

What Vichy thinks of contemporary developments in Indo-China is unknown. But it may be doubted that Vichy is free to think.

Chapter XXIII

Mr. Gandhi

I am not a visionary. I claim to be a practical idealist.

—M. K. GANDHI

M^{R.} GANDHI, who is an incredible combination of Jesus Christ, Tammany Hall, and your father, is the greatest Indian since Buddha. Like Buddha, he will be worshiped as a god when he dies. Indeed, he is already literally worshiped by thousands of his people. I have seen peasants kiss the sand his feet have trod.

No more difficult or enigmatic character can easily be conceived. He is a slippery fellow. I mean no disrespect. But consider some of the contradictions, some of the puzzling points of contrast in his career and character. This man who is at once a saint and a politician, a prophet and a superb opportunist, defies ordinary categories.

For instance, his great contribution to India was the theory and practice of non-violence or civil disobedience. But at the very time that non-violence was the deepest thing he believed in, he was supporting Britain in the first World War. The concept of non-violence is a perfect example of Gandhi's familiar usage of moral weapons to achieve practical results, of his combination of spiritual and temporal powers. India, an unarmed state, could make a revolution only by non-violent means. Non-violence was a spiritual concept, but it made revolution practicable.

There is again the matter of his celebrated fasts. He fasted purely for moral reasons, but they served a considerable practical convenience, because if he began a fast in jail, the British had to let him out. A sort of etherealized Houdini, he was in a position to escape from prison any time he chose because the British would not accept the onus of his death from starvation while in confinement. Yet—the point is important—Gandhi himself never consciously thought of fasting as a method of escape.

His inconsistencies seem remarkable, until you note that his objective seldom varies, but that he is willing to compromise on contributory details. He is interested in substance, not form. For instance, he

devoted the major portion of his career to a titanic struggle with Britain, yet later he coöperated more or less freely with Britain under the new constitution. His point in this case was that his objective, Indian independence, could more easily be achieved by coöperation than by struggle, once civil disobedience was over. Yet the paradox is enormous: Mr. Gandhi, who in the 1920's fought the British Empire to a standstill, was in the 1930's almost the best friend the British had in India.

Another great paradox is his attitude to caste and the Untouchables.¹ Mr. Gandhi devotes the largest share of his energy nowadays to uplifting the Untouchables, but he resisted with his life an attempt to remove Untouchability from Hinduism, which would have been the effect of the British plan (which he succeeded in modifying) to give Untouchables a separate electorate. He adores the Untouchables, and would do anything for them—except remove them from Hinduism, which makes them what they are.

There are other paradoxes and contradictions. To Gandhi modern science is anathema, but nevertheless he uses a thermometer and wears eyeglasses. He pleads for Hindu-Moslem unity, but he wouldn't gladly see a member of his family become a Moslem. For years he was the soul, backbone, eyes, and fingers of the Indian National Congress, but he was not a member of it. His approach to everything is religious, but aside from Hinduism it is difficult to tell what his religion is.

Nevertheless, Mr. Gandhi adds up to a great deal. The record of his life is heroic in the best sense of that word: he is a man who fought—and almost won—an elemental struggle against the nature of his environment. This tough and rubbery little man, dressed in a loin cloth and sitting by his spinning wheel, who weighs 112 pounds, took on the greatest empire the world has ever known—an empire with every recourse in man power, accumulated wealth, tradition, skill and strategy in administration—and almost vanquished it. He fought fate—and what used to be stronger than fate—the British Empire.

Nowadays people are apt to assume that Mr. Gandhi, with his score of great years behind him, is played out; they even think that he no longer counts in India. Nothing could be farther from the truth. He is still the most important living Indian. One cannot be in India

¹ The reader is asked impatiently to await Chapter XXV for discussion of religion in general and caste in particular.

two hours without finding out that he still somehow manages to rule the Congress. (The Congress of which we shall write much, is the nationalist political organization, the strongest in India, devoted to Indian independence.)

Many young nationalists are impatient at his mysticism, and even his most devoted admirers occasionally blink at his unpredictable vagaries. They think, for instance, that his willingness to compromise with Britain—now—passes proper limits. But his hold on the great mass of the Indian people is unshaken. He is a unique kind of dictator, one who rules by love. He is adored as well as worshiped. His photograph is enshrined in a million cottages; children, sick, are touched with his likeness to make them well. Peasants may come twenty miles simply to see his train pass, even if it does not stop and he is not visible. To the submerged masses, the “dumb half-starved millions” as he frequently calls them, he is a man of miracles. All over India I noticed how the faces of people lit up when his name was mentioned. And he is the only man in India who by a single word, by lifting his little finger, could instigate a new national revolt, who could start civil disobedience again among more than 350,000,000 people—roughly one-fifth of the human race.

What explains the hold. Mr. Gandhi has on India? What has he done for India? The outline of his career is known to everyone, but we must sketch it briefly. Let us try to take this extraordinary man apart, and see what it is that controls his unique behavior.

St. Francis in South Africa

Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi was born in Porbander, one of the small native states in the Kathiawar peninsula, on October 2, 1869. Thus he is seventy-three, which is old for an Indian, whereas it may be comfortable maturity to a Japanese. He came of a solid official family, members of the third or Vaisya caste; both his father and grandfather were *Dewans*, that is, prime ministers, of local Kathiawar states. The name “Gandhi” means “grocer” in his native language. His father, whom he describes as being brave and incorruptible, married four times, and Gandhi was the youngest child of the fourth wife. His mother, a passionately devout woman, given to strict observance of Hindu fasts and customs, profoundly influenced him.

The best source of material for Gandhi's early years is his auto-

biography, called *The Story of My Experiments with Truth*.² It is a work of very peculiar and original texture. I know no autobiography quite like it. Artlessly it sets down details of almost shocking intimacy; peacefully it explores the origins of Gandhi's character, like a brook rising to a river. It gives an impression of almost biblical restraint, and yet is full of naïve candor. It varies between passages of great nobility and literary force and preoccupation with idiosyncrasies almost meaningless to a western reader. Its last words are—after 1,090 pages—"I must reduce myself to zero."

His picture of his mother is worth recording:

The outstanding impression my mother has left on my memory is that of saintliness. She was deeply religious. She would not think of taking her meals without her daily prayers. As far as my memory goes back, I do not remember her having ever missed the *Chaturmas* [a semi-fast period that lasts four months during the rains]. She would take the hardest vows and keep them without flinching. . . . To keep two or three consecutive fasts was nothing to her. Living on one meal a day during *Chaturmas* was a habit with her. Not content with that she fasted every alternate day during one *Chaturmas*. During another *Chaturmas* she vowed not to have food without seeing the sun. We children on those days would stand, staring at the sky, waiting to announce the appearance of the sun to our mother. . . . She would run out to see with her own eyes, but by that time the fugitive sun would be gone, thus depriving her of her meal. "That does not matter," she would say cheerfully, "God did not want me to eat today."

(*The Story of My Experiments with Truth*, Vol. I, pp. 19-20)

A friend told young Gandhi that Indians are a weak people because they did not eat meat. "The English are able to rule over us, because they are meat-eaters." Secretly Gandhi decided to taste the forbidden substance, but a furtive meal of goat's meat made him sick. That night he had a horrible nightmare, in which a live goat kept bleating inside his stomach. . . . At about the same time a friend took him to a brothel. Gandhi says, "I was almost struck dumb and blind in this den of vice. I went into the jaws of sin, but God in His in-

² Gandhi wrote the book in his native tongue, Gujarati, and his faithful secretary Mahadev Desai translated it into English. It has been published in India but it is difficult to procure in England or the United States. Gandhi records his hesitation to write it, because "writing an autobiography is a practice peculiar to the West."

finite mercy protected me." He fled, "saved." On another occasion he smoked a forbidden cigarette, and almost committed suicide in remorse. He says that he never told a lie in childhood.

He married at thirteen. Before this he had been betrothed three times, but the little girls all died. His ten-year-old wife was chosen from a neighbor's family, and he was married in a joint ceremony with his elder brother and a cousin. Marriage is a complicated festival to Hindus, and it was cheaper and more expedient to have the three weddings together. Gandhi writes, "Little did I dream then, that one day I should severely criticise my father for having married me as a child. Everything on that day seemed to me right and proper and pleasing. There was also my own eagerness to get married." He "draws the curtain" over the first encounter of the two nervous, frightened children, and then says that he lost no time in "assuming the authority of a husband."

His wife, Kasturbai, was illiterate. "I was very anxious to teach her, but lustful love left no time . . ." As a result Kasturbai to-day—a half-century later—can only barely read and write. "I am sure, that had my love for her been absolutely untainted with lust, she would have been a learned lady today; for I could then have conquered her dislike for studies."

When he was fifteen, Kasturbai had their first child, who died. His father died at about the same period; the event, in addition to its normal consequences, had tremendous moral significance for Gandhi, because at the moment of his father's death he and Kasturbai were in bed together. His "shame" at this is "a blot I have never been able to efface or forget."

The sexual motif is strong throughout Gandhi's book. He continually writes of his carnal impulses and desires; as late as 1933 he says that he has not finally conquered them. Four times God saved him from going to brothels. His first great struggle for emancipation from earthly needs, earthly wants, was in regard to sex; all his fantastic experiments with diet, and his final choice of goat's milk as an ideal food, were caused by his desire to diminish sexual ardor. In 1900, when he was thirty-one, he gave up sexual intercourse; in 1906, he confirmed this abstention with a perpetual vow of continence. This he considered his first step forward to self-mastery; it was the essential preliminary to the doctrine of *ahimsa*, non-violence.

Having finished high school and the University of Ahmedabad,

young Gandhi decided to go to London and study law. This was a very unconventional thing to do in those days. Orthodox Hindus are supposed to be defiled by crossing water and especially by ocean travel, and he had to seek permission for the voyage from his uncle. Reluctantly the uncle gave consent—incidentally, Gandhi had to travel five days by bullock cart and camel to see him—but the subcaste of his community excommunicated him. Note the strength of character of this young man. The worst social consequences could not deter him from the trip. He calmly relates how he sold his wife's trinkets to help pay his way—he left her behind—and he describes his solemn vow to his mother to eat no meat, drink no wine, and have no women. At this period his ultimate ambition was to become a *Dewan*, like his father.

His adventures in London—he arrived there in September, 1888—make strange reading now. He set about learning the ways of this remarkable island people who kept his own people in subjection. An Indian friend told him, "Do not touch other people's things"—(this after he had innocently stroked a silk hat the wrong way)—"Do not ask questions on first acquaintance; do not talk loudly; never address people as 'sir' as we do in India." Young Gandhi bought a dress suit for £10, learned French and Latin, took dancing lessons, and went through miseries trying to find palatable vegetarian food. (He would not eat eggs, or even sauces made of eggs, and had to question waiters to find out how the food was cooked.) He made many friends in the Indian colony in London, became a member of the executive committee of the Vegetarian Society, and was so frightened and shy that he could not talk—he was unable even to read from manuscript—at his first public speech.

Three years later he returned to India, and set up legal practice in Bombay. In his first case, when he rose to cross-examine a witness, he was too timid to speak, and had to sit down again without asking a question. A little later came a disconcerting experience: he was bodily thrown out of an Englishman's office when he came to ask a favor on behalf of his brother. Directly he sought to bring suit against the Englishman—note his pepperiness—but he was prevailed upon not to do so. He swallowed the insult, but profited from it as well. He records, "Never again shall I place myself in such a false position; never again shall I try to exploit friendship in this way."

In 1893, feeling himself a failure in India, he went to South Africa,

where the large Indian colony offered him the chance of a good practice. Almost before he knew it he was a leader of the community, and he remained in South Africa, hardly realizing how the time slipped by, for more than twenty years. These were his great years of preparation. South Africa was a rehearsal for what was coming.

When he arrived in South Africa, and indeed for a long time thereafter, he was a loyal citizen of the British Empire. He early became interested in Indian Home Rule through the influence of Gokhale and other leaders, but he was distinctly a gradualist. Indeed, he helped organize medical work during the Boer War and the Zulu rebellion, supporting the British forces; he received citations for bravery in the front line, and in 1914 went straight to London to offer his services for establishing an Indian ambulance corps. This, too, despite the indignities he and his compatriots suffered owing to race and color prejudice in South Africa. In the early days he was kicked, beaten, spat upon as a coolie. He could find no rooms in hotels, no restaurants to eat in.

Gradually in South Africa the two main streams in his life came forth. Later in India they converged. First was his conversion to the doctrine of non-violence. He read Ruskin, Tolstoi, Thoreau, and set himself to follow their example. He was a highly successful barrister, earning £5,000 a year, but he dropped commercial practice to found an agricultural colony devoted to poverty, non-violence, and the simple virtues. Second was his growing interest in Indian nationalism. He did not fight the British directly, but he roused a tremendous tumult in defense of Indian rights. He founded a newspaper, *Indian Opinion*, and wrote his first book, *Hind Swaraj* (Indian Independence), showing that he had not forgotten the great peninsula to which he must return. He became the undisputed leader of the nationalist Indians in South Africa, following a series of semi-political campaigns and efforts to remove discriminations against Indians. He tested out his theory of passive resistance as early as 1906, and three times went to jail.

Meantime he was broadening, developing, both spiritually and practically. The autobiography contains fascinating nuggets from these forgotten days.

For instance, he decided that he was not well enough grounded in the Hindu scriptures. But he was busy, with little time to spare. So he copied out the Gita verses, hung them on a wall, and memorized

them during the fifteen minutes each morning he devoted to cleaning his teeth.

He discovered a good deal about the law. From the beginning he refused to take any case the justice of which he doubted. He learned that if he were sure of his facts, the law was apt to take care of itself. "Facts mean truth, and once we adhere to truth, the law comes to our aid naturally." Also he saw that the winning party seldom recovered all his costs, and that compromise was an excellent technique. "The true function of a lawyer is to unite parties riven asunder. A large part of my time during the twenty years of my practice was occupied in bringing about private compromises."

One of his early spiritual struggles was over life insurance. "Man," he told himself, "you have sold almost all the ornaments of your wife. If something were to happen to you, the burden of supporting her and the children would fall on your poor brother." So he took out 10,000 rupees (\$3,700) of life insurance. Then he canceled it. What reason, he asked himself, had he to assume that death would claim him earlier than the others? The real protector was, he decided, not his brother, but God Almighty. Then he concluded, "In getting my life insured I had robbed my wife and children of their self-reliance. Why should they not be expected to take care of themselves? What happened to the families of the numberless poor of the world? Why should I not count myself among them?"

Note the curious emphasis here. He is willing that even his family should suffer provided that his conscience is square with the Almighty. We shall meet this trait again. Mr. Gandhi is a supreme egotist, willing to shoulder this difficult responsibility, because of his conception of mankind, under God, as a whole.

He had many political tussles and tumbles. He learned to handle men, and to handle crowds. He was absolutely inflexible on any matter of principle, and wonderfully supple on minor details.

He was continually exasperated by diet. He tried countless experiments. Finally he gave up salt, tea, and meals after sunset. He began, too, to observe Monday as a day of silence. Goat's milk seemed an ideal food for the observation of *brahmacharya* (self-restraint), but it was only after a terrific struggle that he consented to take it, since, after all, it was not strictly a vegetarian substance. Meantime, he struggled to maintain his vow of continence.

Such was the man, aged forty-five, who returned to India in 1914. Then the great years, the tremendous years, began.

Entrance to India

"Out of South Africa there came a wizard across the seas."

—MRS. SAROJINI NAIDU

I cannot deal with Mr. Gandhi and the British from 1914 to 1942 in any but the briefest fashion. To discuss the subject in satisfactory detail would demand an entire book. The chapters that follow will, I hope, add some color and spice of detail to the general story of the political development of India, but here we must confine ourselves to the barest outline.

Mr. Gandhi, smelling his native soil again, spent a year in travel and social work, getting close to Indian affairs, and in 1915 founded his *Satyagraha* hermitage near Ahmedabad. This word, *Satyagraha*, needs careful definition. Gandhi invented it. Literally it means no more than "right effort," but "force of truth" or "soul force" is the usual translation, and later it was used loosely to indicate "non-coöperation," "passive resistance," and "civil disobedience." To the hermitage he brought the poor, including a group of Untouchables; he founded a colony, much like his colony in South Africa, devoted to poverty and the law of love. His word swept India. Also he was tackling practical jobs in investigating and helping to redress the grievances of peasants in several districts. By 1917, at least, he was already known as the Mahatma (literally "Great Soul"), a title not directly given him by anyone, but spontaneously bestowed by a willing people.

At the end of the war the political situation was boiling over. India loyally supported Britain during the war; in fact, she sent 1,215,000 men overseas, of whom more than 100,000 were casualties. In return the Indians, Mr. Gandhi among them, assumed that Britain would lighten the burden of its rule. And indeed the British did introduce the Montagu-Chelmsford reforms which gave India a limited—a very limited—measure of self-government. Mr. Montagu, the secretary of state for India, announced in 1917 that

the policy of his Majesty's Government . . . is that of increasing association of Indians in every branch of the administration, and the gradual development of self-governing institutions with a view to the progressive realization of responsible government in India as an integral part of the British Empire.

But the "dyarchy" system, by which Indian ministers in the provinces had rights over certain minor subjects, didn't work well. The Indian movement for home rule continued to grow. To check the rising tide of political discontent, the British introduced the Rowlatt bill, giving the police special powers; it was furiously resented. The country seethed, and Gandhi became the head of the nationalist movement. Even the Moslems joined him. He declared a *hartal*, general strike, in protest at the Rowlatt bill; then in April, 1919, came the grotesque tragedy at Amritsar, when a British general gave the order to fire on a crowd of mostly unarmed Indians—men, women, children—who had no method of escape, and killed and wounded hundreds of them. India rose—but not with a roar. It rose with *Satyagraha*.

Commonly it is said that Amritsar³ turned Gandhi finally against the British. But already the machinery of civil disobedience—in 1919-20 it was called "non-coöperation"—was in motion. Amritsar hurried up the policy, made it inevitable, and to the great mass of Indians gave civil disobedience a tragic reality, a tragic necessity, that it might otherwise have taken longer to achieve. *Satyagraha* swept the country. Mr. Gandhi made it a political weapon as well as a spiritual force. It was as if his teaching struck deep through the skin of India, and touched a sensitive nerve long concealed. The people were on the brink of revolution; the Mahatma showed them the way. The call of non-violence, of self-mastery through abnegation, was something that the majority of Hindus—who are inclined to masochism—instinctively understood. It appealed directly to their religious nature; it made lions out of Hindus.

The British were bewildered. What could they do with people who let themselves be beaten to a pulp without lifting their hands? What could they do when literally thousands of young Indians besieged the jails, demanding to be arrested? Mr. Gandhi's precepts to his *Satyagrahi*, as the passive-resisters were called, are almost more than the western mind can comprehend. The Mahatma insisted that *Satyagrahi* must harbor no anger, must not swear or curse, must never retaliate to attacks, must voluntarily submit to arrest, must never insult an

³ The British, too, were profoundly influenced by Amritsar. It might be argued that what reforms have come to India since 1919 have been penance for the Amritsar shame.

opponent, and must assist British officials assaulted by forgetful Indians.

Mr. Gandhi broke off relations with the British. He wrote to the Viceroy :

It is not without a pang that I return the Kaisar-i-Hind Gold Medal granted to me by your predecessor for my humanitarian work in South Africa, the Zulu War medal for my services as an officer in charge of the Indian Volunteer Ambulance Corps in 1906, and the Boer War Medal for my services as assistant superintendent of the Indian Volunteer Stretcher-bearer Corps during the Boer War of 1899-1900.

* I can retain neither respect nor affection for a Government which has been moving from wrong to wrong in order to defend its immorality. . . . The Government must be moved to repentance.

I have therefore ventured to suggest non-coöperation, which enables those who wish to disassociate themselves from the Government and which, if unattended by violence, must compel the Government to retrace its steps and undo the wrongs.

The Mahatma was wrong ; the government did not retrace its steps. Instead, the lines of battle were marked out. The Indian Congress declared for *Swaraj* (Home Rule—literally, “oneself-country”) “by all legitimate and peaceful means” and worked out a practical program under Mr. Gandhi’s guidance. He became dictator of the Congress. Nationalist Indians agreed to boycott British goods, to take their children from government schools, to withdraw from the law courts, to give up public jobs, to pay no taxes, to surrender titles and honors, and, above all, to use *khaddar*, i.e., homespun cotton. This, like the invention of *Satyagraha*, was another example of Gandhi’s astute political sense. Nothing so dramatized the movement—down to the remotest village in the peninsula—as the revival of home spinning and weaving. It at once starved British imports, revived village economy, and gave the Congress a badge, a uniform.

In 1921 came the episode of Chauri-Chaura. An infuriated mob of Indians hacked and burned to death a group of police. Gandhi was horrified. He was about to push civil disobedience further, but he suddenly and startlingly called off the entire campaign. It is difficult to know who were the most astonished by this volte-face, the British or the Indians. Gandhi said simply that Chauri-Chaura proved that

India was not ready for *Satyagraha*. The people could not yet be fully trusted with this new weapon. He talked of his bitter humiliation, his "Himalayan blunder"; he denounced mob violence and said that he, the person responsible, must undergo cleansing; he set himself the penance of his first great fast.

In 1922, he was arrested. He knew this would come. Listen to his logic:

What can be the motive of the Government in arresting me? The Government are not my enemy; I have not a grain of enmity toward them. But they believe that I am the soul of all this agitation, that if I am removed, the ruled and ruler will be left in peace. Not only the Government but some of our leaders also share this belief. How then can the Government put the people to the test? How can the Government ascertain whether the people do understand my advice or are simply dazzled by my utterances?

The only way left for them is to arrest me . . . I desire that the people shall maintain perfect self-control and consider the day of my arrest as a day of rejoicing.

(*Speeches and Writings of Mahatma Gandhi*, p. 690)

The trial was a tableau to stagger the imagination. Mr. Gandhi told the prosecutor that his crimes were greater than those in the indictment; gravely, placidly, he pleaded with the judge to give him the maximum sentence. The judge rose to the occasion, and matched the Mahatma's courtesy with his own. The testimony reads like the proceedings of some court of honor under a code of chivalry. The judge sentenced Mr. Gandhi to six years' imprisonment, and the Indian leader courteously thanked him.

He adored jail. It gave him rest and seclusion. His own words are that he was "happy as a bird" in confinement. After a sudden operation for appendicitis, he was released in 1924.

The next year he undertook a twenty-one-day fast following an outbreak of trouble in Kohat between Hindus and Moslems. By his example, he hoped to bring friendship between the two. He wrote, "I was writhing in deep pain. News of Kohat set the smouldering mass aflame. I passed two nights of restlessness. I knew the remedy . . . My fast is a matter between God and myself. My penance is the prayer of a bleeding heart for forgiveness, for sins unwittingly committed. It is a warning to Hindus and Moslems who have professed to

love me." Breathless, a whole continent waited the three weeks in anguish. When finally the Mahatma, on the twenty-first day, took a sip of orange juice, he was too weak to talk.

Came then five years of tension, feeling for position, and delay. The British sent the Simon Commission to India to prepare the way for a new constitution, and the Congress steadily expanded in strength and spirit; in 1930, Congress came out flatly for Complete Independence (*purna Swaraj*, which is more than just *Swaraj*), at about the same time that Lord Irwin, the viceroy,⁴ announced that the British government considered that the natural issue of India's constitutional progress was—Dominion Status. Battle lines were drawn again, and tempers rose. Gandhi wrote Irwin, even though he always addressed him as "Dear Friend," that he considered British rule to be "a curse." He opened a renewed course of implacable opposition. He presented demands to the "satanic" government, which were rejected; thereupon, in 1930, civil disobedience began again—more vigorously than before.

It opened with Gandhi's "salt march" to Dandi on the sea. Salt was—and is—a government monopoly; the tax on it bore especially hard on the poorer people, and Gandhi chose it as a symbol that everyone could grasp. The march—except perhaps that of the Red Army in China—is the most remarkable in modern history. With a group of volunteers, the Mahatma slowly traversed the country, and a fire of rebellion followed in his wake. When he began it, he said, "On bended knee I asked the Government for bread, and I got a stone instead." With his friends bowed beside him, he finally reached the sea, and scooped illegal salt from the water, saying, "I would rather die a dog's death and have my bones licked by dogs than that I should return broken."

But he was broken. Rather, since he is Mr. Gandhi who makes his own rules, he was broken and patched up again. Civil disobedience became a great national revolution, but it did not win victory. By 1934, it had fizzled out; thousands of people were in jail, the British ruled by pure repression, and the country was prostrate. What happened then was a double course of events. First, the British hammered out the new constitution at the Round Table Conferences and in meetings of the Joint Select committee, a constitution which

⁴Now Lord Halifax, who later became British foreign secretary and then ambassador to Washington.

did very considerably advance India toward self-government; second, the Congress, under Mr. Gandhi's lead, came around, by 1937, to reluctant participation in its working. So the net result of civil disobedience was a compromise. The British gave way to some extent; the Indians grudgingly consented to work with them. This situation prevailed until the outbreak of the European war in 1939.

Mr. Gandhi's own career from 1931 to date contains many perplexities. He patched up a preliminary truce with Lord Irwin in 1931, after a period in prison; he went to the London Round Table as the *sole* representative of the Congress, which seemed to many to indicate excessive self-assurance. When he returned to India he was jailed again, and he began his great "fast to death" for the Untouchables. Later he fasted again for twenty-one days to purify himself, and was released from jail; and then—much as in the 1921 campaign—he abruptly called off civil disobedience on what seemed to his colleagues a comparatively minor personal issue. Came jail again, and a fast again. In 1934, he "retired" from Congress and politics in order to devote himself to village welfare—but nevertheless he continued to run Congress from behind the scenes. In 1939 came one more fast. Finally late in 1941 he gave up Congress leadership for good.

Daily Life of the Modern Saint

Nowadays the Mahatma lives most of the year in a remote village called Segaoon, near Wardha, in the very center of the most backward part of India. He chose it, with his customary combination of foresight and crankiness, just because it was peculiarly inaccessible, surrounded by mud and dust, and populated largely by *Harijans* (children of God), which is the name he has given the Untouchables. He wanted to demonstrate that even the most unbelievably backward village in India—and he searched hard to find it—could benefit by Gandhism.

He rises every day at 4:30 for his morning prayers, and then takes a brisk walk, rain or shine. He did this even in London, when he exhausted the two detectives assigned to guard him. When I write "brisk," I mean "brisk." He walks as Paavo Nurmi runs. I have enjoyed watching Europeans in good condition try to keep up with him. He sails along, carrying a long staff, like some extraordinary bird.

The prayers are very important, even more important than the

ritual of stiff daily exercise. In London he would interrupt any meeting without a trace of self-consciousness to sit down on the floor and pray—even in a committee room of the House of Commons. He prays twice a day, in the morning and at sunset. The sunset prayers are in the nature of a public ceremony, because his household joins him, together with the villagers. First his attendants lay a rectangle of straw mats on the ground. Quietly the people gather, squatting on the periphery of the open rectangle, and lamps are lit. The evening I saw the prayers on Juhu beach (Mr. Gandhi was having a holiday near Bombay) a Japanese priest joined the ceremony, and Miss Madeline Slade, the daughter of an English admiral who is the faithful manager of his household, sang from the Hindu scriptures. The moon rose at one end of the beach just as the sun was setting; the night was calm, still, and very beautiful. Mr. and Mrs. Gandhi walked quietly up, and the Mahatma took his place at the short end of the rectangle, facing the sea. He sat there cross-legged, head bowed, for precisely thirty minutes. There was no other ceremony. No one spoke; no one moved; but the Hindu chants continued plangently. Suddenly he rose; the enchantment broke, and the prayers were over.

He eats no meat, of course, and in fact only seldom takes any cooked food; but it is not quite correct to say that he eats very little. A mug of goat's milk, dates, nuts, a tablespoon of honey, garlic, a bowl of chopped fresh vegetables, and plenty of fruit—oranges, pineapples, mangoes, peaches—this is the general menu.

He works very hard, seeing people incessantly, receiving visitors, consulting subordinates, even when in retirement. Any particularly interesting conversations appear later in his newspaper, the *Harijan*. So no words are wasted. He keeps up a considerable correspondence with people all over the world. His chief relaxation is his bath; he bathes in very hot water for forty minutes before retiring, and usually reads in the tub.

Monday is his day of silence. He will not interrupt it no matter what urgent business is clamoring outside the door.

His work nowadays centers mostly on the village. To revive the village, and thus prevent the countrymen from being sucked into the terrible slums of the towns, is his plan. He has a five-point program for village welfare and economy. Encourage home spinning. Make village education vocational. Improve sanitation. Bring the Untouchables into the community. Above all, stimulate village industry. He

is doing his best, for instance, to create work from by-products of dead cattle, fertilizers and the like. Of course no Hindu would kill a cow, which is sacred in India, but the Mahatma is trying to persuade the villagers to utilize those that die naturally—not an easy thing to persuade them to do.

Gandhi has very little need of money, and the financing of his household doesn't seem to be a problem, because what he needs he gets from charity. Rich friends flock across his path. He has small interest in economics in the abstract, and has driven young Congress socialists to despair by his refusal to think in economic terms. Once he told a socialist friend that he believed in both private property *and* nationalization. "I purchase a mill, for example," he explained. "Then I give the people good wages; that is socialism!"

His epistolary style is quite his own. Consider this telegram of condolence to his friend Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, who succeeded him as Congress leader, when Nehru's mother died:

Mother lived nobly, has died nobly. She was model wife, mother. No sorrow. Let our women copy her example. Love. Bapu.

"Bapu" is what his friends and intimates call him; it is the Gujarati word for father. In his early days he was called "Bhai"—brother. Few people in India call him "Mahatma"; he has always been embarrassed by the phrase. Ordinarily—in fact, universally—he is called "Gandhiji," "ji" being an untranslatable suffix which informally means "Mr." but which connotes affection also. Sometimes he is called "Bapuji" or even "Mahatmaji." When I arrived in India and talked to Congress people, I was puzzled by frequent use of the phrase "High Command." This means—or meant—Mr. Gandhi, too.

His health is quite good, except that he suffers intermittently from high blood pressure. He looks made of rubber. He is not nearly as frail, as brittle, as his photographs indicate; the torso is well-formed, and the muscles hard and smooth. His personal physician, Dr. Roy, one of the first doctors of India, told me that he was "superbly normal." But then Dr. Roy admitted that Gandhiji could do things that normal men could not do.

His experience of fasting has, for instance, given him peculiar powers over his body. Once—indication that he is not given to self-delusion—he noted that fasting could be "as great a weapon of indulgence as restraint." Once he was down to ninety-seven pounds and

eating only 400 calories a day. Dr. Roy said he must get up to 104 pounds, and that he could do this only by doubling his intake of food. Gandhi listened patiently, refused to change his diet, and asserted that he could take on the necessary seven pounds in one week without changing his diet by one calory. Which he did.

He will say, "I will go to sleep for twenty-five minutes." Then he can fall asleep instantly, and sleep for twenty-five minutes and no more. On the trains his attendants know that he will be asleep within thirty seconds of getting into the compartment. Once he was asleep in an automobile, returning from Pandit Motilal Nehru's funeral. The car overturned. Mr. Gandhi was thrown out, but when his worried friends went to him on the roadside he was asleep again.

He owes much to Roy and other doctors, but he detests modern medicine. He calls medicine "the concentrated essence of black magic"; he once argued quite seriously that modern medical science created more tuberculosis and venereal disease than it cured. He once studied nursing, and he has made a hobby of home cures. There are pages in his autobiography about the "earth cure" for constipation, which he invented; it consists of wrapping some good clean dirt around the tummy.

Mr. Gandhi is much less oppressive a personality than most people think. He loves laughter. He bubbles and chuckles in talk. Once he told a friend that he might have killed himself long ago but for his sense of humor.

His tributes to Kasturbai, his wife, are touching. She is a small, round, cheerful woman, with a face like a Dresden china shepherdess, close to him but never obtrusive; he quite calmly notes the wide difference between them intellectually, and says that he has no doubt that she does not approve of many things he does. "She is blessed with one great quality . . . willingly or unwillingly, consciously or unconsciously, she has considered herself blessed in following in my footsteps, and has never stood in the way of my endeavor to lead a life of restraint." In another passage, he writes, "I can no more describe my feeling for Hinduism than for my own wife. She moves me as no other woman in the world can. Not that she has no faults. I daresay that she has many more than I see myself. But the feeling of indissoluble bond is there."

The Gandhis have four sons and several grandchildren. In his autobiography he criticizes himself for not having given his children a

better education. One son, indeed, has been a disappointment, but two others have made excellent careers as journalists. The fourth son married the daughter of Mr. Rajagopalacharia, the prime minister of Madras. This caused a great commotion, because the Gandhis are not Brahmans, and the Rajagopalacharias distinctly are. Another Gandhi contradiction—the good Hindu thus breaking the laws of caste!

The Gandhi Gambit

“Means and ends are convertible terms in my philosophy of life.”

—MR. GANDHI

The record of Gandhiji's positive qualities is a long one. The brief narrative I have given of his career indicates some. There are many others, which perhaps help to explain his enormous power and hold on Indians.

For one thing, his unbelievable simplicity. This sometimes reaches the borderline of comedy. Once he went through a minor spiritual crisis before allowing his wife, a third-class passenger, to use a second-class bathroom. Once on shipboard he persuaded a friend to toss into the sea an expensive pair of binoculars. In prison in South Africa he offered to clean the latrines himself, although the warder asked him to choose some one else for the job. Once a Christian was his guest; Mr. Gandhi himself tended to emptying the chamber pot. In South Africa he learned laundering, starched his own collars, and taught himself to cut his own hair. One possibly apocryphal story describes the Englishman who shouted “Coolie” at him at a railway station. Obediently Mr. Gandhi picked up the Englishman's bags and took them to the train.

Again there is his very considerable charm. He hasn't had sexual intercourse for almost forty years, but he adores the company of women, and he likes to flirt. His charm is such that, according to the legend, the former Secretary of State for India, Sir Samuel Hoare, ordered a new Viceroy, Lord Willingdon, not to see Gandhi, in order to prevent his succumbing to his formidable charm.

His intelligence is quick and shrewd. One could write a thousand words about Miss Mayo's *Mother India* and not describe it better than did Gandhi with his famous remark, “It is a book that no European and every Indian should read.” His political sense is acute on other than merely Indian questions. He called the Munich agreement “peace without honor,” and doubted that it would bring peace.

He is uncommonly intuitive, and not only catches the moods of people very quickly, but is capable of quick changes of mood himself. He senses it instantly if his friends are tired; he talks nonsense, laughs, gossips, makes jokes. But he can resume serious discussion instantly.

His consideration for others is very detailed. Nehru records how he found time during a serious crisis to send word to him that his little daughter had taken on weight. (Nehru was in jail at the time.) When, after the Round Table Conference, he wanted to give presents to the two detectives who had risen at 4:30 to jog with him through Kensington Gardens, he didn't know what to select, since Congress was boycotting British goods; so he sent for two Swiss watches. Once, leaving Bombay on a long trip, he saw a friend's wife among the concourse of people seeing him off; he remembered to tell her not to buy a new house she was interested in—this was his method of hinting that civil disobedience might begin again, and that none of them would need new houses. Another woman friend told me that Gandhiji had certainly saved her life, merely by seeing her occasionally, talking to her, during a severe nervous breakdown.

He has this tact, charm, consideration, but he can be brutal for a principle. Consider for instance the story of the illness of his ten-year-old child Manilal.

The doctor found Manilal with a high fever, caused by pneumonia after typhoid. He said that eggs and chicken broth might save him, but Mr. Gandhi refused to allow him either. "Manilal was only ten years old. To consult his wishes was out of the question. I had to decide." The doctors implored Gandhi to give the boy nourishing food, since his life was in grave danger, but the father continued to refuse. He told the doctor that he would treat Manilal in his own way, if the doctor would consent to come in from time to time and examine him. He gave Manilal hip baths and orange juice, and Manilal bravely said, "I will not have eggs or chicken broth." But the boy grew worse. His fever reached 104°. Gandhi proceeds:

I began to get anxious. What would people say of me? What right had parents to inflict their fads on their children? . . . I was haunted by thoughts like these. Then a contrary current would start. God would surely be pleased to see that I was giving the same treatment to my son as I would give myself . . . The doctor could not guarantee

recovery. At best he could experiment. The thread of life was in the hands of God . . .

It was night. My mind was torn between these conflicting thoughts. I was in Manilal's bed lying by his side. I decided to give him a wet sheet pack. To the head I applied a wet towel. . . . The whole body was burning like hot iron, and quite parched. There was absolutely no perspiration . . .

I was sorely tired. I left Manilal in charge of his mother, and went out for a walk. . . . Very few pedestrians were out. Plunged in deep thought I scarcely looked at them. "My honor is in Thy keeping, oh Lord, in this hour of trial," I repeated to myself . . . After a short time I returned, my heart beating in my breast.

No sooner had I returned, than Manilal said, "You have returned, Bapu?"

"Yes, darling."

"Do please pull me out. I am burning."

"Are you perspiring, my boy?"

"I am simply soaked. Do please take me out."

I felt his forehead. It was covered with beads of perspiration. The temperature was going down. I thanked God. . . . I undid the pack, dried his body, and father and son fell asleep in the same bed.

(*Story of My Experiments with Truth*, Vol. I, pp. 571-577)

The point of this story is, of course, that his honor, his faith, were more important to the Mahatma than the life of his son. Years later an almost identical episode occurred, when Kasturbai was taken ill. The doctors said she would certainly die unless she got nourishing food. Gandhi consulted with her; they decided that she would not take it. And she got well, after a harrowing experience.

Another source of power is his tremendous knowledge of India. There are 700,000 villages in India, and Gandhiji has visited an extraordinary number of them. His travels have been epochal. In the third-class trains and especially on foot, he has covered the entire peninsula.

The things Gandhi likes most are children, fresh air, laughter, friends, the truth. What he dislikes most is a lie.

This is another source of power. People cannot lie to him. I heard this all over India: as if the Mahatma had some supernatural quality which overcame temptation to falsehood in other people. His own sincerity, his own love of truth, is so great that he brings out truth in others. Jawaharlal Nehru, who admits that his language is some-

times incomprehensible, talks of his wonderful "knack of reaching the hearts of the people" by this means.

His colossal spiritual integrity on the one hand; his earthly command of politics on the other—this is the Gandhi gambit.

He invented *khaddar* and village spinning, which plunged his revolution into the heart of the countryside; he *walked* to Dandi and the sea, and behind him spread the wildfire of revolt. He likes to choose a small concrete objective that the starved, illiterate millions can easily grasp. Recently the Bombay government wondered how to reach the peasants quickly with concrete proof of the Congress program. Gandhi suggested abolition of a grazing fee that hampered movements of their cattle, and in a few days word of the new program had spread widely. When he decided to hold the annual sessions of Congress, where a hundred thousand people congregate, in tiny villages instead of the great towns, people said that it would be impossible. They pointed to the lack of sanitary arrangements; they were terrified of cholera. But Mr. Gandhi simply let cholera go hang, and nobody got sick—at least not of cholera.

When he left Congress in 1934, he did so in order to make himself more honest, more neutral. He wanted to be in a position to adjudicate, not merely between different factions within Congress, but between Congress and the British. This is as if Abraham Lincoln, say, had quit the presidency in the middle of the Civil War, in order to see that the North behaved with proper honor to the South.

Science of Mahatmatics

When people in India talk about Mr. Gandhi's defects, they are apt to mention half a dozen things.

First, he is dictatorial. "If you choose to follow my lead, you must accept my conditions," he said once. As I have mentioned, he went to the Round Table Conference alone—and as a result was drowned in detail and outmaneuvered—and he stated once that he *alone* must decide whether or not civil disobedience is ever to be renewed.

Second, his medievalism. Even his closest friends object to his extravagant use of religious symbolism. There was a great earthquake in Behar in 1934; Mr. Gandhi promptly announced that this was punishment sent to India for the sin of Untouchability; Nehru has a wonderful passage describing how this staggered him.

Third, his meekness, his masochism, have played into the hands of the British in negotiation.

Fourth, his sense of proportion is off-balance. He will stop work all day to deal with any sudden small problem, for instance a forlorn mother in a village, or a crying child. His friends were horrified at several of his fasts, in which he risked his life for what modern minds thought were minor issues. He twice canceled nationwide civil disobedience, as we have seen, because of isolated cases of impurity or violence. (But, with wonderful political instinct, he knew that each campaign was lost, and that it was wise to recede at just that time.) One story is that he held up negotiations for the Gandhi-Irwin truce because an officer in Gujarat impounded a peasant's cow. The Mahatma stopped everything until that cow was released.

Fifth, and above all, his inveterate love of compromise. He is a stanch antagonist, but he infinitely prefers settlement to struggle. Gandhiji wants compromise with the socialists, with the princes, with the industrial magnates, with the government in Delhi. Surely no man has ever so quickly and easily let bygones be bygones. He has no hatreds, no resentments; once a settlement is made, he coöperates with enemies as vigorously as he fought them.

Associated with this quality of compromise is his dislike of hard and fast definitions. Once during the Round Table Conference he offered the Moslems a blank check in settlement of communal¹⁵ difficulties, provided they would subscribe to the Congress program of complete independence. Thereupon Mr. Jinnah, the Moslem leader, confronted the Mahatma with seven different definitions of independence which he had at one time or other made. No one in India knows precisely, beyond shadow of a doubt, where the Mahatma draws the line between "Dominion Status" and "Independence." He seldom defines his terms. Once he was asked by a political writer of the *Times of India* to give an important statement on provincial autonomy. He dictated it rapidly, and the writer was delighted with his scoop. He took the statement back to the office—there were only four sentences—whereupon it was discovered that each of the four sentences could be interpreted in different ways.

There are important nuances even to his concept of civil disobedience. He abhors violence, but he admits that some things are worse than violence—cowardice, for example. He dislikes "passive resist-

¹⁵ This tricky word doesn't refer to "communism" but to "communities."

ance" as a synonym for *Satyagraha*, because he feels that *Satyagraha* is not passive; it is non-violent resistance, which is quite a different thing from non-resistance *per se*.

He adores formulae. When the Working Committee of the Congress meets these days, Mr. Gandhi stays away, waits until the members are in disagreement, and then finds a formula for straightening them out. This science is known throughout India as "Mahatmatics."

Grace Notes

In London his friends took him to see Charlie Chaplin. He noted the considerable crowds around Chaplin's hotel. The two had an amiable talk. Leaving, Gandhi asked his companions, "Who was that delightful man?" He had never heard of Chaplin before.

Once a snake dropped on his ankle, and involuntarily he twitched and shook it off. He has regretted this ever since, because it showed that his devotion to non-violence was not really perfect.

One of his friends was accused of complicity in a minor scandal. Gandhi heard about it, summoned the friend, and said, "Tell me the whole truth by tomorrow morning." Then he added that if the friend denied the charges, he would investigate them anyway. The friend confessed, whereupon the Mahatma forgave him.

A Congress prisoner behaved badly in Bijapur jail. The British warder threatened to inform Mr. Gandhi, who would start a new fast if the congressman didn't reform. The congressman reformed.

Indian students in London went to a great deal of trouble to collect 200 goats with which to greet Gandhiji's arrival. The India Office, informed by the police, frowned; the Mahatma was heartsick that the goats weren't allowed to welcome him.

The Working Committee of Congress decided to break off the 1931 negotiations between Lord Irwin and Mr. Gandhi, since the British claims were too great. The Mahatma went to Irwin to tell him so. He returned at 2:30 A.M. and informed his waiting colleagues that he had agreed to Irwin's demands! Consternation. Mr. Gandhi explained that he had succumbed because at the crucial point Irwin rose and said in effect, "Mr. Gandhi, why should you disbelieve in my sincerity, why cannot you accept my word, as I freely accept yours?" Deciding that he had no moral right to assume that his opponent was less honorable than he, Gandhiji gave way. His colleagues remained stunned.

Once he was tempted to ask his followers to eat fruit only after it had fallen from the tree. To pick it while it was still on the branch might touch the borderline of violence.

The Religious Factor

"I worship God as truth only. . . . Truth is like a vast tree, which yields more and more fruit, the more you nurture it." —MR. GANDHI

The attitude of the Mahatma to religion is obviously of supreme importance, but it is not easy to define. No one knows just what faith he believes in. His insistence on rendering good for evil, his feeling that one can win justice only by giving justice to the enemy, his injunction to hate the sin but not the sinner, are the essence of practical Christianity. He believes in original sin, and is probably more like Christ than any man in the political sphere who has ever lived. But he does not call himself a Christian. When, watching him pray, I asked his intimate friends whom he prayed to, they did not know.

The following passage is illuminating:⁸

I do perceive that whilst everything around me is ever-changing and ever-dying, there is, underlying all that change, a living Power that is changeless, that holds all together, that creates, dissolves, and recreates. That informing Power and Spirit is God . . . I see it as purely benevolent, for I can see that, in the midst of death, life persists; in the midst of untruth, truth persists; in the midst of darkness, light persists. Hence I gather that God is life, truth, and light. He is love, He is the Supreme Good. . . .

Gandhi is a devout Hindu, but he believes that the scriptures of *all* the great religions are equally the word of God—Bible, Talmud, Zend-Avesta, Koran, and the Buddhist canon.

He writes:

I cannot account for the existence of evil by any rational method. To want to do so is to be co-equal with God. I am, therefore, humble enough to recognize evil as such, and I call God long-suffering and patient precisely because He permits evil in the world. I know that He has no evil in Himself and yet if there is evil He is the author of it and yet untouched by it.

In an article written in 1920 he says:

Why should we be upset when children or young men or old men

⁸ Made in, of all places, a record for the Columbia Gramophone Company.

die? Not a moment passes when someone is not born or is not dead in this world. We should feel the stupidity of rejoicing in a birth and lamenting a death. Those who believe in the soul—and what Hindu, Mussulman or Parsi does not?—know that the soul never dies. The souls of the living as well as the dead are all one.

Then there is the famous passage about suffering:⁷

Suffering is the mark of the human tribe. It is an eternal law. The mother suffers so that her child may live. Life comes out of death. The condition of wheat growing is that the seed grain should perish. No country has ever risen without being purified through the fire of suffering. . . . It is impossible to do away with the law of suffering which is the one indispensable condition of our being. Progress is to be measured by the amount of suffering undergone . . . the purer the suffering, the greater is the progress.

“Swaraj” is the ordinary word used by Indians to denote “independence.” Lately the Mahatma has used “Ramraj” instead. “Ram” means “God.”

Coming Toward the End

In Chapter XXX below I sketch briefly the political events that accompanied Indian participation in the second World War. Mr. Gandhi disapproved of it, of course, but he did not wish to embarrass Britain in its period of greatest stress. For a year or so his hold on Congress continued firm, and then it began to slip. The old man could no longer face the growing impatience of his own followers with what seemed in 1940 and 1941 an outworn conception—non-violence—and in January 1942 he resigned from Congress leadership. He appointed Nehru his successor. So an epoch ends.

Gandhi's statements remained incorrigibly Gandhiesque to the very last. He said, resigning :

The British Government has done nothing which could invite us to reconsider our position. There can be no change in the attitude of the Congress toward the war so long as the British government's attitude is unchanged. Even if the British Government make it impossible for me to live, work and deliver my message of non-violence, I will not entertain any enmity or ill-will against them. If I do not entertain any violence, even against the Italians or Germans, how then can

⁷ Quoted in Romain Rolland's eloquent little book on Gandhi, p. 47.

I possibly have any violence against the Britishers for whom I would give my life at the time when they are engaged in life and death struggle. I have no enmity against anybody.

Years ago Gandhi told friends that in moments of vanity he believed he had been destined to deliver India from British bondage, but the British will view it as a catastrophe when he dies. Until the war the future of India was from one point of view a medical or actuarial question: namely, Gandhi's survival. His death, when it comes, will almost certainly liberate forces tending to increase the strength of Indian nationalism. But what a tremendous, dazzling career he has had! His greatest accomplishment is that he has given the Indian people new spirit, new unity, new hope. His God, Whoever He is, should treat him fondly, after he is gone.

Chapter XXIV

Beginnings in India

*If there is a paradise on the face of the earth, it is this, oh!
it is this, oh! it is this!*

—INSCRIPTION IN DELHI FORT

INDIA really is a sub-continent. The opening words of the Simon Report phrase it well. "The central mass of Asia throws out to the west, beyond the Urals, the sub-continent which we call Europe, and to the south, behind the higher barrier of the Himalayas, the sub-continent which we call India."

Superimpose a map of India on a map of Europe. Put Karachi at London. The western edge of India will protrude into the Atlantic, and the eastern edge will be about two hundred miles east of Moscow. Peshawar will be in mid-Norway, Bombay will just touch the border of Switzerland and what was once called Austria, and Cape Comorin, the southern tip of the peninsula, will be in the Mediterranean between Sicily and Tunis.

It is not only a sub-continent of vastness, but of the vastest extremes. Here are the highest mountains in the world, the broadest plains, the most torrid heat, and the most torrential rains. Here is every imaginable contrast in fauna, flora, geography, architecture, domestic manners, religious customs. Here are 350,000,000 people,¹ or roughly one-fifth of the human race; they include statesmen and professors of the highest intellectual attainments, as well as mendicants and fakirs degraded almost outside human form; they include Maharajas of the most fabulous wealth, as well as starving peasants and aborigines whose habits could fill a new *Golden Bough*. Here is a fixed and fierce climate which extracts its toll from European and Indian alike.

The vastness of India, its conglomeration of confusions, make investigation seem difficult. How give a bird's-eye view of a society four thousand years old? How simplify—without succumbing to the danger of oversimplification—the illimitable diversity of its peoples,

¹ The 1941 census, results of which are now available, reports the population of India as 388,800,000, an increase of about 15 percent in ten years.

problems, creeds? How elucidate even the simplest facts about a country where—to take a few instances—the comma is in the wrong place in numerals,² where men worship animals like rats and herons, where many names are polysyllabically unpronounceable, where a bewildering technical jargon masks ordinary meaning? “Communalism,” for instance, a word used often, has nothing to do with “communism”; it derives from “community” and means Hindu or Moslem separatist tendencies.

Bewildering it all is—but not quite so bewildering as the first glance forebodes. Which is fortunate enough.

There is a vast welter of peoples, yes; but one must grasp the fact—and hold tight to it—that a Punjabi and a man from Mysore, even if they differ as much as an Englishman from a Spaniard, are both Indians, as the Englishman and Spaniard are both Europeans.

Indian names are difficult, yes, but not so difficult as Chinese names. Some sound comical to western ears, especially Parsi names like Sodawaterwala or Cocoanutwala (*wala* means “man of”); but after all, these do not differ in kind from names like “Shoemaker” or “Marchandeau,” which do not cause laughter in England or France. As a rule the last name of a Hindu is a kind of community or clan name rather than a family name. The father’s name (except in Bengal) is commonly put in the middle. Take Bhulabhai Jivanji Desai, for instance, a prominent Congress leader. Bhulabhai is his given name, Jivanji is his father’s name, Desai is his clan name. Perhaps as a result a great many Indian politicians are most often called simply by their first names, at least by friends and in informal talk.

There are probably several thousand religions and sub-religions, yes; but for immediate practical purposes we have to deal with only two, Hinduism and Mohammedanism.

There are 222 different languages and dialects, according to the 1931 census, but only about eight or ten have serious political importance.

When I arrived in Bombay I happened to inspect a rupee note carefully, and saw that the words “One Rupee” were written on the

² For instance the number 10,000,000 is written 1,00,00,000. This is because big figures are calculated in units of *lakhs* (one hundred thousand) or *crores* (ten million). Thus one says, not five hundred thousand people or acres or what not, but five *lakhs* of whatever it is, written 5,00,000. Or one says seven and a half *crores*, 7,50,00,000.

back in eight different Indian languages, each in its own alphabet and script. Thereupon I asked everyone I met, Indian or British, to identify the eight; it was several weeks before I could find anyone who knew them all.³ As a result, perhaps unwarrantably, I grasped the inference that language fissures were not a very close preoccupation of most people. The language used by most Indians—about 139,000,000 according to the 1931 census—is Hindustani.

Now Hindustani (I do admit that this is confusing) exists in two vocabularies and two scripts, Hindi and Urdu. Experts will seize by the throat anyone who tries to talk about it simply, but the easiest explanation is that the original language of the Aryans in India, Sanskrit, became strongly intermixed with Persian during the course of Moslem infiltration. The resultant mixture, Hindustani, exists in duplicate. The dialect with more Persian words, written in a script similar to Persian, is Urdu; the dialect with more Sanskrit influence, written in characters like Sanskrit, is Hindi. About eighty per cent of the words are the same in speech. Another definition calls "Hindustani" the colloquial name of the *spoken* language, whether it is Hindi or Urdu. The obvious connection of Moslems with Urdu, and of Hindus with Hindi, has made a minor political issue of this question. Extreme nationalists in each camp shout for their separate scripts.

Closely allied to Hindustani, written in approximately the same alphabet, are Gujerati, Punjabi, Marathi, Bengali. Of a quite different category are the great Dravidian languages of the south, like Tamil. The difference between Hindustani and its derivatives is roughly that between the various Latin languages of Europe. But between Hindustani and the southern tongues the difference is at least as great as that between English and Arabic. A man from Peshawar and a Tamil from Madras cannot understand each other. This does not, however, necessarily impede political contact between them.

A word as to illiteracy. It is terrific, but not so terrific as in China. Accurate figures must await the next census; at present about eighty-five per cent of the men and ninety per cent of the women of India are believed to be illiterate.

Finally there are half-a-dozen important *political* stresses, or oppositions of force. Indians versus British. Moslems versus Hindus.

³ Urdu, Hindi, Bengali, Burmese, Tamil, Telegu, Kanarese, Gujerati.

British India versus the princely states. Congress versus Moslem League. Congress versus princes. And so on. Most of these overlap into ramifying and interlaced sub-stresses. The only one, however, upon which all the rest depend is the first—Indians versus British.

The modern explorer, e.g., journalist, has one tremendous advantage in India, which is that it is one of the most hospitable countries in the world, a veritable paradise for ease of contacts on both Indian and British sides. I have never been in a country where it was pleasanter to work.

Historical Interlude

Now let us undertake a dangerous and perhaps foolhardy but necessary task—an attempt to telescope the history of India in a paragraph or two.

About 1500 B.C. or earlier, a series of invasions of India began by light-skinned nomads who came through the Afghan passes and settled in the Ganges plains. They were great warriors and soon they spread out all over northern and central India, as far as the barrier of the southern mountains. They were people of the grass-lands, nomads originally, but the rich land of India, the ease of cultivation, turned them into settlers and agriculturalists. These nomad invaders were the Aryans; in Sanskrit the word "Arya" means gentleman or one high born. The Aryans had their own literature; their early books are called *Vedas*, or scriptures. "Veda" literally means "knowledge."

The Aryan invasion displaced other early inhabitants of India, who were dark-skinned people, the Dravidians. No one knows much about these Dravidians; probably they were similar to the peoples who inhabited Egypt, Mesopotamia and other parts of Africa and Asia ten or twelve thousand years ago. The interloping Aryans were contemptuous of the Dravidians; one theory of the origin of caste (the Sanskrit word for caste is *varna*, which means color) is that it was invented by the Aryans to prevent intermarriage with the dark Dravidian people. The Aryans very early developed an exceedingly complicated form of worship, which became Hinduism. To this day Aryan influence is predominant in north India, while Dravidian traces are more conspicuous in the south.

India became a melting pot. In spite of the caste system Aryan and Dravidian culture coalesced to some extent. Hinduism spread

all over the peninsula. There were other influences : Darius of Persia reached the Indus, and after Alexander the Great's expedition in 326 B.C. came a considerable influx of Hellenic culture. Winds from China drifted across Tibet. In 264 B.C. the great emperor Asoka, one of the most enlightened monarchs who ever lived, united all but a small portion of India under his sagacious and benevolent control. A great creative upheaval followed to produce the golden age of Indian art. Asoka disliked the religious excesses of Hinduism, and made a new creed, Buddhism, the state religion ; after his death, however, Buddhism began gradually to recede, and the Hindu Brahmins re-established their privileges and power.

After Asoka, Indian history for centuries is a record of various conquests. The Huns, the Turks, the Persians, the Mongols, the Moslems invaded the peninsula. But strong native dynasties, like the Rajputs, also grew up and held power tenaciously, and Hinduism, entrenched by caste, maintained its grip on the masses. Along about the fourteenth century A.D. the Mongols (called Moguls in Indian parlance) began to penetrate India ; Genghis Khan captured Lahore in the Punjab and Tamerlane took Delhi. This Mogul period reached its climax in the tremendous reigns of Babur, who became emperor of Hindustan, and his grandson Akbar (1556-1605) and great-grandson Aurungzeb (1658-1707). The Moguls, who almost united India again, were Moslems, and they not only built things of enduring and entrancing beauty like the Taj Mahal and Delhi Fort, but furnished the seed of the communal disputes between Hindu and Moslem that go on to this day.

After the Moguls the next invaders (omitting the Persian Nadir Shah who captured Delhi in a brilliant raid in 1738) were the British. The struggle for imperial and commercial power of the western nations occurred in India just as it did in the Americas, and at about the same time. The first aim of the British was trade, and their instrument was that remarkable organization, the East India Company ; by 1761, they had largely ousted their French and Dutch rivals from the peninsula, and were turning it into a great commercial dependency. In 1798, the British were strong enough to appoint a Governor General who ruled most of the country, though still in the name of the East India Company. Various wars reduced native peoples like the Mahrattas and Sikhs. In 1857 came the Indian Mutiny—a rising of what would today be called militant Indian

nationalism—and following it India came formally under control of the British Parliament and Crown. The Mogul Empire ceased to be, and Queen Victoria was crowned Empress of India.

In the preceding chapter I dealt briefly with the growth of the Indian independence movement concurrently with the career of Mr. Gandhi. After the end of civil disobedience the next great step in Indian history was the new Government of India Act, 1935, the longest act in the history of the British Parliament, passed after seven years of bitter argument in Whitehall. This Act embodies the new Indian constitution, and though it was suspended on the outbreak of war in 1939, we must inspect it before proceeding further.

Government of India Act, 1935

The Act was in essence a compromise. It was opposed just as grimly by Winston Churchill and pro-Empire diehards in England as by Jawaharlal Nehru and the Congress nationalists in India. It did not in any sense modify the central fact of British sovereignty in India, but it went a considerable way beyond the reforms of 1919 in giving the country a measure of self-government.

British policy since the War has been, in a sentence, to give India something, but not too much, with Dominion Status as the distant end in view. Anything else, men of wisdom and moderation knew, would stiffen Indian nationalism so intensely that revolution might recur.

Indian nationalist policy, as represented by the Congress, has been, in a sentence, to get what it could, with complete independence instead of Dominion Status as the end in view. Mr. Gandhi and most of his followers thought that the 1935 Act was a vehicle toward this end.

The Act gives enormous powers to the Viceroy or Governor-General. A new federal legislature is established, to which in theory the executive is responsible, but the Viceroy has unrestricted veto power over any act of the legislature. Moreover, three key subjects—defense, foreign affairs, and ecclesiastical affairs—are “reserved” to the hands of the Viceroy, besides which he has special powers to deal with:

- (1) The prevention of any grave menace to the peace or tranquillity of India or any part thereof,
- (2) the safeguarding of the financial stability and credit of the government,

- (3) the protection of the rights of Indian states and the interests of the minorities,
- (4) the prevention of commercial discrimination,

and certain other matters. For instance, in case of emergency the Viceroy may (like the Emperor in Japan) suspend the entire constitution.

By terms of the Act, India is made a federal country. This forecast a coalescence between British India and the native or princely states. For reasons which I shall explore later, federation never became a fact, although a new federal court is sitting, and a federal banking system has been set up. Congress bitterly opposes full federation for many reasons, among which is the fact that the composition of the new central legislature has been so devised as to give pro-British members, plus the representatives of the princely states who in most matters will certainly vote with them, an unshakable preponderance.

This 1935 Act gives the Governors in the provinces of British India—who like the Viceroy are Englishmen appointed by the Crown—powers roughly similar to those of the Viceroy at the center. Nevertheless an ambitious system of *Provincial Autonomy* was introduced. The new Act abolishes the reserved subjects which the old provincial assemblies were not allowed to touch; it gives the provinces almost full powers over items like local finance, police, prisons, education, land revenue, health, public works, agriculture and forests, and above all law and order. Moreover, the new cabinets in the provinces are responsible to legislatures elected by the Indian people and have fairly complete administrative authority.

The Act contains 451 clauses and roughly 120,000 words. It would need a book the length of this one to explore its highly controversial texture thoroughly. Out of the forest of recommendations and decisions I can mention only a few. Burma, for instance, was separated from India. Two new provinces in British India were created, Sind and Orissa, and the Northwest Frontier Province, hitherto excluded, was brought into the field of progress and reform. On the other hand, certain regions like Baluchistan continue to be "excluded areas" outside provincial autonomy. The electorate was considerably increased—from 7,315,000 in 1919, about three percent of the population of British India, to approximately 35,000,000, or fourteen percent.

The political position from early 1937 to the outbreak of war in 1939 was that the non-federal provisions of the constitution were in force and working fairly well. In Delhi the old legislature, as set up by the reforms of 1917, was still sitting. But in the provinces, the system of provincial autonomy established by the 1935 Act was functioning. Elections in February 1937 gave Congress majorities in seven out of the eleven provinces, and later an eighth province, Assam, went to Congress. For years Congress had attacked the Act fiercely, and at first it refused to take office, though it did not boycott the elections. Then Mr. Gandhi evolved a compromise after a few months of haggling and delay. In eight provinces—eight-elevenths of British India—Congress governments, elected by the Indian people, set out to govern. This was a tremendous forward step.

But the Congress governments resigned in the autumn of 1939 when war came. Thus, overnight, the constitutional structure laboriously prepared during 15 years was shaken. The British governors were forced to revert to the old system of rule by emergency powers, and much of the significance of the 1935 Act lapsed. An angry period of tension and countertension followed, and it seemed that India would be plunged into civil disobedience once more. The clock turned back. Nehru, Bose, and other nationalist leaders were arrested and imprisoned. I shall discuss this further in Chapter XXX below.

The Congress called out its governments for what it considered to be a perfectly good reason, namely resentment at being forced to fight in the name of democracy outside India while full democracy was being withheld at home. The Indians remembered the last great war, when they sent more than 1,200,000 men overseas. As a result of that effort, Mr. Gandhi expected much greater concessions than he got. And ever since Indians have said they would not be victims of the same process again. Most of them acknowledged freely the real and substantial advance toward self-government that the 1935 Act provided. But they insisted that they would not assist Britain in any new war, they would not willingly send men overseas again, until they were promised a more substantial reward—full independence. The 1935 Act gave India a great deal, but it came after years of struggle against the gradualness of British policy. This time the nationalist Indians wanted more, and they wanted it at once.

The crisis began just before the war, when Indian troops were dispatched abroad for service in Singapore and the Middle East. Then

in September India became a belligerent by proclamation of the British government. *India itself was not consulted.* The Indians had no opportunity to say yes or no. The 1935 Act was amended and the Viceroy assumed emergency powers. The British government—quite normally from its point of view—held that the outbreak of war overrode every other consideration. But the Working Committee of Congress replied on September 14, 1939 with a statement disassociating itself from the British declaration. This statement makes it quite clear that Congress condemns Fascist aggression and holds no brief for Germany. But the committee asked that Britain state its war aims and peace aims, and declared that the supreme issue of war or peace was one which the Indian people themselves had a right to settle.

The Viceroy began a series of consultations with the Indian leaders, hoping for some kind of compromise. He saw Gandhi, Nehru, leading Moslems like Jinnah, representatives of the princes and the like. He announced then a proposal for a consultative board of Indians to guide him in the conduct of the war; this panel was, however, given only advisory powers. Of course the British hoped for a settlement. They did not relish the prospect of India divided and disloyal. They had no enthusiasm for possible civil strife in India while fighting a world war against Germany. And many moderate Indians accepted the Viceroy's position. The Congress, however, did not do so. Nehru refused to budge or waver. And the Congress governments resigned.

Chart of British India

The eleven provinces⁴ of British India differ widely from each other, and provincial spirit till lately has been very strong. A marriage between individuals of different provinces is almost as rare as one between members of different castes. A man in one province is apt to know little about the others. Even the British succumb to provincial stratifications, because as a rule an official having learned the ways and language of one province, serves his entire career there; this is one reason for the narrow outlook of many members of the Indian Civil Service.

Generalizations are risky, but let us attempt here what we attempted

⁴ Nothing in this section refers to the native or princely states, which I shall discuss later.

C H I N A

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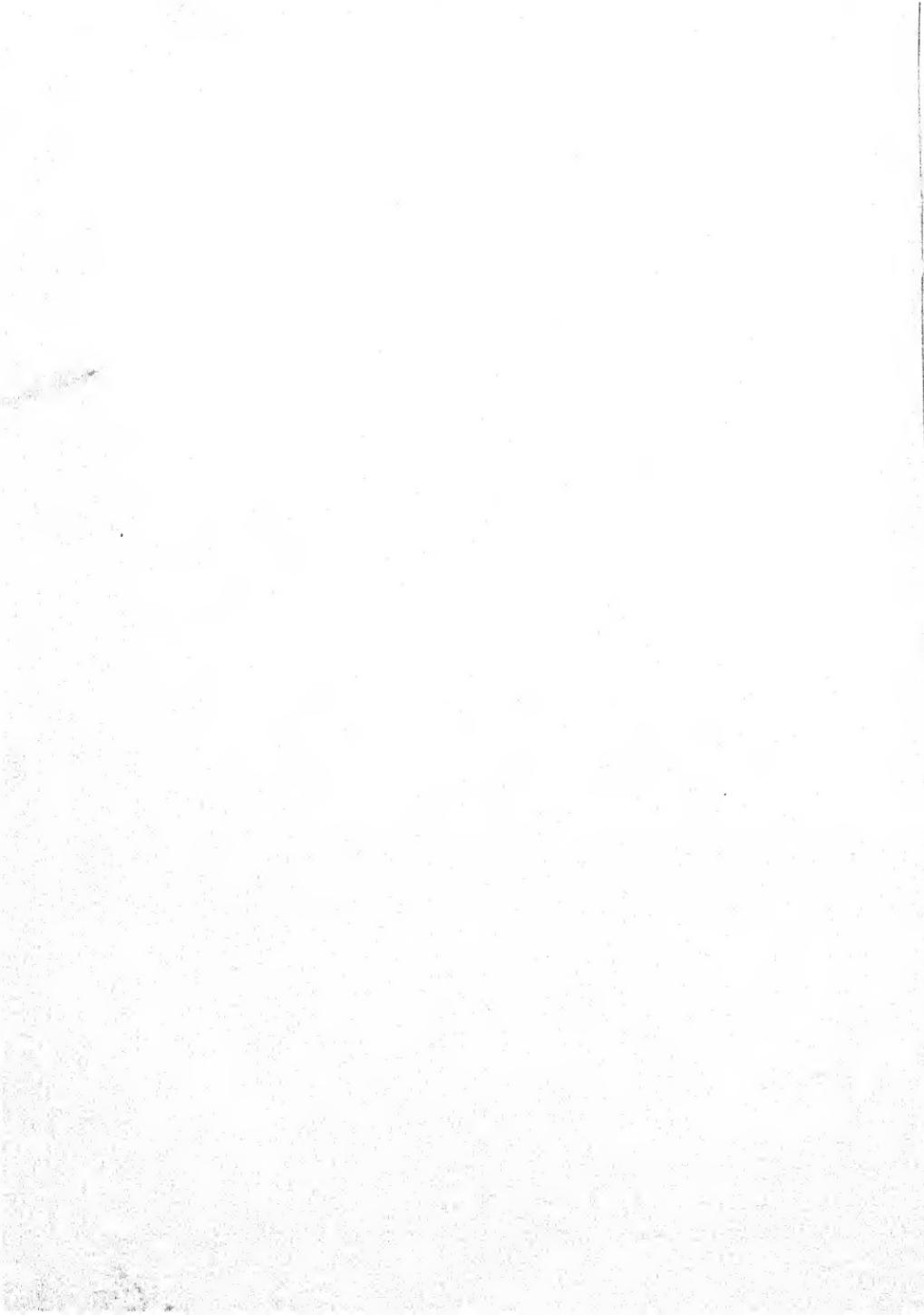
MATERIAL

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British Provinces

Indian States and Agencies



in China—a rough description of each province. In India the names at least are easier.

The first British settlements in India were in Bombay, Calcutta (Bengal) and Madras, and these three great provinces, called "Presidencies," are the top of the tree. Governors to these Presidencies are not taken from the civil service, but are political appointees direct from London. Bombay or Madras may be given to young M.P.'s or exceptionally able sons of peers, like the late Lord Brabourne, who inherit peerages and thus have small parliamentary opportunity in England.

BOMBAY, covering 77,000 square miles and with a population of 17,000,000—in other words it is a good deal bigger than pre-Munich Czechoslovakia—is the smallest and most heterogeneous of the Presidencies. It is the home of the Parsis of India; of the great cotton mills at Ahmedabad; of exchange speculators, Gujarati merchants, and Mahratta farmers; and of the cosmopolitan society of Bombay City. The city is an island (like Singapore) linked to the mainland by a causeway. Originally it was settled by the Portuguese, who in 1661 gave it to Charles II of England; a few years later Charles bestowed it on the East India Company for ten pounds a year! No important island except Manhattan has ever been acquired so cheaply.

Bombay the city is unique in India from a social point of view. Calcutta is still snobbish, but in Bombay you may find Indians and Englishmen eating together, working together, partaking of what is almost a joint social life (except at the Bombay Yacht Club, which no Indian may enter); in Bombay I have dined with a Parsi industrialist, two Moslem writers, a Hindu socialist, a Congress lawyer, two women out of purdah, and a Maharaja, all at the same table.

The Congress is very strong in the Bombay district. Gandhi's birthplace is not far away, and Bombay was the scene of the first great civil disobedience struggles. It is a predominantly Hindu province.

MADRAS, in area as big as Italy, with a population greater than that of Great Britain (over 47,000,000), is the great Presidency of the south. It is mainly agricultural, growing rice, cotton, tobacco, sugar cane, coffee. Almost completely cut off from the rest of British India by native states, it has developed special characteristics of its own. Linguistically it is cut up into four distinct areas, where the people speak Tamil (a pure Dravidian language which has resisted Sanskrit

influence more than any tongue in India), Telegu, Kanarese, and Malayalam.

Madras is the home of two things, first, of most of the intellectuals of India, second, of Hinduism in its most intensive form. The intellectuals become lawyers, bankers (a common proverb is that no one in India understands finance except Scotsmen and Madrasis), and journalists. Ninety percent of the newspapermen in India are Madras Brahmins, even on English papers like the *Statesman* and *Times of India*. As for Hinduism in Madras, it is virtually a disease. Madras is the place to go to inspect rigidity of caste, orthodoxy in observance, and misery among Untouchables.

Whether the phenomenon is a result of intellectualism and religious extremism or not, I don't know, but Madras is also the poorest of the great Presidencies. Recently an English scientist, to test this out, picked several groups of albino rats, all the same age, sex, and weight, segregated each group, and gave each group the diet of different Indian communities. Eighty days later the rats were weighed. The rat eating the normal Sikh diet weighed 235 grams; Pathan diet, 230 grams; Mahratta diet, 220 grams; Gurkha diet, 200 grams; Kanarese diet, 185 grams; Bengali diet, 180 grams; Madrasi diet, 155 grams.

Madras is strongly pro-Congress. Its political boss is that wonderful old Brahman fox, Mr. Rajagopalacharia.

If we turn north to the UNITED PROVINCES—always abbreviated in India to U. P., which made me think for a time that the United Press or the Union Pacific had a great deal to do in India—we find quite a different story. Madras and Bengal are peasant provinces, with farmers holding their own tiny tracts of land; the U. P. is the home par excellence of great landowners, the *zemindars*, who sublet the soil to tenants. According to the Simon report, some 260 zemindars own two-thirds of the sub-province of Oudh, but pay only one-sixth of the land revenue. Agrarian unrest and agitation has been more pronounced in the U. P. than any Indian province except adjacent Bihar. It was here that Jawaharlal Nehru began his agrarian campaigns.

The U. P. has a population of almost 50,000,000 people, or about forty percent of that of the United States. Eighty-five percent of the people are Hindu. The province is often called the most "typical" in India; in it are Agra and Benares, with Delhi and Lucknow near

by. The people are the most cultivated in India, the most sophisticated (those of Bombay perhaps excepted), with the greatest tradition for activity in politics.

Below the U. P. are the CENTRAL PROVINCES, called C. P. for short; if the U. P. is the most advanced province in India, the C. P. is probably the most backward. The C. P. is surrounded by native states, and is eighty-five percent Hindu; ninety percent of the people speak Hindi or Marathi. In the C. P. are the great untrod jungles of India, the giant waterfalls, most of the aborigines, tribes of incredible backwardness, pythons and tigers, animists. Also in the C. P. is Mr. Gandhi.

BIHAR, though it is a smallish province—population 25,000,000—is exceptionally important. It is a valley between the U. P. and Bengal, largely agricultural, eighty-two percent Hindu, and the seat of the worst agrarian exploitation in India, the fiercest agrarian unrest. Its leader is the Congressman Babu Rajendra Prasad. Near by is ORISSA, which till the 1935 Act was part of Bihar. Orissa is the smallest of the states, with a language—Oriya—all its own. Its peasants, exceptionally religious, are among the most ignorant in India. In some parts of the state the title of the land is supposed to be God's, and men must plow instead of women, because men can impregnate the fields.

These, with the North West Frontier Province, were the seven which Congress prime ministers and cabinets began to govern.

The Presidency of BENGAL, with Calcutta as capital, has more than 50,000,000 people; it is as populous as the whole United States from the Mississippi to the Pacific; probably it is the richest Indian province, as it is the most densely populated. Traditionally the Bengalis are the poets of India, emotional and sensitive; their physique is generally poor, their resistance weak. Bengal is the home of Indian terrorism, of the jute industry, of most of the *babus* (clerks) of India, and of Rabindranath Tagore. Bengalis are not recruited into the Indian army.

Bengal is homogeneous physically and in language, but not religiously; there are 27,500,000 Moslems (54.87 percent of the population), and 21,570,000 Hindus (43.04 percent). By and large the Hindus are the merchants and landlords; the Moslems are the proletariat, though much labor is imported into Bengal from Madras and Bihar. Land is held in Bengal by the incredible terms of what

is known as the "Permanent Settlement Act," which in 1793 determined what land revenue should be assessed property; the rates have not changed since.

Hindus in Bengal complain severely of discrimination. For instance, although they are a minority they pay eighty-five percent of the taxes. They say that the Moslems not only have a guarantee of a permanent majority in the local chamber, but that what is called "weightage" gives them additional seats. Bengal will have only thirty-seven seats out of 250 in the new Central legislature—if it ever meets—though its population is almost one-fifth of British India. This the Bengalis say is punishment for terrorism. Bengal is governed by a non-Congress coalition in which Moslems predominate.

ASSAM is a small province, now under a Congress ministry, to the east of Bengal; in population it is the size of Belgium, but most of the people, hill tribesmen, are backward and undeveloped. The chief industry is tea . . . Far to the other end of India is a small non-Congress province, SIND, which is predominantly Moslem. Sind, in the words of the Simon report, is nearer to Iraq or Arabia than the rest of India. Karachi, the chief Indian airport, is in Sind. When it was first conquered by a British General, he telegraphed simply "*Peccavi*" (I have Sind).

Finally, one of the great provinces—the PUNJAB. Its capital is Lahore, and with 105,000 square miles and 24,000,000 people it is half as big as pre-war France. Here religious stratification is triple, because there are not only thirteen million Moslems and six million Hindus, but some four million Sikhs. Thus the Punjab has always been the heart of fierce religious tension, as Bengal is the heart of revolutionary terrorism. The Punjab is mostly a great plain, watered by five rivers; it is the India of Kipling, of open spaces, of the summer capital Simla; the India of the tallest men and fiercest forces of nature, of agricultural coöperatives and colossal irrigation projects—and of Amritsar.

The Punjabis, especially the Sikhs, are staunch fighters; the region was the last in India to be taken by the British. The Punjabis say that the great invasions of India stopped at Lahore; perhaps some riffraff went on into deeper India, but the real men stayed. And Punjab supplies fifty-four percent of the troops of the Indian army; it is the country's military reservoir. The bearded Sikhs are—or were—the police everywhere in the East, all the way to Shanghai and

Singapore. Like Bengal, the Punjab is governed by a coalition ministry dominated by Moslems.

Indian Village

We almost missed the train. Our bearer shoehorned us aboard somehow. The trains in India are like none I have ever seen anywhere. They pant, scuffle, scream over the gigantic peninsula, seldom late, always jammed, shaking their passengers like dice, torrential monuments to British engineering and capacity to endure discomfort.

The first-class cars are divided into coupés for two people or compartments for five or six. The beds, a thin smear of black leather over wood and iron, pull out of the walls; you bring your own bedding, of course. You get no ticket for your berth. Instead your name is placarded outside the car. When changing at a junction, you tear along the incoming train as it rolls in, searching for your name as the cars flash by. There are no conductors. At least, in six or seven thousand miles of travel in India, I never saw one. During two months on those trains, I never had a ticket stamped or punched.

The windows of the cars have two screens each, coarse to keep out cinders and gravel, fine to keep out dust; there is also a glass, and all three fit into parallel grooves, which interminably fall out of place with discordant bangs. Within twenty minutes of the start of any journey, the compartment is thick with sand or dirt, despite the screens; thus the shower bath which comes with each first class berth. There are very few corridor trains in India; once you are in your compartment, you stay imprisoned till the train stops. The train halts at widely spaced intervals to let you get out and walk up to the dining car, if there is a dining car.

We were traveling from Bombay to Mysore. The terrific spectacle of native India spilled out as we prodded south.

The railway station is the heart of each village, and the heart of each railway station is the water pump. Rather, there are two hearts, because Hindus and Moslems must have their different pumps, their different water. The train grinds to a stop; the heavy clanking doors fly open and the people gush out; they rush to the pumps, and, if it is early morning, clean their teeth first; no toothbrush, but the forefinger working like a piston inside the mouth. (A toothbrush, made of animal bristles, would be considered unclean. Hindus are very

careful about what they put to the mouth. Some Orthodox Hindus will not lick postage stamps.)

The villagers surround the train. Sick children, beggars, half-starved dogs, mothers combing their daughters' hair, children rounding up stray cattle, old men with foreheads covered with caste marks, denoting esoteric significance. Women with diamonds in their noses (which means merely that they can afford them). Untouchables, hovering near their isolated pump. Many Brahmins wear their hair long, braided into an untidy topknot. If they are also bearded they look astoundingly like the circus creatures advertised as both men and women.

The village of Vajamangala is about ten miles from Mysore. Here we spent a fascinated morning.

The houses are built of mud, glazed by the sun to a whitish color, but with tile roofs. That the roofs are tile means that Vajamangala is a prosperous village; that is, the average income of a peasant may be as much as \$50 per year. The roofs slope upward from the exterior walls, then stop. There is an open rectangle of sky over the center of each house, which is an enclosed courtyard. It doesn't rain much in Mysore. The exterior walls of the house are windowless. This is the rule all over India. No windows. Solid walls keep thieves and evil spirits out.

Inside the windowless exterior wall, bounding the courtyard and opening on to it, is a series of partitions on one side where the human beings live. One room is the kitchen, which we could not enter, since, being foreigners, we would have defiled the food. Another houses the family gods. On the other side, twelve or fourteen feet across the court, live the cattle, who are quite obviously part of the family. The horns of the cattle are painted. The bullocks get blue horns, the cows red. Piled to the side is a heap of incredibly primitive wooden farm implements.

Children welcomed us; soon they were a long tail to the kite of our procession. They offered us limes and wreaths of flowers. When bored by our company, they returned to their business, which was to make mudpies of cow dung and stick them on the walls to dry. Flowers and cow dung—these are the antitheses of southern India. The dung is used mostly for fuel, though in one corner of the village we saw the common fertilizer dump. Dung is important. The steps of every house are washed with a solution of it every

day; it is ammoniac and antiseptic, and believe it or not—clean. Dung is the great cleanser, the great purifier. Sheep dung has a lesser place than cow dung in the community. Sheep are kept only for their dung, but it is considered second-class dung. Chickens are not kept at all, because Brahmins consider poultry to be unclean.

The house we first visited was scrawled outside with signs, an open hand and an interlocked sort of figure eight; these are freshly chalked up every day, after the bath of dung, to propitiate the household gods. The tenant, a blacksmith by profession, was a Siva worshiper. Carpenter and blacksmith are usually among the most important citizens of the village, and the carpenter in Vajamangala was also the mayor, elected to this position by his fellows to serve three years. The tax-collector, known as the *patel*, who is also important, holds his job by heredity; father passes it on to son, as do executioners in France. The village, population 1,400, has four policemen, none of them armed.

In the village shops, which are open sheds facing the main lane, you find coconuts for sale (they are used in one form of worship); cigarettes—though I never saw anyone in an Indian village smoke; six or seven kinds of grain, like *ragi* and *jola*, the staple foodstuffs of Mysore; condiments for curry and bright red chilis; and some cheap manufactured goods and kerosene. The show cases are square gasoline cans set on end like filing cases and open to the street. Very little money circulates. It isn't necessary. Once a year the laundryman and so on are paid in goods—usually grain.

Beyond the shops, some hundreds of yards from the village proper, is the section reserved for Untouchables. Even this quarter was—in this model village Vajamangala—clean. Here we heard the clatter of chickens, which Untouchables will eat. The houses were smaller, and the children timid.

Further beyond are the fields. There are few homesteads in India with fields surrounding the house. The people almost always live clustered in villages, and they may have to trudge several miles to reach their land. Often a family has to work in widely separated fields.

Before I visited this village I felt like a man with boxing gloves, fumbling at marbles; afterwards I began, I thought, to get just a little of the hang of things.

India is eighty-nine percent rural. Well over 300,000,000 people live in the 700,000 villages of India. Probably one-third of the entire population lives in villages of less than 500 inhabitants each. The land is overwhelmingly the great Indian problem. On the life of the land, India depends.

There are two different types of land tenure. In the north, land is as a rule held on the *zemindari* system; that is, by big landlords, the zemindars, who farm it out to tenants. In the south, by and large, the *ryotwari* system is in force; that is, peasants hold the land themselves, mostly in very small tracts. In each case what is known as "land revenue" is paid to the government; as a rule this is both rent and tax. The zemindar collects rent from the peasant and pays "land revenue" to the state; the ryot pays rent direct to the state in which tax is included. Normally land revenue accounts for about *one-half* of the peasant's earnings; fifty percent of his produce goes in rent or taxes. This system is not a harsh British invention; it was indigenous by early Hindu custom, and both Moguls and British took it over.

The peasant labors under enormous disadvantages. Electricity is a myth; running water is a dream; mechanization is nearly everywhere impossible. There is no primogeniture in India as a rule, and when the peasant dies his land is subdivided among all his sons, with the result that most holdings are infinitesimally small. In one district in the Punjab,⁵ following fragmentation through generations, 584 owners cultivate no less than 16,000 fields; in another 12,800 acres are split into actually 63,000 holdings. Three-quarters of the holdings in India as a whole are under ten acres. In many parts of the country the average holding is less than half an acre.

Poverty is unspeakable; for instance, agricultural wages are about eight cents a day. The agricultural debt is enormous; a modest calculation puts it at \$3,295,000,000. Because of the system of land tenure there is no satisfactory basis for loans with security, and the peasants are at the mercy of rapacious money-lenders. Interest rates run anywhere from twenty-five to one hundred or even two hundred percent—sometimes higher. Most peasants are in debt from the day they are born till the day they die. Their position is intolerable, and a virtual moratorium reigns in several provinces; the courts refuse to convict for debt, and generally speaking no one is dispossessed.

Poverty produces several of its necessary concomitants. One is dis-

⁵See M. L. Darling's admirable books on the Punjab peasantry.

ease. A startling survey of rural areas by a director of the Indian Medical Service, Sir John Megaw, states that forty-one percent of the population of India is poorly nourished, and twenty percent badly nourished, i.e., one-fifth of the people are perpetually hungry. There are fifty to one hundred *million* cases of malaria a year, and two million of tuberculosis.

Another is lack of physical vitality. In Bengal alone about 750,000 children under fifteen die every year, a quarter of them from preventable diseases. "The peasantry of Bengal are in large proportion taking to a dietary on which even rats could not live," says an official report. The maternal mortality rate for India as a whole is 24.5 per 1,000, as again 4.06 for England and Wales. The death rate as a whole is 26.8 per 1,000 as against 11.7 per 1,000 in England. The average expectation of life is, incredible detail, only twenty-five years, as against England's fifty-five. But the birth rate is very high and despite poverty and disease the population increases enormously every year.

And another is political discontent. In several provinces, notably the U. P. and Bihar, the peasants, *kisans*, are well organized and they have refused to pay taxes in mass campaigns. Agrarian turmoil has more than once reached the point of virtual revolution. The socialists in the Congress have paid particular attention to the agrarian movement.

"I came from a good village," a young Moslem told me one day in Delhi. "We were not so very poor. There were only a handful of us so poor they could not afford loin-cloths, and almost all of us had meat—once a month."

Patriotic Indians are chauvinistic even about their poverty. I remember a friend in Lahore who turned red in indignation when I dared to say that Chinese poverty was as acute as Indian.

Industry—Two Kinds

The basis of Indian life is agriculture, but India is a very important country industrially; it is in fact the eighth industrial state in the world according to production of manufactured goods. Cotton textiles lead everything else, but India produces very important amounts indeed of iron and steel, jute, manufactured woolens and silks, sugar, cement, leather, wax. The largest iron and steel works in the British Empire, bigger than anything at Sheffield, is at Jamshedpur,

operated by the great Parsi company, the Tata Iron and Steel Company. Tata is the nearest thing in India to organizations like Mitsui in Japan or U. S. Steel in the United States.

For more than a generation Lancashire fastened and fed on India, virtually controlling its industrial economy. Lancashire bought raw cotton from India or elsewhere, processed it, and sold it to the tremendous Indian market in the form of cheap textiles. During this early period free trade was forced on India. Since the last War Lancashire's hold on India has slipped somewhat. First, the British were alarmed at India's lack of self-sufficiency, and reversed their first policy by imposing heavy tariffs in India on imported manufactured goods. So Indian mills sprang up and because the labor market was inexhaustible and wages incredibly cheap, Indian cotton was soon underselling Lancashire cotton. Second, the Japanese began to exploit India with textiles even cheaper than Indian textiles themselves.

To India belongs the doubtful honor of having the worst slums in the world. The *bustees* (hovels) of the jute workers near Calcutta are worse than anything in Poland, worse than Naples or Glasgow or even Shanghai. Workmen getting three or four rupees (say \$1.20) a week live in cells with no light, no water, no sanitation; the entrance to the hovels is a tunnel streaming with sewage; nine to ten people may live in rooms eight feet by six. Disease, squalor, degradation of the human being to the level of animals are rampant as men live in stinking filth.

The environs of Calcutta are the worst, but one should not think that Cawnpore or Bombay are much better. In Cawnpore (in the U. P.) the textile workers may not see their families for months on end, because there is no room for a family in a cave below street level the rent of which may be two rupees per week, or half the worker's wage. In Bombay medical examiners found that *one-third* of the population, i.e., 370,000 people, lived in single-room tenements holding four to five persons each. There were 15,000 rooms in which twenty people or more lived—if "live" is at all an appropriate verb.

Profits are high in many of these mills, but wages are the lowest in the world, next to Chinese. For a long period a fifty percent dividend was common in the jute mills, owned mostly by English capital; recently it was revealed that textile mills in Sholapur, Indian-owned, had for a period paid one hundred percent in dividends. But a coal miner, employed in dangerous work, gets ten cents per day; a

textile worker is lucky to have five rupees (\$1.85) per week; industrial wages generally average no more than \$5 to \$6 per month. In theory the nine-hour day is in force—but only in theory. Labor of children is supposed to be prohibited under the age of twelve, but some industries continue to employ children for ten or twelve hours a day from the ages of five or six. The children get from ten cents to seventy-five cents per *month*—and this pitiful sum may go to help pay their father's debts.

An especially hideous feature of the industrial system is the rôle played by the jobber. This exceeds in primitive viciousness even the indenture system in China—or a racket in New York. As a rule in India there is no direct contact between employer and employee; all labor relations are in the hands of a jobber who hires, fires, and has practically life and death rights over the workmen.

Suppose you want a job. You go to the jobber, who demands his fee for giving you one. This in Cawnpore is usually twenty rupees (\$7.40). You have not got twenty rupees. But this tribute, this extortion, is necessary before you can work. So you borrow the twenty rupees—from the jobber, who is also the money-lender. You then get credit for food at the company's store—from the jobber who is also the storekeeper. The normal rate of interest on your debt is two annas (five cents) per rupee (thirty-seven cents) per month, which works out to 150 percent a year. Of course the jobber does not want you ever to repay the debt. He gets rich on the interest. A case is on record in which a man with a debt of 110 rupees had paid 570 rupees interest on it—when at last the police presumably stepped in. But of course the police may also be corrupt—in the pay of our old friend, the self-same jobber.

The jobber, if he needs some quick cash, may simply discharge the whole establishment of a factory. (Be it remembered, there are twenty-five million industrial workers in India—twice as many as in the United States before the war!—but twenty million of them are in factories employing fewer than twenty men each.) Then he extorts his original contribution from the new staff he hires.

It should be noted that abuses of this dreadful kind take place in Indian-owned factories as well as those British-owned. Indian experts in the field are inclined to think that on the whole the British factories are more humanely run than the Indian. Some Indian industries, like Tata, have model plants. But certainly the British *raj*,

which is to both British and Indian factories as an elephant to mice, even though it does not control them directly, bears its share of responsibility for the system which permits such outrages.

Recently a Workman's Compensation Act was inaugurated, but in many parts of India it seems to be a dead letter. Trade unions are permitted, but they have been split by internal fissures and are poor. The dues are usually one day's wage per year. There are about 200,000 trade-unionists in India—no more. Strikes are legal and frequent. In 1937, no fewer than 8,982,000 work days were lost in strikes throughout India.

Indian Miscellany

India is the country where locks turn the wrong way, where hotels have no doors or bells, where soda water bottles are sealed by a glass ball, and where the price of elephants has fallen fifty percent.

It is the country where railway trains run on three gauges, where a politician may have the name Rao in his name in three places, where American cigarettes are cheaper than they are in the United States, and where a double whisky soda is called a *burra-peg*.

It is the country where rupees are known as chips, where 315,000,000 people are illiterate, where a man's profession may be Sucker of Bad Blood or Grasshopper Salesman, and where the British sahib obeys the ritual of shooting his first panther before he tackles tigers.

It is the country where most patients in mental hospitals are Eurasians, where every coconut palm tree is numbered, where the streets of the great cities seem strangely empty, and where the remarkable religion known as Hinduism flourishes—something which we must now inspect.

A Word About Religion

Religions are different roads converging to the same goal.

—MR. GANDHI

THE continent of Asia, as everyone knows, is the birthplace of all the great world religions: Judaism, Christianity, Buddhism, Confucianism, Zoroastrianism, Hinduism, Mohammedanism. Two of these, Buddhism and Hinduism,¹ began in India. A common but very erroneous assumption is that these two are similar, and that Buddhism flourishes in India still. But they are as different as sunshine from twilight, and Buddhism disappeared centuries ago from the Indian peninsula. An exile from its home, it proceeded then to conquer China.

Buddhism was founded by one man, one of the greatest who ever lived; Hinduism was a proliferation from many sources. Buddhism, before it became corrupt, had no sacrifices, miracles, or temples; Hinduism lives in a welter of all three. Buddhism acknowledges no god as a supreme being; Hinduism has a whole caravan of gods, and worships monkeys, cattle, the phallus, and a great deal else. Buddhism is a mode of conduct, an experiment in rationalism—therefore it appealed so greatly to the Chinese; Hinduism is mythology.

A word or two about Gautama Buddha. He was an Aryan prince, born in Nepal some time between 600 and 500 B.C., a wealthy and cultivated young man, vastly intelligent, who lived until about the age of thirty in a conventionally luxurious manner. Then suddenly he gave up his family and home, his title and wealth, and went into the wilderness to inspect his soul. He became aware of poverty and disease; he set about seeing what service he might perform for miserable mankind, if his own soul could be made pure. First he underwent a period of extreme asceticism, and then gave it up; he decided that some golden mean—if he could reach it—was better than either indulgence or asceticism. Under the Bo tree (plantings

¹ Sometimes called “Brahmanism.”

of which still exist in Ceylon) he found enlightenment, and in the deer park at Benares his followers listened to him rather as the Athenians listened to Socrates.

Buddha's basic teaching is the concept of Nirvana, which means roughly the peace of mind and soul that comes to man after he has overcome three cravings, those for riches, sensual enjoyment and immortality. In its original form Buddhism differed widely from other world religions in denying life after death. Later, however, it became corrupted with Hinduism, and Buddhists to-day believe in *Karma* (reincarnation) as Hindus do. Buddha taught that the way to Nirvana was the eightfold "Aryan Path"; these precepts, guides to good living, are correctness in speech, aspirations, effort, opinions, and so on. When he died peacefully at eighty, he was known as the greatest teacher of his time. The word Buddha means simply "Enlightened."

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Hinduism is an infinitely difficult concept to identify or describe. It is more than merely a creed, because it embraces social categories (caste). It began apparently in the days of the first Aryan invaders as a kind of nature worship; it developed into what is certainly the most complicated theology known to mankind. It holds that one supreme being, Brahma, exists in several forms or manifestations, and is the universal spirit which pervades everything. It believes also in *Karma*, the transmigration of souls, and the doctrine that your next life is dependent on your behavior in the present.

"There is (in Hinduism) a bewildering maze of sects which overlap each other in the most extraordinary manner," says the 1911 Census Report. "Hinduism shelters within its portals monotheists, polytheists and pantheists; worshipers of the great gods, Siva and Vishnu, or of their female counterparts, as well as worshipers of the divine mothers of the spirits of trees, rocks, and streams, and of the tutelary village deities; persons who propitiate the deity in all manner of bloody sacrifice, and persons who not only will not kill any living creature but who must not even use the word 'cut'; those whose ritual consists mainly of prayers and hymns, and those who indulge in unspeakable orgies in the name of religion."

A host of Hindu gods exist. They are as numerous and as complicatedly interrelated as the denizens of Mt. Olympus in Greek mythology. Brahma, the Creator, apparently lives in three concurrent

forms: as himself, as Vishnu the Preserver, and as Siva the Destroyer. The wife of Brahma, known as Sarasvati, is the goddess of music and the arts. As Vishnu, the all-embracing Brahma has a different wife—Lakshmi—and has been reborn nine times; in one avatar he was a fish, and in another a wild boar; in another he was Rama, the hero of the Ramayana, one of the great Hindu epics, and in another Krishna, who is a sort of Hindu Hercules, the hero of the Mahabharata. Orthodox Hindus also consider Buddha to have been an earthly incarnation of this very important god Vishnu.

Siva the Destroyer is almost as popular as Vishnu—although he has some unpleasant characteristics—because he is associated with fertility and reproduction. His wife, a highly difficult lady named Kali, demands sacrifices of goats. Of their sons, Ganesh, who has an elephant's head, is the god of learning, and Kartikkeya is the god of war. There are dozens upon dozens of other gods—one, Hanuman, exists in the form of a monkey, for which reason most Hindus think monkeys sacred.

Hindus, by and large—I know of course that there are almost as many exceptions as rules—do not eat meat, use no intoxicating liquors, kill no animals, and adhere to the laws of caste. They revere the cow, and burn their bodies after death. They like to die on the shore of the Ganges at Benares—that wretched blot on the face of India—because then their souls proceed at once to heaven, without the uncertainties and inconvenience of other avatars.

The doctrine of Karma has considerable political consequence. Obviously it embodies an extreme form of fatalism, which impedes ambition. Obviously too, if a man thinks that his present life is merely an interlude between other lives which may be vastly more important, the spur to such a mundane consideration as nationalism is lacking. Then too it gives us a clue to such phenomena as Mr. Gandhi's doctrine of non-violence, since it destroys man's inclination to resist. Gandhi is inflexibly a Hindu.

And now let us come to grips with the problem of the cow.

The Cult of Cows

Cow veneration is an essential fact of Hinduism. Let me quote the Mahatma. "Cow-protection is to me one of the most wonderful phenomena in human evolution. It takes the human being beyond his species. The cow to me means the entire sub-human world. Man

through the cow is enjoined to realize his identity with all that lives. . . . She is the mother to millions of Indian mankind. The cow is a poem of pity. Protection of the cow means protection of the whole dumb creation of God."

This extraordinary veneration of the cow goes back to the remotest Indian times. The cow gave the early Aryans everything that kept them alive—food, fuel, shelter, and work in the fields. Used as a draft animal it made agriculture possible. It still does.

It performs other functions too. When a Brahman must purify himself, remove corruptness from his body and soul, he swallows a pellet made of the five excretory products of the cow: milk, butter, curds, urine, dung.

The economic consequences of cow reverence are enormous. For one thing, no one may kill a cow, and yet many cattle are miserably cared for; thousands of half-starved beasts roam the country, pitiable creatures mostly skin and bone; they devour crops, and they cannot be turned into useful byproducts, leather, bone dust, fertilizer. It is all but impossible to raise the standard of breeds, since castration of bulls is severely frowned upon. As a rule dung is not used for fertilizer, but is instead burned for fuel, so that the land is incredibly impoverished. One might assume that India, where cows are sacred, should at least have a plenitude of good milk, but the contrary is true; the condition of the cattle is so miserable, the period of lactation so abused and the quality of milk so poor, that less milk is consumed in India than any comparable country. There are, it is estimated, something over 200,000,000 cattle in India, which is almost a third of the world's total cattle population; of these 200,000,000 at least sixty per cent are considered a liability economically rather than an asset. But they cannot be killed off, they cannot be utilized. Man is victim of the holy cow. The cow lives on the man, instead of vice versa.

Among orthodox Hindus even *dead* cows—cows that have died a natural death—may not be used for fertilizer or in any other fashion. Shades of the packing industry of Chicago! Of course no caste Hindu will touch leather, alive or dead; leather work is the most menial in India, on the same level as scavenging or lavatory sweeping; only Untouchables work in tanneries.

To kill a cow in Hindu India is a highly serious offense. In some native states, death was the penalty for deliberate cow-killing until

recently; even now *seven years* in jail—literally—is the punishment in the native state Kashmir, even if the cow is killed accidentally. O'Malley² records the practice of one sect; if a man should happen by accident to kill a cow, he must beg for his food for a long period thereafter, and may not speak but must *moo*. Beef is unprocurable in some of the princely states, even by Englishmen. I have met British officials, crazed for red meat, who cook ducks disguised as filet mignon.

The cow is by no means the only animal whose veneration produces serious economic drain. The peacock is holy in Rajputana and other parts of Hindu India, and peacocks every year destroy thousands upon thousands of tons of grain. The pigeon may not be killed, and useless pigeons are thick as flies. The monkey, sacred also, eats anything, and eats a considerable amount. The rat is holy to some sects; not only does it carry disease, it consumes grain. The pig is not holy, but Hindus may not kill any beast, and pigs eat their way through India, instead of Indians eating their way through pig.

Caste of Characters

Caste is as old as India. It is the inner citadel of Hinduism. It is the institution which makes India unique, the device breaking up Indians into fixed categories that has no approximation elsewhere in the world. "Every Hindu," says a recent census report, "is born into a caste and his caste determines his religious, social, economic, and domestic life from the cradle to the grave." No man may ever leave his caste, except to be expelled. It is impossible to progress from caste to caste.

Caste came with the early Aryan invaders. I have already noted that the Aryans invented it, according to one theory, as an instrument of their own supremacy. But the classifications grew up slowly; even in the time of Buddha, at least a thousand years after the first invasions, they were not final. Then they did become final. The caste structure became fixed, and has not altered since. Frequently a newcomer to India asks when the last Brahman, as it were, "got in." The answer is that, with rare exceptions, his ancestors "got in" twenty centuries ago.

There are four castes, named in the ancient law of Manu: first

² *Indian Caste Customs* by L. S. S. O'Malley is a brilliant guide to these matters. I have drawn on it considerably.

the *Brahmans* or priests and scholars, second the *Kshatriyas* or warriors, third the *Vaisyas* or merchants, artisans and traders, fourth the *Sudras*, servants or serfs. Members of the third caste are still, by and large, the shopkeepers of all India, though other castes have come to admit some occupations. Of these castes the *Brahmans* are considered to be "twice-born," that is they have both physical and spiritual lives; as a symbol of this headstart toward Karma, they wear a sacred thread. The other castes do not have this advantage. Below the fourth caste—outside of caste—are the Untouchables. Possibly the Untouchables were originally the *Dravidians* whom the *Aryans* wanted to subdue.

The legend is that the *Brahmans* rose from the mouth of *Brahma*, the creator; the *Kshatriyas* from his shoulders; the *Vaisyas* from his thighs, and the *Sudras* from his feet. When a *Brahman*, even today, meets a *Kshatriya*, he is supposed to say, "May prosperity attend you"; to a *Sudra*, "May you live long." To an Untouchable, of course, he will not speak. (Not that one *Brahman* out of fifty really obeys this ritual, except perhaps in avoiding Untouchables.)

The great, the overwhelming characteristic of the caste system is that marriage between castes is forbidden. This rule is of course what enables caste to survive unshaken. Nowadays the rule has been somewhat relaxed, but marriages between a *Brahman*, say, and a *Sudra*, are extremely rare. Marriage between a *Brahman* and an Untouchable would be unthinkable; if one should even joke about such an outrage, highly westernized Hindus, as I know from my experience, are horrified. The analogy in America would be marriage between a member of the House of Morgan or the faculty of Harvard University and a negro share-cropper who lived by cleaning toilets.

Another important point is that there are multiform sub-divisions—sub-castes—in each caste. The cleavages are bewildering, and follow several stratifications; all told some two thousand different sub-castes exist in Hindu India. Locality, for instance, determines whether a man is a *Rajput* or *Kashmiri Brahman*. Occupation creates vast numbers of sub-castes; the *Marwaris*, for instance, devote themselves to financial speculation. Religious differences divide the *Brahmans*; followers of *Vishnu*, for instance (who wear a trident on their foreheads), differ widely from the *Krishna* worshipers (who carry a stamp of yellow over the brows) and devotees of *Siva* who smear their foreheads horizontally with ash. Another cleavage

is social custom. The Nairs in south India, for instance, have a matriarchal society; inheritance is through the mother.

Expulsion from caste is, in theory, a terrific excommunication. It abolishes the Hindu's right to talk, live, and eat with his friends, and his family and children likewise suffer. Expulsion from a sub-caste is, however, a minor matter; Mr. Gandhi, for instance, was expelled from his group in Gujarat in early manhood and is still excommunicated, but it certainly has made little difference in his life.³

Nowadays the Brahmans are by no means exclusively scholars, professors, priests. The abominable complexities of caste know no end. For instance, Brahmans are by and large the cooks of India. This is because, whether or not they can cook, their superior touch does not defile food and water, and thus non-Brahman families employ them. The Brahmans in their more intellectual professions are extraordinarily dominant in India considering their number. There are only about nine or ten million Brahmans in all, but they control the politics of the country. Most leading Congressmen, like Nehru and Rajagopalacharia, are Brahmans. In other words, a Brahman can, without sacrificing Brahmanhood, be a nationalist, a revolutionary, or a socialist. The leader of the communist party in Bombay is a Brahman. Naturally Brahmans of a modern intellectual type do not swallow the pernicious nonsense and hocus pocus associated with their creed. Mr. Nehru wears no ashmarks on his forehead.

Caste, most observers believe, is beginning to break down. I asked dozens of people, some of whom were somewhat appalled by the question, to which caste they belonged; if they were not Brahmans, most of them answered simply "Non-Brahman"; they made no distinction among the other castes. The growth of train travel has damaged caste fixity and caste observance—because a Brahman cannot easily avoid an Untouchable if he is locked in the same compartment with him—as has the progress of modern education and the influx of western influence. Most modern Indians deplore and dislike caste heartily.

Caste is, of course, profoundly, devastatingly, undemocratic. Moslems especially (who have no caste) say that the basis of the Hindu system is discrimination, and that as long as Hinduism retains caste

³ In January, 1938, when a meeting of the Brahman conference in Benares decided to sanction intermarriage among Brahmans of different categories, the news got big headlines in the Indian press.

a modern political development bestowing equal rights to all sections of the community will be impossible in India. Obviously, too, caste impedes Indian nationalism. Like the Chinese belief in ancestor worship, it divides man's loyalties, it inhibits freedom of choice, it promotes rigid sectional attributes. The evil genius of India is the Hindu caste system.

The Untouchables

Untouchability may be defined easily; it is Jimcrowism on a fantastic scale. Imagine a Jew in Germany ten times worse off than he is; that will approach the position in India of the Untouchables, who are even more literally pariahs. Gandhi calls them Harijans, literally Children of God; the British call them "the depressed classes" or "the scheduled castes." All told there are fifty-one million Untouchables in India, out of a total Hindu population of 238,000,000.

Let us say something on the Brahman side. A Brahman, defending the social cleavage which distinguishes Untouchability, says rightly that a Park Lane aristocrat in London would not normally dine with his janitor, with a street cleaner, or with a lavatory sweeper. On the other hand, in England, janitors, street sweepers, lavatory cleaners, are not considered to be outcasts, and the British lord does not feel polluted if he sees them on the street. To which the Brahman might reply that the Englishman would change his mind, if England were India where in the great mass of the villages sanitation is unknown, and where Untouchables seldom get a chance to wash properly.

Untouchability hinges in essence on the Hindu doctrine of pollution. A Hindu is defiled, and must go through a complicated ritual of ablutions, if any person whom he considers "unclean" touches him or his food or water; this derives from fear that such uncleanliness impedes his possibility of successful reincarnation. Foreigners as well as Untouchables may pollute orthodox Hindus.

Untouchables, as if to copy caste, stratify themselves in various classifications of Untouchability. Laundrymen are usually Untouchables; so are leather workers and shoemakers; oddly enough many barbers; workmen on canals; undertakers; some servants of a low class; the police often; scavengers and sweepers. Untouchables, being outside caste, carry no caste marks.

The plight of most Untouchables is appalling; not only are they the poorest of India's poor, but they suffer consequent social indignities.

The child of an Untouchable in some parts of India may not enter a schoolroom; Untouchables may not use water from the ordinary village well or otherwise mingle with the community; they may not ordinarily enter temples. In south India an Untouchable may pollute a caste Hindu even from a distance; the unfortunate creature, as he walks along the road, must retreat into the fields when a Brahman passes. In Tamiland a variety of Untouchable defiles actually on sight, no matter from what distance, so that he can go out only at night.

Mr. Gandhi, that complicated man, believes firmly in the caste system, but he thinks that Untouchability is a degradation, a disgrace. "I would far rather that Hinduism died than that Untouchability lived," he said once; he calls it a "rotten excrescence" on Hinduism. He denies that Untouchables are less clean than other Hindus; early in his attempts to uplift them he is delighted to find that their houses—"the entrances well swept, the floors beautifully [sic] smeared with cowdung, the few pots and pans clean and shining"—and latrines are cleaner and better kept than those of the rich of the town.

In 1933, the Mahatma began his greatest fast—the fast that was to have been unto death—for the Untouchables. This followed a decision by the British, supported by the orthodox Hindus, to make the Untouchables an entirely separate community, to cut them off from Hinduism in the new electorate. One might think that such divorce would have advanced their position. Not Mr. Gandhi. "I have to resist your decision with my life," he wrote Sir Samuel Hoare, on the ground that the Hindu community must not be split up, and that the lot of the Untouchables must be ameliorated *within* Hinduism. His point of view, in a word, is to make the Untouchables touchable, i.e., to create a new fifth caste.

Terrified that the Mahatma might die, with the whole world breathlessly watching the progress of the fast, the British and the orthodox Hindus patched up a compromise; Mr. Gandhi accepted it. He broke the fast in solemn company with a few friends, Dr. Rabindranath Tagore, and a leper.

Family System

Let us continue to burrow among these Indian complexities—hoping that they will turn out to be less complex than they seem—with the family. A word of warning. What is true for the north may not be true of the south, what is true of Hindus may not be true of

Moslems. A description of affairs in Bengal may be totally erroneous if applied to Travancore. This qualification must be maintained throughout these chapters. Let us say it once again: India is a sub-continent.

As in China, the unit of Indian life is the family, not the individual. But Indians, unlike Chinese, have two families. Their own—and their caste. In regard to family life proper, Hindus as a whole are distinguished from most other peoples by three phenomena.

The first is child marriage. We have had a glimpse of this in connection with Mr. Gandhi, and anyone who has read Katherine Mayo's heartbreaking *Mother India* knows its colossal cost in blood, suffering, and degradation. Little girls are betrothed sometimes before they can talk; they are married at puberty or before, and not all husbands wait even till puberty to begin sexual relations. Men of fifty may marry girls of ten. Shattered by excessive child-bearing, deprived of the possibility of education, often treated worse than cattle, the girl children of India have a good cause for grievance against the cruel laws and customs inflicted on them by the mythology of their country.

The origin of child marriage is probably associated with sacrifices attending the propitiation of crops. The instinct to fertilization, of women or of land, is very strong. Hindus make a considerable fetish of virginity; to marry a girl before the age of puberty, when she is almost certain to be a virgin, is a sort of insurance of the husband's rights. There is a proverb in Punjabi: "No Hindu father sleeps well if he has a daughter in puberty," i.e., he fears that the virginity and hence marriageability of his daughter is in danger. Also most Hindu families are eager to marry off their girl children for economic reasons.

Second, remarriage of widows is forbidden by orthodox Hindu custom, and is still very rare. This condemns to a virtual serfdom thousands upon thousands of young women, who are made to do the most menial work by the rest of the family if their husbands die, who are cast out by their friends as unclean, and who must wear mourning for the rest of their lives. The fate of the widow is appalling; but not so appalling as it once was. Until the British came, orthodox Hindu widows were obliged to incinerate themselves on the funeral pyres of their husbands—the ceremony known as *suttee*. The origin of *suttee*, and, derivatively, of the perpetual widowhood of women, is the feeling among old-fashioned Hindus that the woman has no authentic

life of her own, and must in effect cease to exist when her husband is removed.

The first thing everyone notices on arrival in India is the red spot worn by most women in the center of the forehead. This is not a caste mark; it means simply that the bearer is not a widow.

Third, *purdah*. This exists in other countries, for instance Egypt and Iraq, but not quite so formidably as in India. Purdah, literally "curtain," means that the woman must conceal her face from all but members of her own family circle, or must even live perpetually inside her home. Purdah came to India with the Moslem invaders; the Hindus were quick to copy it, largely it is said to preserve their women from rape. It has caused untold suffering among the poor and backward; medical reports are testimony to the growth of such diseases as tuberculosis among women who, after marriage, literally *never* again breathe fresh air. But purdah is dying out among the educated.⁴ All over India one may meet officials who proudly ask you home to dinner, introduce you to their unveiled wives, and announce that they came out of purdah last year, or the year before.

Marriage is a tremendous sacrament in India. Preparation begins for it before the child is born; cases are reported in which *unborn* children have been "betrothed." It has been reported that in one backward caste, girls who, because of some deformity, may not get a husband, are "married" as puberty approaches to a sword, an arrow, or a tree; in another, if an unmarried girl who has reached puberty should chance to die, a man of the village goes through a ceremony of marriage with the dead body.

The worst thing that can happen to an orthodox Hindu male is not to have a son. The very word "son," in Punjabi, means "deliverance from hell." Thus the extreme accent on marriage. The son is so important because only he, officiating at his father's funeral pyre, can save the soul from contamination. The doctrine of Hindu reincarnation depends on descendants on earth, in order to make avatars in heaven possible. The line between death and life, life and death, must not stop.

Another aspect of the family system is that when an Indian gets a good job, hundreds of retainers and obscure and distant members

⁴ But some social climbers in the middle class take it up, because to have purdah means an extra room in the house, which is a sign of wealth.

of his family may fasten on him for a living. The poverty of India—caused in part by British exploitation—is overwhelming. The legend is that the first Indian to become a peer, Lord Sinha, had to retire from public service—he was a governor—because the pressure of his clansmen to support them became too much to bear.

Moslem India

We cannot in this chapter discuss in detail the career and philosophy of Mohammed or the theology of Islam. We can touch upon Mohammedanism only as it exists in India and affects the Indian problem. More Moslems live in India than in any other country in the world; they form a vast pool in the vaster pool of Hinduism. There are about 77,000,000 Moslems in India, as against approximately 238,000,000 Hindus; the ratio of Moslems to Hindus is thus roughly one to three. They make what is beyond doubt the most difficult minority problem in the world.

Everything in this chapter to this point refers only to Hindus. The Moslems are a distinctly dissimilar people. Moslems believe in one god, Allah, and in the unity of God; they believe in one prophet, Mohammed, in contrast to the plural deities of the Hindus. They do not worship idols; they do not believe in caste; they tend to individualism rather than excessive devotion to a family system, even though a Moslem may have four wives. Hinduism is a passive faith; Mohammedanism is distinguished from other great creeds by its proselytizing activism. The Mohammedan, by and large, has a more concrete attitude than the Hindu both to the reality of earthly existence and the joys of the hereafter. Their creeds differ drastically in minor details. Hindus play music at festivals; Moslems don't. And the Moslems have an important feast called Baqr Id in which the cow—the selfsame wretched beast that the Hindus worship—is killed by sacrifice. The Mohammedans were invaders of India, but they never assimilated Hindus as the Hindus, previous invaders, assimilated the earlier Dravidian culture. Nor have the Hindus had much success in assimilating Moslems.

It is difficult, however, for a newcomer to tell a Hindu from a Moslem on sight if costume is not considered. Both may smoke tobacco; neither may drink alcohol. As to costume, Moslems tend to wear loose-fitting garments and turbans; plenty of Hindus, however,

wear turbans too. One clue is that Moslems, most of whom have beard and mustache, clip the hair away from the lips so that it cannot touch food.

Hindu theology is staggeringly medieval, but one should not assume that the unitarian Moslems are much more modern. The Moslems are just as parochial, just as tenacious of their faith, as the Hindus; they are fiercely jealous of their prestige as inheritors of Mogul glamour, and at the same time they suffer acute pangs of inferiority because they are numerically a minority. Most communal trouble in India derives from Moslems, not from Hindus.

The Moslems are by a considerable degree the poorer community. Their share of the wealth of India by no means follows the one to three ratio. They have much less. One curious point is that the Koran forbids Moslems to charge interest; therefore the orthodox are automatically excluded from being bankers or big creditors. It is difficult for a Moslem to be a *banya* (shopkeeper), the most profitable trade in India, since most *banyas* make more on loans and interest than by sale of goods.

Sources of dissension between Hindu and Moslem are multiform. Superstition, politics, cash and credit, turn the two communities against each other. Almost everywhere in India they live side by side, and it is almost impossible to avoid tension during such festivals as Baqr Id, for example. It is difficult, however, for a foreigner quite to appreciate the fanatic intensity of Hindu-Moslem bitterness. I heard it said that "several million" in each community would rather die of thirst than take water from the other. Small wonder that scarcely a week passes without some communal riot, some disturbance of the peace.

The Moslems, being the minority, consider themselves the injured party. Their list of grievances is long. But when one analyzes them in detail, they become hard to grasp. The Moslems complain generally of political discrimination; they say that their religious and cultural homogeneity is "endangered." But there is very little that the British or the Hindus can do to ameliorate this general grievance, since the Moslems *are* that most unfortunate of all things, a minority that is permanent and unassimilable.

The Moslems assert that the Hindus get the best jobs in India. But as a rule the Moslem fails to get the job, not because he is a

Moslem, but because he is apt to be inferior to the Hindu in brains.⁵ The Moslems complain that their form of the native language, Urdu, is being supplanted by Hindu. But surely, if they are so confident of their culture, their language should be able to defend itself. The Moslems say that they are politically generous to non-Moslems in the provinces that they control, and that the Hindus are not. But in Bengal for instance they not only have fifty-four percent of the people; they are assured by a special law of a permanent majority in the chamber.

The Hindu attitude varies widely. Some die-hard communalists among the Hindus are deplorably, shamefully backward; most of the more modern leaders want coöperation. "Hindu-Moslem unity is not less important than the spinning wheel; it is the breath of our life," says Mr. Gandhi. Pandit Nehru thinks that the Hindus, as the majority race, must take the lead in generosity, but he resents it that communal Moslems like the tricky Mr. Jinnah have split the nationalist movement by their tactics. Most Hindu Congressmen, I think, have a subconscious grudge against Moslems because they say that the Moslems did not keep up their end in civil disobedience; the Hindus went to jail, but many Moslems sat outside and watched.

The attitude of the British toward communal tension is complex. As humanitarians and men of the West they deplore it and perhaps do what they can to ameliorate it. But as imperialists they find it a useful convenience in that it furnishes them a very strong pretext for remaining in India. The British *raj* claims that only the British can keep order in the peninsula, because they have no religious ax to grind; they must maintain peace between the rival factions, and adjudicate between them. Thus the Hindu-Moslem quarrel has great derivative importance aside from its intrinsic quality. The British in effect use Mohammed and Sri Krishna as pillars of the Empire. They use communalism as a justification for conquest.

In 1932 came the remarkable document known as the Communal Award. Hindus and Moslems failed at the Round Table Conference to reach agreement, and in order to make the constitution even tentatively workable, a scheme had to be devised whereby seats in the provincial legislatures were blocked off for the various communities. Moslem voters, for instance, vote only for Moslem candid-

⁵ For instance in Bengal ninety-two percent of those with university education are Hindus, though Moslems are a majority of the population.

dates, and it is determined in advance how many Moslem members there shall be. In Madras twenty-eight out of 215 seats are thus reserved for the Moslem community, in the Punjab eighty-four out of 175, and so on. Later this scheme will be extended to the federal legislature, in which Moslems are assured eighty-two seats out of 250—a proportion rather greater than strict numerical justice would provide. The British government says that it will withdraw the Communal Award at any time that Hindus and Moslems can get together and devise a satisfactory plan for a normal or joint electorate.

On the whole Moslems are less nationalist than Hindus. They may freely join the Congress, and many do, but the avowed aim of the Moslem League is merely Dominion Status, whereas Congress wants complete independence. This, too, nationalist Hindus resent. On the other hand, Moslems are even more bitter than Hindus in opposing federation, because a federal India will tend to increase Hindu strength.

The Moslem community is a good deal more homogeneous than the Hindu community, since Moslems do not have caste. There is, however, a main cleavage on religious grounds in the Moslem world, that between Sunnis and Shias. The Sunnis are, one might put it roughly, orthodox historically; the Shias, numbering twenty-eight percent of the Moslem population, are the dissenters. The Shias do not concede that Abu Baqr, Omar, and Othman were true caliphs in succession to Mohammed; they are followers of Ali, Mohammed's cousin and son-in-law, the fourth caliph. Ali will come back to earth, they believe, and lead the faithful to new glory and conquest. Shias are in general more limited in outlook than Sunnis.

The chief political organ among the Moslems is the All-India Moslem League. This dates from 1906, when conservative Moslems in Bengal determined to found an organization to advance their political aims. In 1916, the so-called Lucknow pact united Congress and Moslem League in a home-rule program; Hindus and Moslems continued to work together politically under Mr. Gandhi, but began to split after 1921. The League passed several years between death and life, mostly as an instrument of Moslems close to the British, and then revived during the Round Table Conference, after which it adopted Dominion Status as its aim and intensified its communal program. Recently it developed its own private "army," the Khaksars.

The Moslem League fought the 1937 elections against Congress,⁶ and Moslems won majorities in Bengal and the Punjab. These governments are not, however, as closely tied to the Moslem League as the Hindu governments are tied to Congress.

Among Moslem sub-sects the most interesting are perhaps the Bhoras and the Khojas. Both originated within the last hundred years, comprising groups who were *converted* to Islam from Hinduism, and both retain some Hindu characteristics. The Khojas are subdivided further; one group, the Ismailis, believes that the present Aga Khan is the thirteenth *Imam* after Ali, and thus is vice-regent of God. The other, the Ishnasharias, do not believe in the divinity of this gentleman.

One other branch of Moslems should perhaps be mentioned: the Ahrars who are the left-wingers in the Punjab and who have joined the Congress. They are a curious combination: fanatic communalists in religious attitude, and at the same time political radicals. They have adopted the religious approach, their critics say, the better to reach the uninformed masses. The only civil disobedience conspicuous in India today is practiced by Ahrars at the Shahidgunj Mosque in Lahore, which has been a historic scene of religious tension.

The Moslem cabinets (Punjab, Bengal, Sind) did not, like those of Congress, resign in the 1939 crisis. The leader of the Moslem League is Mohammed Ali Jinnah, of whom more anon.

Jains

The Jain sect, numbering about 1,200,000 people mostly in the south of India, is an offshoot from Hinduism; originally like Buddhism it represented a revolt against doctrinaire Hindu theology; the Jains reject the Veda scriptures and do not accept caste. They do, however, believe in Karma, and Jains carry to an extreme point Hindu vegetarianism and veneration of animals. Orthodox Jains may not eat before sunrise or after sunset, for fear of swallowing an insect in the dark; they wear white gauze strips over their mouths during the day as a similar precaution. Most Jains carry a small brush, with which to dust places when they sit down, so that they may not inadvertently squash an ant or other insect. If a Jain should chance to

⁶ One may ask how much competition can take place under the Communal Award which reserves seats to each community. But the Congress ran *Moslem* congressmen for the Moslem seats.

kill an animal, even a tiny bug of some sort, he would turn into that bug for several hundred generations.

Jains are a prosperous community despite these strange strictures; they are traders, jewel merchants, and the like.

The Stalwart Sikhs

The Sikhs, who come exclusively from the Punjab area, are neither Hindus nor Moslems; they comprise an autonomous religious community numbering 4,500,000, who are also a sort of military caste. Sikhs are closer to Hindus than to Moslems—they hate the Moslems fiercely—but they are monotheistic, believing in a single God who has been represented on earth by ten Sikh *gurus* or prophets. The Sikhs deny that they have caste, but in practice they discriminate against menial workers and the like. They may, like Roman Catholics, be converted; indeed, no Sikh is born a Sikh, but only becomes one when he is initiated into the creed during adolescence.

The thing that makes any Sikh instantly identifiable, the stigmata that automatically distinguishes him from all other Indians, is long hair. No Sikh cuts his hair from birth to death, and the stuff, a weird mixture of beard and backhair, is braided together and tucked inside a turban. Sikh boys at the age of ten or twelve are a curious sight, because their hair is long although they have not yet begun to grow beards. The long hair is one of the five "K's." Orthodox Sikhs must wear their hair long (*kes*), carry an iron bracelet on the right wrist (*karra*), wear short underpants (*kachh*), use a comb in the hair (*kanghi*), and carry a short knife (*kirpan*). Sikhs may not smoke, but most of them drink like fish.

Almost all Sikhs use the name "Singh" in their names. This is the Rajput word for lion. Rajputs are called Singh too, but you can tell a Rajput named Singh from a Sikh named Singh because the Rajputs cut their hair. Most Sikhs call themselves "Sardar"—chief.

The Sikhs have a national history quite their own, and very martial it is. They were not subdued by the British until 1849. Now they are the best troops and police in India. One group of Sikhs, however, the Akalis, are anti-British. They belong to the Congress and take a strong left-wing line.

The Parsis

This community is utterly distinct from either Hindus or Moslems; the Parsis differ from each at least as much as Lutherans differ from

Jews, or Swedes from Fiji Islanders. The Parsis are followers of the teachings of Zoroaster and their sacred books are the Persian Zend-Avesta; they have one deity, Ahurmazd, the giver of life and all that is good, together with his counterpart, Ahriman, who is the devil; they maintain and worship sacred fires which Zoroaster brought from heaven. Parsis are neither buried nor burned on death, but are given to the vultures, in order not to pollute the elements.

This grawsome "vulturization" aside, the Parsis are probably the most progressive community in India. They bear importance far beyond their numbers—there are only about 120,000 of them in India, mostly concentrated near Bombay—because they are the best business men, the richest industrialists in the land. Parsis run the new Indian air service; they operate the best hotels; they control Tata, the country's greatest industrial concern. And they add greatly to the sophistication and cosmopolitan quality of Bombay.

Chapter XXVI

Jawaharlal Nehru

Socialism is for me not merely an economic doctrine which I favor; it is a vital creed which I hold with all my head and heart.

—JAWAHARLAL NEHRU

Believe me if Jawaharlal is not in jail today, it is not because he is afraid of it. He is quite capable of mounting the gallows with a smile on his lips.

—MR. GANDHI

THE remarkable human being whose name is Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru is the most interesting Indian in India. This handsome cultivated, and exceptionally fastidious and sensitive Kashmiri Brahman, who is the Mahatma's successor in the nationalist movement, is not so baffling a creature as Mr. Gandhi, but he has complexities enough. The struggle in Nehru is triple. He is an Indian who became a westerner; an aristocrat who became a socialist; an individualist who became a great mass leader. More than this, he is a man with a modern mind, a man of reason, a devout—if this is the proper adjective—rationalist. And in India!—the continent of caste and holy cattle, of religious fanaticism to an extreme degree—India, which is a sort of cesspool of rival faiths, but in which faith, any faith, is a paramount desideratum. Nehru the agnostic, Nehru the modern man, faces the colossal medievalism of India. He fights the British, but he fights the entrenched ritualism of his own people too. His position—in reverse—is roughly that of an American politician, say, who dared to come out *against* radios and two-car garages. His struggle is that of a twentieth-century mind trying to make a revolution of material that goes back beyond the middle ages. Think of the backdrop of the preceding chapters. This is the curtain on which Nehru has to write a modern, a contemporary story.

• • • • • Nehru was born in Allahabad on November 14, 1889, the son of

Motilal Nehru, one of the greatest lawyers and richest men in India. It is difficult to call him "Nehru," because in India he is universally known just as "Jawaharlal." Possibly this use of his first name became common in the early days to distinguish him from his father. Sometimes he is referred to as "Panditji" but as a rule the diminutive "ji" is not used with Nehru. Jawaharlal is enough. One thinks of him only as Jawaharlal. "Pandit," incidentally, which means "wise man," is a Kashmiri title he took on from his father.

The Nehru family, originating in the hills of Kashmir, settled first in Delhi, then Allahabad. One ancestor, Raj Kaul, was a Persian scholar in the good graces of the Mogul emperor of the time. The family name was Kaul for several hundred years; Nehru, which means "canal," was added later. Nehru's grandfather and great-grandfather both held posts under the last Moguls, and one of his uncles (like Gandhi's father) was a *Dewan* or prime minister of a small native state.

When one says that Jawaharlal is a Kashmiri Brahman and the son of Motilal Nehru, it is as if one were to say that a man was a Boston Cabot or Lowell whose father was like Mr. Justice Holmes. He comes not only from the bluest blood in India, with a tremendous pride of race and heritage, but of a family with a deep tradition of public service and utility to the community.

Young Nehru had an English tutor from his earliest years; in 1905, at sixteen, he went to England, where he studied at Harrow and Cambridge and read for the bar—curious background for an Indian revolutionary! During this period his influences were largely literary. He was shy and lonely; he read Pater and Wilde and was devoted to what he calls a "vague kind of cyrenaicism," though he came early in contact with social and scientific ideas.

Nehru, like Gandhi, has written an autobiography¹—but it is a very different kind of book. The Mahatma's placid story compares to Nehru's as a cornflower to an orchid, a rhyming couplet to a sonnet by MacLeish or Auden, a waterpistol to a machine gun. Nehru's autobiography is subtle, complex, discriminating, infinitely cultivated, steeped in doubt, suffused with intellectual passion. Lord Halifax once said that no one could understand India without reading it;² it is a

¹ *Jawaharlal Nehru: An Autobiography*. London: John Lane. It was recently published in America under the title *Toward Freedom*.

² See an excellent survey, *India Reveals Herself*, by Basil Mathews.

kind of Indian "Education of Henry Adams," written in superlative prose—hardly a dozen men alive write English as well as Nehru—and it is not only an autobiography of the most searching kind, but the story of a whole society, the story of the life and development of a nation.

In 1912, when he was twenty-three, Jawaharlal returned to India. Life smote him promptly. It was in any case impossible for him not to be close to politics—for instance the coalition between the Congress and the Moslem League in 1916 was made in his father's house—and he joined the nationalist movement. He met Mr. Gandhi ("All of us admired him for his heroic fight in South Africa, but he seemed very distant and different and unpolitical to many of us young men") and soon made his first speech. He was dumb with shyness and doubtful of his capacity even to speak his own tongue, Hindustani. But after his talk the renowned leader, Dr. Tej Bahadur Sapru, rushed up on the platform and embraced him.

Then came the Rowlatt bills and Amritsar. Nehru writes:

Toward the end of that year (1919) I travelled from Amritsar to Delhi by the night train. The compartment I entered was almost full and all the berths, except one upper one, were occupied by sleeping passengers. I took the vacant upper berth. In the morning I discovered that all my fellow passengers were military officers. They conversed with each other in loud voices which I could not help overhearing. One of them was holding forth in an aggressive and triumphant tone and soon I discovered that he was Dyer, the hero of Jallianwala Bagh and he was describing his Amritsar experiences. He pointed out how he had the whole town at his mercy and he had felt like reducing the rebellious city to a heap of ashes, but he took pity on it and refrained. . . . I was greatly shocked to hear his conversation and to observe his callous manner. He descended at Delhi station in pajamas with bright pink stripes, and a dressing gown.

(*Autobiography*, pp. 43-44)

Soon after, a turning point in Nehru's life occurred. He took his mother and wife, both of whom were ill, to Mussoorie in the north. It happened that an Afghan delegation, negotiating peace with Britain after the 1919 Afghan war, was housed in the same hotel. Nehru never talked to any of the Afghan plenipotentiaries, but after a month he was asked by the local police not to have any dealings with them. This struck him as being unreasonable; he had no intention of talking

to the Afghans, but—a young man of fiber—he refused on principle to obey the order. Thereupon he was formally “extered” from the Mussoorie district. This was his first conflict with British authority. In the next two weeks he had nothing much to do, and as a result became aware of the *kisans*, peasants, and their grievances. The accident at Mussoorie help turn him to the land.

Already he had had vague socialist leanings. Now these began to be entrenched. With some colleagues he visited the peasants on the little farms. He saw their sufferings first hand, and heard their grievances. He learned to survive the Indian sun, and to speak to large gatherings. He discovered his capacity to arouse people. He even—unwittingly—sent several peasants to jail, because when they had been guilty of looting homes of landlords he—filled with *Satyagraha* spirit—demanded that they give themselves up to the police. “Many received long sentences and in later years, when I went to prison, I came across some of them, boys and young men, spending their youth in prison.”

Here is his first picture of the peasants in their “miserable rags” fighting the lords of the land :

They showered their affection on us and looked on us with loving and hopeful eyes, as if we were the bearers of good tidings, the guides who were to lead them to the promised land. Looking at them and their misery and overflowing gratitude, I was filled with shame and sorrow, shame at my own easy-going and comfortable life and our petty politics of the city which ignored this vast multitude of semi-naked sons and daughters of India, sorrow at the degradation and overwhelming poverty of India. A new picture of India seemed to rise before me, naked, starving, crushed, and utterly miserable.

(*Autobiography*, p. 52)

Nehru first went to jail during the 1921 non-coöperation campaign. This was the time of the first tremendous enthusiasm for civil disobedience, and hundreds of Indians, guilty of no crime or misdemeanor, fought for the privilege of being arrested. Young men and women mobbed the police lorries going through the streets, and scrambled to get inside the jails.

Next he was arrested in a native state called Nabha, where a British administrator ruled in place of a deposed Maharaja. With two comrades Nehru went to investigate conditions there; they were

arrested, led down the street handcuffed, and thrown into a filthy jail. Apparently the charge was that they did not have permission to enter Nabha territory. Nehru was handcuffed to one of his companions for twenty-four hours; at night, as he slept on a muddy floor, rats crawled over his face. It took two weeks before he was released. The "trial," before a judge who knew neither English nor Hindustani, was an unbelievable farce, and Nehru was sentenced to two and a half years' imprisonment. Luckily the sentence was suspended—but Nehru and his comrades all came down with typhoid fever, caught from the foul drinking water in the hovel where they were confined.

"The state of Nabha was under a British administrator, a member of the Indian Civil Service, and he had the full powers of an autocrat, subject only to the Government of India," Nehru writes. "And yet at every turn we were referred to Nabha laws and procedure to justify the denial of the most ordinary rights. We had to face a combination of feudalism and the modern bureaucratic machine with the disadvantages of both and the advantages of neither."

Altogether Jawaharlal has served eight terms in prison. Jail or threat of jail took the best years of his life. He was sentenced to an aggregate of fourteen and a half years; several sentences were suspended, however, and he was discharged before time, so that he actually served about six years in all. The last sentence came in November 1940 when it appeared that civil disobedience might start again; almost all leading Congressmen followed him to jail. Nehru was given a particularly harsh sentence—four years of "rigorous" imprisonment. But thirteen months later, in December 1941, he was released when at last the British authorities came to realize that keeping men like Nehru in jail did not help toward a solution of India's difficulties, but only exacerbated them.

As Nehru himself is said to have put it when the threat of Japanese aggression first reached India, "We'd like very much to fight for freedom, but we can't do so while we're still in jail."

Mr. Gandhi (who only served four brief terms) adored prison; Jawaharlal did not. But he is seldom bitter. There are beautiful passages in his book, describing the stars he managed to see, peering upward from the compound, and the animals—squirrels and monkeys and parrots—he learned to play with. He knows the emotional starvation of jail, the chafing of steady confinement, the terrible dreariness

of day after day, season after season, without change. With wistful eye he looked

"Upon that little tent of blue
Which prisoners call the sky,
And at every drifting cloud that went
With sails of silver by."

In one jail he lived in a large barrack, with holes in the roof and crannies in doors and windows. "I lived in solitary grandeur. But I was not quite alone, for at least two score sparrows had made their home in the broken-down roof. Sometimes a wandering cloud would visit me, its many arms creeping in through the numerous openings and filling the place with a damp mist." It is in this passage that he writes that suffering, even if it may be necessary for clear thought, will cloud the brain in excess. He does not like suffering as Gandhi does. He was not an introvert by nature, he says, but prison made him so. Jail has deeply marked and pitted this man. He cannot bear cruelty.

Continually he brooded not merely on the nature of repression but on the fundamental reasons for it—reasons even beyond the political struggle in India. To test his courage he withstood a *lathi*³ charge, and was bruised and beaten; his own mother was likewise hit on the head with canes, and knocked down by the police; his wife followed him to jail. He heard of such incredible sentences as that of the youth who got nine years' rigorous imprisonment for carrying a revolver, and he knew schoolboys who were flogged in jail for political offenses. But his mind kept ranging above the particular.

Jail alone did not make him a socialist, but it gave him the time and opportunity for exhaustive political study and introspection. Generally he was well treated in jail; he was permitted books and writing materials. His ideas on socialism took concrete form, and merged gradually with his nationalism. He began to see the Indian problem as more than a struggle between rebel nationalists and British nationalists. He became convinced that British imperialism as a capitalist growth was the real enemy, and that it must be fought from the socialist as well as from the nationalist point of view. British imperialism rests on capitalist profit-making as well as on the

³ A *lathi* is a long bamboo staff, the familiar weapon of the Indian police.

political demands of empire; therefore a logical opponent of British imperialism must be not merely a nationalist but a socialist too.

This is the root of Nehru's creed. In every possible way he tried to hammer it home to the Indian people.

Most Indians are distinctly not socialists—remember the backdrop I have tried to sketch!—but Nehru rapidly became, next to Gandhi, the most important Indian leader. It is a question, however, if most of his followers are devoted to him because he is a socialist, or in spite of it. At any rate for ten solid years he was either secretary or president of the Congress; he is the only man who has ever been president of Congress three times. He was powerfully instrumental in making Gandhi come out for *purna Swaraj* (complete independence) at the Lahore Congress; at Karachi in 1931 he persuaded the Working Committee to accept a few vaguely and guardedly socialist planks. In 1937, he opposed the taking of office by Congress, but then he went to the country and, in an unparalleled stumping campaign, almost single-handed brought victory to Congress in seven provinces.

He is adored throughout India—revered and adored almost as Gandhi is.

"This My True-Begotten Father!"

His father Motilal was a very important influence on Jawaharlal, which is not surprising considering how sensitive Jawaharlal was and considering the vitality of the old man. Many important men have had great mothers; to find a great father passing on his qualities to his son is more unusual. The equation in the Nehru family worked both ways; Jawaharlal influenced Motilal almost as much as vice versa. One is reminded of the psychoanalytic phenomenon of countertransference, wherein the patient attracts and influences the doctor, instead of the doctor attracting the patient.

The story of Jawaharlal and Motilal, their love, their conflict, their hunger to understand each other, their eventual community of ideas, is well told in the autobiography. Motilal was solidly rich, a lawyer with an extensive practice, an intimate friend of governors and vice-roys. He had, in Jawaharlal's words, "strong feelings, strong passions, tremendous pride, and great strength of will." Jawaharlal paints a beautifully revealing portrait of him as man, patriot, father.

The youth, barely twenty, began to drift toward extremism, toward rebellion. Motilal strove to understand his son, to check this drift

away from him which horrified him. At that time Motilal was a moderate; he had been a member of Congress for years, but Congress was a very pale body in those days. Motilal wrote an article which Jawaharlal disagreed with; he chided his father by saying that the British would approve it highly. Motilal was wild with rage. Yet Motilal's career depended largely on British policy and peace.

Came Gandhi and non-coöperation. Jawaharlal joined up. Motilal was dumfounded. "He was not in the habit of being swept away by new proposals." He wasn't at all sure that civil disobedience would work; he resented it that his precious and beloved son should risk jail. The conflict grew. "We tried to be as considerate to each other as possible . . . night after night I wandered about alone, tortured in mind and trying to grope my way out." Then Jawaharlal discovered that Motilal was sleeping on the floor—to see what life in jail would be like for his son!

Within the year Motilal came over completely to his son's side. He took his stand with Gandhi and civil disobedience. This meant giving up his great house in Allahabad, his wealth, his practice; it meant giving up most of the friends, the political acquaintances with Indians and British alike, of a generation; it meant complete remaking of his life at sixty. And promptly old Motilal became the lion of the movement. When Jawaharlal went to jail, his father went with him.

For nine years the two worked together, fought together. Motilal was treated with the utmost consideration in prison, but imprisonment hurt his health. By 1930 he was an invalid. "He pulled himself together and banged a table in front of him, saying that he had made up his mind to be an invalid no longer." But the machine was burned out. "There he sat like an old lion mortally wounded and with his physical strength almost gone, but still very leonine and kingly." Sometime later Gandhi came to see him. Motilal said, "I am going soon, Mahatmaji, and I shall not be here to see *Swaraj*. But I know that you have won it." Early in 1931 he died.

Jawaharlal writes:

I was watching by his bedside. He had had a troublesome and restless night; suddenly I noticed that his face grew calm and the sense of struggle vanished from it. I thought that he had fallen asleep, and I was glad of it. But my mother's perceptions were keener, and she uttered a cry. I turned to her and begged her not to disturb him as

he had fallen asleep. But that sleep was his last long sleep, and from it there was no awakening.

Then :

There were some ceremonies at home, and then the last journey to the Ganges with a mighty concourse of people. As evening fell on the river bank that winter day, the great flames leapt up and consumed that body which had meant so much to us who were close to him as well as to millions in India. Gandhiji said a few moving words to the multitude, and then all of us crept silently home. The stars were out and shining brightly when we returned, lonely and desolate.

Later :

I found it difficult to realize that he had gone. Three months later I was in Ceylon with my wife and daughter, and we were spending a few quiet and restful days. . . . I liked the place, and it struck me suddenly that it would suit father. Why not send for him? He must be tired out, and rest would do him good. I was on the point of sending a telegram to him in Allahabad.

(*Autobiography*, pp. 247-248)

Finally a curious thing happened. Returning home Nehru found a letter from his father awaiting him! It had been sent many months before, and had been forwarded and reforwarded without ever reaching the destination. And it was a letter of farewell.

Word of Legend

Legends aplenty grew up about the Nehrus. One was that Motilal, a highly fastidious person, sent his laundry weekly all the way to Paris. It was nonsensical, of course. Another to the effect that the Viceroy (who had a very high regard for him) sent him champagne in jail is equally without foundation.

Another story, which has been widely garbled and distorted, has it that Motilal's sudden turn away from the British began when Jawaharlal was blackballed by an English club. The facts are these. Many years before, when Motilal was beginning his practice, an English friend offered to nominate him, Motilal, for membership in the European club in Allahabad. Motilal thanked his friend courteously, but declined the offer, because he did not want to risk rejection

and because election of an Indian might make English members uncomfortable.

Another story of a different category is that Jawaharlal is a communist and that he has frequently been to Moscow, there to listen to the party line. But in fact he is not a communist, but a kind of social democrat; he has been in Moscow only once, and then for a few days in company with his father. They went as tourists to see the tenth anniversary festivities in 1927.

The Man Jawaharlal

At fifty-two Nehru is strikingly handsome—especially when he wears the Gandhi cap, a sort of white forage cap—and he is one of those fortunate people who photograph even better than they look. Usually he wears the Congress uniform—white *khadder*—and manages to appear courtly and impressive even when shrouded with yards of cheesecloth apron. His friends say that he aged a good deal in the past two or three years, even before his last jail sentence, mostly as the result of fatigue, incessant traveling, and the giving out of energy. He is tall for an Indian—about five feet ten—with excellent bearing. He exercises methodically, and loves winter sports and swimming.

He lives as a rule in a house called the Anand Bhavan at Allahabad. Motilal gave his tremendous house to the nation, renaming it Swaraj Bhavan; for the family he then built what was to have been a simple cottage, but Motilal was an exceptionally expansive personality, and the simple cottage—the Anand Bhavan where Nehru lives—turned into a house almost as big as the original one. The big house is now the headquarters of the Congress party; part of it is used as a hospital.

But Jawaharlal isn't in Allahabad very often. His travels are formidable. He lives on the railway trains, and by choice travels third class. Anyone who has been in India knows what an ordeal this is. India—Indian India—has no capital. Gandhi is in Wardha, Nehru in Allahabad; Bombay and Calcutta are important centers to Congress, and so are Lucknow and Madras. The Working Committee of Congress—its executive body—meets once every six weeks or so. As a rule it rotates between different cities. The annual session is held nowadays in a remote village. So Congress committee members are

incessantly, unendingly traveling. The trains roar across dusty India, bringing them together.

Nehru's wife, Kamala, who came from a Kashmir Brahman family like his own, died in 1936. She had been in ill health for many years, and he was released from one term of imprisonment in order to visit her in Switzerland. Previously, when she was in India, the British volunteered to free him so that he might see her if he would pledge himself informally to give up politics for the period corresponding to the rest of his term. He refused. She begged him to refuse. Their only child, twenty-three-year-old Indira, went to school in England. Nehru has two sisters; one, Dakshmi, married Ranjit S. Pandit and has been the thoroughly competent minister for local self-government and health in the United Provinces government—the first Congress-woman to reach ministerial rank. As a child she was called Sarup (the Beautiful One), and nicknamed Nan.

Nehru keeps closely in touch with the outside world. He subscribes—when not in jail—to the *New Statesman*, the *Manchester Guardian Weekly*, *Time & Tide*, the *New York Nation*, *The New Republic*, the *Living Age*, and *Vendredi* and *L'Europe Nouvelle* from Paris. Additionally he would like to see regularly several leftist magazines which are forbidden circulation in India. In 1939 he went for a brief vacation in the Himalayas. The books he took with him were Aldous Huxley's *Ends and Means*, Bertrand Russell's *Which Way to Peace*, John Dewey's *The Quest for Certainty*, Edward Thompson's *Life of Lord Metcalf*, *The Tongues of Man* (a book on comparative philology) by J. R. Firth, and Levy's *Philosophy for a Modern Man*.

His knowledge of English poetry is profound, and his love for it passionate. Incessantly he quotes classic verse.

He has a great number of acquaintances, but very few intimate friends. He speaks often of his loneliness. He loves children, light-heartedness, laughter, but he is no backslapper; he hates promiscuous effusiveness; he is moody and ingrown, and finds it hard to meet people half way. They must come to him. He made even his father come to him: to meet his growing mind and soul. In one passage he says that he took to the crowd and the crowd took to him, but that he was never able to lose himself completely to it; he was in it always, and of it never. This diffidence, this inner loneliness, is probably the mark of jail.

He is the furthest possible contrast to the mob leader like Hitler or Mussolini. American newspapers tag him with the adjective "fiery," which is singularly inappropriate, though he is capable of flashes of temperament. When he talks, he deliberately understates his case; he sounds like a lecturer at Oxford, even at a political meeting. Frequently he confesses his failings; he is sometimes bored by politics; he is the victim of competitive emotions; occasionally he is unsure of himself and divided in judgment. Dogmatism does not become him. He talks frankly of his inner conflict, of "subconscious depths struggling with outer circumstances, of an inner hunger unsatisfied."

In one despondent moment he wrote that he represented no one. "I have become a queer mixture of the East and West, out of place everywhere, at home nowhere." Much in India disheartens him, and he confesses "retreating into his shell."

He detests ritualism and mysticism, except perhaps in poetry. Religion he calls a killjoy. He is all for modernization, westernization. "The spectacle of what is called religion, or at any rate organized religion, in India and elsewhere, has filled me with horror, and I have frequently condemned it and wished to make a clean sweep of it." This—from an Indian leader! And there are some who say that his hatred of religion will keep him from supreme heights in India, because it is inconceivable that India should surrender herself to an agnostic.

He has no faddisms, like the Mahatma. He ate meat from childhood, but gave it up under Gandhi's influence in 1920. He reverted to meat again in Europe, though he felt that it "coarsened him"; now (like Hitler, whom he in no other way resembles) he is "more-or-less" a vegetarian. He smokes occasionally, and outside India may even take a little light wine. His father drank wine; in fact young Jawaharlal saw him with a glass once, and was thunderstruck; he thought that old Motilal was drinking blood.

His general health is so good that even in jail he had no insomnia, he says. He has, however, recorded some curious dreams. A favorite dream is of flying over open country. He gets no salary for political work, and the family fortune has gone mostly to the cause. What little money he needs he gets from writing.

The things he likes most are mountains, running water, children, glaciers, good conversation, and all animals except bats and centipedes. Once he had a moment of intense enjoyment in prison; the

temperature was 116° F. and his wife sent him a thermos flask filled with sherbet. The things he dislikes most are "exploitation, cruelty, and people who, in the name of God, truth, and the public good, are busy feathering their nests"; in a word, most politicians.

He wrote to me in 1938, "I suppose my father and Gandhiji have been the chief personal influences in my life. But outside influences do not carry me away. There is a tendency to resist being influenced. Still influences do work slowly and unconsciously. My wife influenced me considerably in many ways, though unobtrusively." He was influenced for a time by Bertrand Russell, and then found him ineffective. He disliked Spengler at first, but found a "certain fascination" in his book.

Nehru proceeds to say that Marx and Lenin had a powerful effect on him, partly from the content of their writings, even more by reason of the way they wrote. He was tired of mysticism and metaphysics; he liked the unadorned, scientific, analytical point of view. He says that he is certainly a socialist in that he believes in socialist theory and method. His general approach is Marxist. But he wrote me, "I am not a communist chiefly because I resist the communist tendency to treat communism as holy doctrine; I do not like being told what to think and do. I suppose I am too much of an individualist. . . . I feel also that too much violence is associated with communist methods. The ends cannot be separated from the means."

He likes moderation. He believes in the rational approach. He says of the Hindi-Urdu controversy: "Open the way to both scripts everywhere." As to communal troubles, which he thinks the British deliberately keep to the forefront, he says that the real struggle is not between Hindu and Moslem, but between both and modern ideas.

One of his defects, people say, is that he is too decent, too honorable, to be a good politician. He is a gentleman. Worse, he is an English gentleman! He has devoted his life to freeing India from Britain, but the British imprint is deep upon him. The old-school tie has turned to homespun cheesecloth, but he still follows a code of chivalry. Another defect is, of course, his ingrownness, his hatred of give-and-take and political hurlyburly.

The sources of his power are numerous. Consider, for instance, his courage and obvious strength of character. Then there is his technical competence at a job; he was, for instance, a successful mayor of Allahabad for a time. Consider too his industry, both

intellectual and physical. In jail he not only wrote most of a closely printed 617-page autobiography, but a history of the world in the form of letters to his daughter, 1,569 pages long. During the last election campaign, he traveled 110,000 miles in twenty-two months, and reached villages everywhere in India. He used vehicles ranging from bullock carts to airplanes; he had to give up airplanes because peasants in remote parts of the peninsula, never having seen a plane before, would overrun the landing fields. Once he made 150 speeches in one week.

Then again there is his modesty and complete honesty with himself. By 1929, he was a hero, almost inundated by the applause and enthusiasm of the masses; by 1930, he had to face hero worship such as no man in India, Gandhi alone excepted, had ever known. He writes that "only a saint or inhuman monster could survive" the praise that came his way without being a little affected. He was distrustful of his popularity but he couldn't help being exhilarated and impressed by it. His family quickly chastened him with railery; his wife and sisters, and even his small daughter, began to call him at home the names he was given by the crowd. They would say, "Oh Jewel of India, what time is it?" or "Oh Embodiment of Sacrifice, please pass the bread."

His political integrity is unshakable. Nothing can deflect him from the path he has chosen, if he believes it to be right; he dislikes compromises and he has nothing of the occasional slipperiness of Mr. Gandhi. He makes definitions scrupulously, and abides by them. He is certainly one of the finest characters in public life I have ever met.

One small anecdote is to the point. In 1928 came a crucial vote in the Calcutta Congress session, over which his father was presiding. Gandhi and Motilal were strongly backing a proposal that Congress should adopt officially what was known as the "Nehru Report," a document prepared by Motilal to answer the Simon commission. Jawaharlal and his group—he was at the time head of a separate organization, the Independence League, as well as secretary of Congress—opposed this. The vote was close; Jawaharlal's side won. Then he discovered that there had been a technical error in the voting. As Secretary of the Congress he brought this to the attention of the meeting, even though he knew that it would mean overriding his victory and that in the next vote his group would lose.

He has great detachment. Recently—this is a curious oblique sidelight on his character—he wrote a character sketch of himself, and let it be published in a magazine anonymously. No one knew that he was the author until he let the secret out to a few friends months later.

It begins with a resounding "*Rashtrapati Jawaharlal Ki Jai!*" (Long Live Jawaharlal, Chief of State), and describes in somewhat indignant detail his manner as a conqueror of the multitude.

The Rashtrapati looked up as he passed swiftly through the waiting crowds, his hands went up and his pale hard face was lit up with a smile. . . . The smile passed away and the face became stern and sad. Almost it seemed that the smile and gesture accompanying it had little reality; they were just tricks of the trade to gain the goodwill of the crowd whose darling he had become. Was it so? . . . Watch him again.

Is all this natural or the carefully thought-out trickery of the public man? Perhaps it is both and long habit has become second nature now. The most effective pose is one in which there seems to be the least posing, and Jawaharlal has learned well to act without the paint and powder of the actor. . . . Whither is this going to lead him and the country? What is he aiming at with all his apparent want of aim?

For nearly two years now he has been President of Congress. Steadily and persistently he goes on increasing his personal prestige and influence. . . . From the far North to Cape Comorin he has gone like some triumphant Caesar, leaving a trail of glory and a legend behind him. Is all this just a passing fancy which amuses him . . . or is it his will to power that is driving him from crowd to crowd and making him whisper to himself:

"I drew these tides of men into my hands and wrote my will across the sky in stars."

What if the fancy turns? Men like Jawaharlal with all their great capacity for great and good work are unsafe in a democracy. He calls himself a democrat and a socialist, and no doubt he does so in all earnestness . . . but a little twist and he might turn into a dictator. He might still use the language of democracy and socialism, but we all know how Fascism has fattened on this language and then cast it away as useless number.

Jawaharlal cannot become a Fascist. . . . He is far too much an aristocrat for the crudity and vulgarity of Fascism. His very face and voice tell us that. His face and voice are definitely private. . . . And

yet he has all the makings of a dictator in him—vast popularity, a strong will, energy, pride . . . and with all his love of the crowd an intolerance of others and a certain contempt for the weak and inefficient. His flashes of temper are well known. His overwhelming desire to get things done, to sweep away what he dislikes and build anew, will hardly brook for long the slow processes of democracy.

The article—Jawaharlal must have had a good time writing it—ends with a stirring appeal that he be defeated if he runs again for Congress president. In the document he was outlining possible dangers of the future quite unconnected with himself. He was anxious *not* to be president of Congress for another term.

Attitude to Gandhiji

Jawaharlal's relations to Gandhi are more complex than those of a disciple to a master. Poles apart as they are mentally and emotionally, they are devoted to each other—despite political differences that have grown more urgent year by year—and they complement each other nicely. Nehru needs Gandhi because Gandhi alone—until 1941 at least—could carry the mass of the Indian people. Gandhi needs Nehru because he is his indispensable second-in-command. During the war crisis they worked closely together, and, as we know, Nehru succeeded him in 1942 as supreme Congress leader.

When Nehru first came in close contact with the Mahatma, he thought that in time Gandhi would turn gradually toward socialism. Years went by, and he saw his mistake. He worried terribly about it. It seemed to him an unreasonable paradox that Gandhiji, with all his "love and solicitude for the underdog," should "yet support a system which inevitably produces it and crushes it." He was impatient with Gandhi's ideas of trusteeship by the upper classes; he could not endure it that the Mahatma, who believed in non-violence, could support a system, capitalism, which was so much associated with violence. Now he has given up Gandhi as incorrigible on this issue.

Nehru, strictly speaking, is not the leader of the Left in Congress. There are many others much more to the left than he is. He is not, oddly enough, even a member of the Congress Socialist party, a sort of autonomous block within Congress. This—another Indian paradox—is partly because the organized and official socialists fear that his identification with them might embarrass his leadership of Congress as a whole. Jawaharlal holds an approximate left

center position, just as Mr. Gandhi is right center. There are many Congressmen to the right of Gandhi. Likewise he differs basically from the Mahatma in that he cannot follow him all the way on non-violence. He admits the political value of non-violence, but he says frankly that non-violence *alone* cannot carry India to the final goal.

But what a beautifully warm and compelling picture he draws of Gandhi, what a waterfall of tribute his pages are! He talks of his tremendous debt to Gandhi, his "amazing and almost irresistible charm and subtle power over people," his capacity to make "heroes out of clay," his "inexhaustible reservoir of spiritual power." He defends him vigorously against the socialists who call him a reactionary. "Reactionary or revolutionary, he has changed the face of India, given pride and character to a cringing and demoralized people, built up strength and consciousness in the masses, and made the Indian problem a world problem."

Relations to the British

Nehru doesn't hate the British. He hates British imperialism and its exploitation of India, but he freely admits his intellectual debt to British culture. When he takes a holiday, he heads straight for England. He has tried to forget the long agony of jail, to dissociate the responsibility for it from Britain as a whole. He said in May 1940, "Launching a civil disobedience campaign at the time when Britain is engaged in a life and death struggle would be an act derogatory to India's honor."

Nor do the British, a few retired Colonel Blimps aside, really hate Nehru. But they *fear* him deeply. It is enlightening to compare British opinions of Gandhi and Nehru; very few Englishmen are worried about the Mahatma any more, but for Nehru they have a healthy apprehension. They attack him as a socialist as a blind for their alarm of him on purely nationalist grounds.

The British should realize that the fact that he is a socialist—and a gentleman—is a great asset on their side. Nehru, since he is a socialist, is impeded from any projection of the Indian struggle internationally, for the reason that the only countries which could help him are Fascist states, and he will of course have nothing to do with them. Never conceivably could he be a Quisling.

The British are enormously curious about Nehru. They all know Gandhiji; rather few know Jawaharlal. The present Viceroy, for

instance, until the end of 1939 at least, had never met him. Everywhere one goes in India, the first political question is, "Have you seen Jawaharlal? What's he like—what's he doing—what's he up to now?"

Just before the outbreak of war Nehru visited China for the first time; he received the greatest official welcome Chungking had ever given to a foreigner. On the day he arrived occurred a serious Japanese air raid. Chiang Kai-shek and Jawaharlal were forced to retreat to an air-raid shelter. For hours they stayed there, as the bombing continued mercilessly. Nehru and Chiang liked each other and they talked about their respective problems with the utmost cordiality and candor.

Obviously the picture of the enormous giants of China and India, with a combined total population of 850,000,000, working together democratically is something that challenges the historical imagination. Should India become free, and then make policy in close collaboration with China, nearly one-half the people in the world would be intimately linked. Nehru has said, "My own picture of the future is a federation which includes China and India, Burma and Ceylon, Afghanistan, and possibly other countries. If a world federation ever comes, that will be welcome."

In January 1942 Chiang repaid Nehru's visit. When he reached Delhi the first person he wanted to see was Jawaharlal.

The Congress Structure

... And India shall soon be seen, proud and self-reliant, strong and free, the radiant splendor of Asia, as the light and benediction of the world.

—MRS. ANNIE BESANT in 1917

IT GOES almost without saying that the Indian National Congress was founded—you've guessed it—by an Englishman. The British add to the story of their expansion in Asia with methods, sometimes inadvertent, that are wonderful to behold.

In 1885 Allan Octavian Hume, who had been a British civil servant in India for thirty years, brought the Congress into being. He thought that Britain owed a debt to India, that the British should take a lead in encouraging the development of Indian institutions. As first envisaged, however, the Congress was planned to be humanitarian and social rather than political in aim; the story is that when Hume went to the Viceroy of the day, Lord Dufferin, to get his blessing for the project, Dufferin himself suggested that the movement should have a political basis, on the ground that governments need a "loyal opposition." On December 28, 1885, the first Congress met in Bombay, with 72 delegates. Within a few years it became noisy enough for Dufferin himself to dismiss it as "a contemptible minority," but for a long time it remained basically loyal; in fact it had English presidents in 1904 and again in 1910. Only during the Great War did it become provocatively nationalist, when Mr. Gandhi got control of it and turned it into a revolutionary weapon.

The Indian National Congress, let it be understood, is more than a political party; it is in a sense the organized expression of the aims and will of the Indian people. It includes Moslems as well as Hindus, though in smaller number; rich industrialists as well as homeless radicals; agitators in the native states as well as former prime ministers in the eight Congress governments; socialists and

reactionaries both. Anyone may join the Congress who pays the annual subscription of four annas (about ten cents) per year—even this minuscule sum is too much for many Indian peasants—and who signs the pledge to work for the independence of India by all legitimate and peaceful means. At present the Congress has 3,102,113 members. It is both the reservoir and attacking stream of Indian man-power, a sort of giant People's Front against the British *raj*.

The Congress structure is complex. First come the private "four anna" members in the villages; of the four annas, incidentally, three go to the local Congress organization, one to the central secretariat at Allahabad. The primary members choose delegates to the provincial congress committees; a constituency is 250 primary members. The provincial committees choose the All-India Congress Committee, a sort of parliament. The president of the Congress—Nehru, as we have seen, was president three times—is appointed by this committee and is responsible to it. The presidency changes each year as a rule, and the new president selects fourteen men who are his cabinet, though by tradition he chooses them on an All-Congress basis rather than as a reflection of his personal opinions. The President and his fourteen associates, the top of the Congress structure, are called the Working Committee. None—an interesting point—receives any salary. Some committee members remain on it year after year, no matter who is President.

The Congress is indisputably the best organized and most powerful organization in India. It is by far the largest party in every province of British India except the predominantly Moslem Punjab, North West Frontier, and Sind. In Madras, for instance, it holds 159 seats; the next biggest party has 21. In the U.P. it has 134 seats, and the next party 29; in Bombay it has 85, and the next party 19. The great manifestation of the Congress each year is the annual plenary session, which now takes place in some remote village. These plenary sessions, where at least a hundred thousand people congregate, are magnificent spectacles, not to be forgotten by one who has attended them.

The Congress has its uniform—white homespun and the Gandhi cap. It has its army in the shape of the Volunteers, who keep order at public meetings, though members are not armed. It has a foreign department, a propaganda bureau, and so on. It has its flag, composed of three stripes, saffron, white, and green, with a spinning wheel. It

has its national holiday—"Independence Day"—on January 26. This celebrates the 1929 decision to come out for complete independence instead of Dominion Status, but the actual date was chosen at random; January 26 happened to be a convenient Sunday far enough ahead for word to get around.

The Working Committee of Congress is a fascinating study in human and political nature. Its men represent widely divergent beliefs and creeds, but they are all united by faith in Indian nationalism. The membership is variegated; when I saw most of the members in Juhu, waiting in Mr. Gandhi's anteroom for a word with the master, I thought I had never met such different types of men bound by common aim. Here a wealthy and sophisticated lawyer, and at his side a peasant chieftain from Bihar; here a Moslem theologian, and next to him a soldier from the North West frontier.

The Left began to emerge as a distinct political group inside Congress when civil disobedience was called off in 1934. The revolt against Britain failed; the Congress had to become legal again. It turned "respectable," and many prominent politicians of the Right became members—because it was so powerful, even when illegal, that no one could have a political career outside it. At the same time, largely under Nehru's influence, an irrigation of socialist thought watered India. Hitherto the Congress had been dominated exclusively by nationalism. Thereafter a strong socialist streak developed. The Rightists resented this, and have opposed it. Thus an intra-Congress struggle tended to begin.

It reached an unpleasant climax in the Tripura plenary session in February, 1939. Mr. Gandhi suggested the Moslem theologian Moulana Abul Kalam, who is on the Right, as new president. His election was presumably assured, but something happened. The 1938 president, Subhas Chandra Bose, decided to run for reëlection, as a test of Leftist strength; also he was annoyed that Gandhi's chief Rightist lieutenant, Sardar Patel, had circularized Congress without his knowledge about Abul Kalam's candidature. So it became a fight between the Gandhi-Patel Right and the Bose Left. Bose won: at least he was elected president. The rank and file was with him. Then—obviously under Gandhi's influence—the rest of the Working Committee resigned. This was the most serious split in Congress history, but negotiations began at once to patch it up. Nehru, though ostensibly on the Left, sided with Gandhi, who finally won out. Bose resigned.

Working with the British

In 1937 came the tremendous event I alluded to briefly in the chapter on Mr. Gandhi above. It was the controlling factor in the whole situation until the outbreak of war in 1939, the core of the whole story. This event was that, after the passage of the new Government of India Act, elections were held in the eleven provinces of British India, and Congress won in eight of them and took office. "Provincial Autonomy," as promised in the new Act, came into being. Thus the Congress, the same Congress which had so bitterly fought Britain, came into the British structure.

Nehru and his Leftist followers violently opposed taking office. They thought that autonomy, as defined in the Act, did not go far enough; they thought that acceptance of office, working under British governors, was a fatal compromise. But after almost four months of patient negotiation Mr. Gandhi invented a formula which seemed to permit Congress to rule without loss of face. A kind of gentleman's agreement appeared to bind—perhaps not quite bind—the Viceroy and the governors not to use their veto powers except in circumstances of great public crisis. The right wingers in Congress were satisfied, and the Congress governments took office.

Now a curious point. The "high command" and the Working Committee under Nehru decided not to accept jobs personally in any province. Logically one might have assumed that the Working Committee leaders, if they stood for election and were returned, would be the new prime ministers. But they determined not to take jobs themselves. Instead, they deputed a second line of leaders to assume office. The Working Committee, like the old Politburo in the Soviet Union, decided to keep out of actual administrative work, and to guide their governments from behind the scenes. So second-line Congressmen (I know that one or two of them may dislike this appellation, but I do not mean it personally) became the prime ministers and finance ministers and all the rest, and the Working Committee was transformed into a sort of composite *Eminence Grise*.

This turned out to be something of an embarrassment, though not a serious one. Almost at once certain dissidences arose between the Working Committee and the Congress governments. The Working Committee held the whip hand, of course. It could break any provincial government, and in fact it turned out of office one of its own

prime ministers, Dr. Khare in the Central Provinces, when it accused him of being disobedient. But it was awkward for the Working Committee to have to attack its own ministers openly. Thus negotiations had to be very delicate when there was divergence of opinion.

Two dangers, from the Left point of view, faced the new governments. First, as in the case of the Wafd nationalist organization in Egypt, they found that the sweets of power were—sweet. They were tempted by the comforts and advantages of their position to modify the pure fervor of their nationalism. Second, they found that running a government was a great deal more difficult than criticizing it; this too tended to seduce them into “moderation,” which word Congress radicals are apt to interpret as subservience to Britain.

Provincial autonomy was a highly shrewd gesture by the British, though many Englishmen thought and feared that it gave the Congress “too much.” But in essence it was masterly, because it brought Congress for the first time within the fold of governmental responsibilities; it gave Congress most of the prickly things to handle, including law and order, while the British continued to hold veto power, defense, foreign affairs, and federal finance.

Most Congress ministers are right wingers. This follows the complexion of the Working Committee, which as a rule numbers ten right wingers to four left wingers. So the ministers began their legislative programs cautiously. In several provinces they declined to have social relations with the governors, though official relations were quite correct;¹ in Bombay the prime minister introduced a bill banning the British titles and honorifics which flood India every New Year's Day. But they did not attack the fundamentals of British power anywhere; their program of social reform—housing, education, reduction of agricultural debt, and so on—got under way slowly. They cut their own salaries to 500 rupees (\$185) a month—while

¹ This is because Congress people will not “sign the book” in Government House, or contribute in any way to “Imperial ritual or prestige.” It has led to episodes which would delight authorities in etiquette. In the old days a social-minded Indian might be willing to do almost anything for an invitation to a Government House reception; now, if he is a member of the government, he cannot accept it although the invitations are freely given. He may talk with the Governor in his office; he cannot accept a cup of tea in the drawing room next door. When a new Governor of a province arrives, the Congress ministry which is *his* government cannot even greet him at the railway station. Even Mr. Gandhi, in order to have a social word with a Governor, must go through elaborate stratagems.

their British secretaries might be getting five times that sum—and promised as a first effort at economy to slash salaries in the provincial civil service. Three times—in the U. P. and Bihar in February, 1938, and later in Orissa—Congress governments came into conflict with the governors, and resigned. In each case the issue was compromised, with Congress coming out on top.

In five provinces at least the Congress ministries set out to introduce prohibition. It is difficult for an American who saw our prohibition debacle to sympathize with this. But prohibition is a foremost Congress point. It can be introduced only at great cost. Revenue from "toddy" and other alcoholic liquor amounts, by and large, to almost *one-quarter* of total provincial revenue. Moreover, the cost of enforcement will be very considerable. Altogether prohibition will mean that Bombay, for instance, may lose almost one-third its revenue, which must be met by other means. The Congress ministers, when they take toddy from the peasant, must cut salaries of school teachers from, say, forty rupees a month to twenty-five.

Most of the Congress governments, especially in Bombay, the United Provinces, Bihar, and Madras, were unendingly perplexed by the problem of extremism. The situation was peculiar. Here was Congress in office at last, after many years of electoral propaganda and promises. But no matter what its intentions were, it could not begin to fulfill these promises at once. In the United Provinces, for instance, Congress held out the bright beacon of land reform. The restive peasantry in the U. P. was demanding action, like liquidation of the agricultural debt, which Congress could not perform. Any drastic solution of the land problem like collectivization would instantly lead to severe conflict with the British. In Bihar the *kisans* (peasants), awaiting the promised reforms, refused to pay rent to the landlords, who thereupon refused to pay taxes to the government. Refusal of tax payment to a British government was one thing. Congress sympathized with this and indeed advocated it for years. But boycott of Congress taxes by Congressmen was quite another thing.

Again, the Congress governments, particularly in Bombay, were worried about political agitation by extremists. Take the case of the Congress Minister for Law and Order, Mr. Munshi. For years Mr. Munshi has been part of a movement which taught the people to hate and despise the police; Mr. Munshi himself, like almost all Congress leaders, went to jail for civil disobedience. But then Mr. Munshi dis-

covered himself in charge of the police, and sometimes he found that he had to use them against his own people. It was an unenviable situation to say the least.

Several Congress ministries had actually to arrest their own Congressmen under an act of the Indian penal code which defines sedition and which all good Congressmen, for twenty years, learned to hate like arsenic. Yet in one case all that the offender did was to make a speech against recruiting. He got six months. The Leftists said that it was intolerable for Congress to prosecute a man for sedition when Congress by its basic nature is itself seditionist, that is, advocates complete severance of the tie with Britain. Another highly unpopular act which gives a magistrate summary right to quell disturbances had to be invoked by Congress ministers in connection with strikes at Sholapur and Cawnpore—which enraged the rank and file of Congressmen.

It was easy enough of course to make out too harsh a case against the first Congress governments. No one blames them for holding on to office when retirement from office would have meant that reactionaries would get the jobs. Administrative experience, which the governments were beginning to get, was something Congress badly needed; these transition years could have been a precious interlude for practice. The new legislative programs began excellently, and made a challenging augury for the future. But, as we know, war came in 1939, and among its first casualties were the Congress governments. Some day, unless the Japanese take India, we shall probably see them at work again.

The Three Zonal Chieftains

We turn now to the Working Committee, that extraordinary organization which in normal times is the heart of Congress. Officially there is no precedence within the Working Committee, but the three men nearest the top, each of whom is a kind of district boss—in fact the political organizer and virtual dictator of his region—are Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel (Bombay, Madras, Sind, C. P.), Moulana Abul Kalam Azad (Bengal, Punjab, North West Frontier, and U. P.), and Babu Rajendra Prasad (Bihar, Assam, Orissa). Abul Kalam was President of Congress in 1940-41.

These three names are unfamiliar. They are new to most western readers, difficult to pronounce and remember. Yet these three men, quite aside from the fact that next to Gandhi and Nehru they are

hierarchically the most important political personages in India, are great personalities. Their names may mean little. But their histories, their characters, mean much. Behind the difficult names are living human beings of the utmost interest and appeal.

Sardar Vallabhbhai² Patel ("Sardar" is a kind of title) is the most important right winger in Congress. He is the party boss par-excellence. He is the Jim Farley, the ruthless party fixer and organizer. Once Gandhi determined the line to take, it was Patel who rammed it through, as at Tripura in 1939. He was creator of the political machine, and he virtually controlled the eight Congress ministries when they existed. He is a man of action, of practicality; the man who gets things done.

Patel is sixty-four. He is a solidly built man with a great bald skull; he looks rather like a Roman emperor in the heroic tradition. He calls himself a "simple farmer"—which he most distinctly is not—though he was born on a farm; someone said of him once that his only culture is "agriculture." He has nothing of Nehru's grace and intellectual precision, and very little of Rajagopalacharia's subtle inflections of mind and mood; he has no vision beyond the immediate task in hand, and almost none of Gandhi's religious impulses—for instance it is said that he had never read the Hindu scriptures till very recently.

Patel was born in the Kaira district of Gujerat. His father fought in the Sepoy Mutiny against Britain, and his elder brother was an eminent Congressman, but as a youth he showed little interest in politics. He was a pertinacious student; he decided to become a lawyer, and his subsequent career in criminal law was distinguished; he was a great defense attorney in murder cases. When Gandhi returned to India from South Africa Patel came under his spell. But it took some time to convert him. The story is told that, when Gandhi first entered the Ahmedabad club to convert the members to non-violence, Patel sat in a corner shrugging, playing cards, and cynically smiling. Then he saw Gandhiji's tremendous self-assurance, and, a strong man himself, came to admire him. When the Mahatma began the civil disobedience campaign Patel gave up his flourishing law practice, like Motilal Nehru, to join him.

Years ago Patel, whose nerves are filaments of ice, was arguing a case in court. A telegram was handed to him. It announced the

* Pronounced to rhyme with "lullaby."

death of his wife. He read it, folded it, put it in his pocket, and continued the case without interruption or change of mien.

The next member of the "zonal triumvirate," Moulana (roughly "Very Reverend") Abul Kalam Azad, is as different from Patel as is conceivable. The two represent utterly different worlds; but the link of Congress bridges their variegation. Moulana Abul Kalam, who is 50, is a Moslem theologian and philosopher, one of the most learned men of the East, a bookworm-intellectual, a savant, and the author of the best modern commentary on the Koran. He was born in Mecca in 1888, and went to Al Azhar University in Cairo, the most famous institution of learning in the Moslem world. Something of a prodigy, he was at fifteen a serious scholar in Persian, Arabic, and Moslem theology. He went to India (where his father had lived) and in 1912 founded an Urdu newspaper, *Al Hilal*, which had a sensational success. Abul Kalam was, though an orthodox Moslem, a modernist. His attitude toward Islam is reformist. He sought to bring the Moslems into the nationalist movement; he is one of the very few Indians who began important political agitation before Gandhiji's great entrance to the arena. As early as 1916 Abul Kalam was interned on a charge of revolutionary activity. He was released in 1920 and promptly joined the non-coöperation movement.³ In 1923 he was elected President of Congress—the youngest in its history. He became President again in 1940.

Abul Kalam's unique characteristic is his combination of classic theological training and modern outlook. He went to Al Azhar; but he wants to Latinize the various Indian scripts. He is an excellent political speaker and journalist, despite his absorption in holy books. Nowadays he lives in Calcutta when he is not traveling on Congress jobs. Like almost all leading Congressmen, he went to jail after war broke out.

If Patel is the ruthless fist of the Congress triumvirate, and Moulana Abul Kalam a part of its brain and spiritual enlightenment, then Babu Rajendra Prasad is its heart. This man has great personal quality. Prasad was born in 1884. He had a first-rate career at Calcutta University—his scholastic accomplishments are still talked of—

³ He was also a very prominent figure in what is known as the "Khilafat" issue; Gandhi worked closely with the Moslems in attacking the British because of the peace treaty with Turkey and the consequent reduction in power of the Turkish (Moslem) Caliph.

and then successively became teacher and professor of English, history, and economics, until he decided to devote himself to the law. He is one of the great lawyers of modern India. He earned a great deal of money, but when, in 1920, he resigned his practice to follow Gandhi and non-coöperation, he had exactly 15 rupees in the bank. He had given his entire fortune to poor students. He is one of Gandhi's warmest friends, and next to him is probably the most beloved man in India; he is mild and engaging in manner, and without an enemy. Prasad is a simple person, with little regard for personal appearance; he looks like an unkempt peasant. Once when he was in jail a delegation of British officials passed by his cell. "Obviously a criminal type," said one Englishman, pointing to him. Prasad smiled—not bothering to say that he spoke seven languages. Had he not joined Gandhi, he would have certainly reached the highest position possible to an Indian in British India; he would have been a Supreme Court Judge or a Provincial Governor. Since 1912 he has been a member of the All-India Congress Committee, and since 1922—twenty uninterrupted years—a member of the Working Committee. He was Congress President in 1934 and again in 1939. He is undisputed leader of Bihar.

Two other men should be mentioned in particular connection with Vallabhbhai Patel, because they too are far on the Right. One is Jamnalal Bajaj, the former treasurer of Congress; he is a very rich and successful business man, who renounced his titles and went to jail when he came under Gandhi's influence. He lives in Wardha, in the Central Provinces, which is one reason why the Mahatma lives there; usually he accompanies Gandhi on his travels. The other is Ghanshyamdas Birla, a Calcutta industrialist and millionaire. Like Bajaj, he belongs to the Marwari community (Hindus traditionally of the occupation of money-lenders); like Bajaj, he resists socialist influence in Congress. Commonly it is assumed that Birla very conspicuously helps to finance Congress. The organization could not live on its four anna subscriptions alone, and contributions from Birla and his friends are important. Birla, however, unlike Bajaj, is not a member of the Working Committee.

Congress Center

Three more members of the Working Committee, each in a special category, are the poetess Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, the soldier Khan Abdul Gaffar Khan, and the lawyer Bhulabhai J. Desai.

How can one possibly imprison Mrs. Naidu's tremendous and aggressively radiant personality in a paragraph or two? One of the great women of Asia, she is a poetess, a revolutionary, a passionate worker for Hindu-Moslem unity, an eloquent orator in several tongues, a politician, a soldier. For a time, when other members of the Working Committee were in jail in 1932, she was in charge of the entire civil disobedience movement. Mrs. Naidu is an exceptionally dominant individual. The story is that, on one occasion, the police were terrified by having to arrest her, and she visited police station after police station demanding to be jailed; the police, once they had her, dutifully took her advice on what to do next.

But her arduous career has not masculinized her. Mrs. Naidu is a woman. She loves life and laughter. She loves her children, her friends. She is the gayest politician in India, and the first Indian hostess of the land. She likes to bring people together, and her salon in the Taj Mahal Hotel in Bombay is famous.

Mrs. Naidu was born in 1879 in Hyderabad, Deccan, of a distinguished Brahman family. Her father was a Doctor of Science who went to Edinburgh University; her mother was a poetess of distinction, her husband a physician. She began writing poetry at the age of twelve, and next to Tagore she is the best known poet in India. She has traveled widely outside the country, and is probably the most cosmopolitan of the Indian leaders. She was President of Congress in 1925. She worked for days on her inaugural speech—she hates to write her speeches out—and then decided that she could not be bound by a mere manuscript and at the last moment delivered a quite different speech extemporaneously.

Once I asked Mrs. Naidu what made all the members of the Working Committee revolutionaries, what was the common denominator between them. She answered that it was because Indians were a subject people. She is a vibrant and emphatic nationalist. But she is other things too. She has worked forty years for the rights of women, against the abuses of *purdah* and child marriage, and for the intellectual and moral advance of India.

“The one sin,” she wrote once, “is fear . . . We are cowards by compulsion . . . How shall I bring together the scattered, demoralized, and conflicting forces of the Indian people? If only I could destroy this patience of yours!”

Khan Abdul Gaffel Khan (“Khan” means chief, and most Pathans

use the word at least once in their names) is the tall soldier from the North West frontier who is leader of the Red Shirts, the Congress private army in the frontier area. Their shirts are not red to indicate political conviction, but because brick dust provides the cheapest local dye. Khan Abdul differs from Moulana Abul Kalam, the only other Moslem on the Working Committee, considerably. He is a fighter, not a theologian; he is six feet six inches tall, and from head to heel a soldier. A devoted follower of the Mahatma, he is often called "the Frontier Gandhi." His political importance is that he, a Moslem, has great prestige in the frontier region, and made the victory of Congress possible there; the North West Frontier Province was the only Moslem province with a Congress government. The ex-prime minister, Dr. Khan Sahib, a doctor of medicine with an English wife, is his brother. Their grandfather, incidentally, fought in the Indian mutiny—on the British side.

If deadlock should some day come between Nehru on the Left and Patel on the Right for supreme headship of Congress, Bhulabhai Desai might be a compromise choice as leader. Until 1939 he led Congress in the Central Legislature at Delhi, and thus was Leader of His Majesty's Opposition in India; he will probably be the first federal prime minister of India, if Federation ever comes. Desai is a distinguished lawyer. Everyone refers to him by his first rather than his last name. He is a late-comer to Congress, having been active in politics only since about 1932. He then joined civil disobedience and dutifully went to jail; the British considered him to be extremely respectable, however, and his confinement was not arduous. Desai is a Brahman, but his religious sentiments are inconspicuous. He was born in Gujerat in 1877, his manner is suave and graceful, and Gandhi likes him.

The Brahman Savonarola

The former prime minister of Madras, though not at present a member of the Working Committee, is one of the half dozen most important men in India. He bears the complicated name of Chakravarti Rajagopalacharia (in Sanskrit Chakravarti means "World Conqueror"!), which is quite a mouthful even for Indians; everywhere he is known simply as "C. R." Rajagopalacharia, born of a distinguished Brahman family about sixty-three years ago, became a lawyer and then a politician; for twenty years he has been closer to Gandhi

(whose son married his daughter, as I have noted) than any other man in India except possibly Patel and Nehru. He is unchallenged boss of Madras, and a dominant figure—very much to the Right—in the party councils.

Rajagopalacharia looks like Savonarola. Indeed he might have been, as Mrs. Naidu has said, a wonderful Renaissance prince or prelate. An accomplished dialectician, he is sometimes called the "Tamil Mahatma"; the story is that at those supreme moments when even Gandhiji cannot devise a formula, C. R. is called in to invent one. His intellect is so subtle, so refined, so delicate, that one is tempted to ignore his capacities as an administrator, which are considerable. He could, like Rajendra Prasad, have reached any height in British India; like so many other Indians, he gave up everything to follow Gandhi. In 1940, like almost all his colleagues, he went to jail.

C. R. is a fanatic about three things: the first is prohibition. As soon as he assumed office he introduced the first prohibition legislation in India; he turned his own home district dry—oddly enough it has the name Salem, redolent of other puritanism across the sea. Second, he believes in *khaddar* and village spinning. Third, he wants economy in administration, and has drastically cut provincial salaries. Rajagopalacharia is deeply religious, a fanatic Brahman, and a confirmed ascetic. He is probably the only man alive—except John Tunis, the American tennis expert—who until last year had never seen a moving picture. Some friends prevailed upon C. R. to go to a Mickey Mouse film. The great Brahman was bewildered.

Among other former prime ministers I have mentioned briefly Dr. Khan Sahib on the Frontier. Two more who deserve a word are certainly Balghanghader G. Kher, prime minister of Bombay until the war, and Govind Vallabh Pant of the United Provinces. Kher was a dark horse, little known before 1935; he became prime minister partly because of rivalry between two more conspicuous men for the post, and Mr. Gandhi took him as a compromise candidate. He is an exceptionally modest man. The British governor of Bombay offered once to give him a large placard, "I AM PRIME MINISTER OF BOMBAY PRESIDENCY," to hang in front of his bed, so that he would see it on arising every morning and thus become more conscious of his importance. Kher, a Brahman, was a poor boy who—of all odd things—got his

education by reading to a blind man. His record in office was excellent, though Bombay, like all the other provinces, has been crippled by lack of revenue. Tremendous programs of social welfare and reform must await complete fiscal authority. Kher's most prominent cabinet minister was the eminent and quick spoken Gujarati scholar and lawyer, K. M. Munshi, in charge of law and order.

Pant (pronounced "Punt") is one of the ablest men in India. Massive in build, untidy in appearance, gentle and serene in casual talk but deadly in debate, he was born in the Himalayas of a high Brahman family, and settled in the U. P. as a youth. He had an exceptionally good academic career, and then a period as a lawyer; he soon left the bar, however, to join Congress and devote himself to public work. In his cabinet was Mrs. Pandit, Nehru's sister. He is called the best financial mind in Congress.

Bose and Left Wingers

A striking case is that of Subhas Chandra Bose, who was President of Congress in 1938 and who was elected for a second term in 1939. He was forced to resign, however, after a quarrel with Gandhi and Nehru, who distrusted his extremism. This man is a fanatic. In August 1939 he was forbidden to hold any Congress office for three years as a disciplinary measure, and he set about organizing and leading a rival group called the Forward Bloc. Nehru records his fears that Bose was going Fascist. Bose was arrested by the British in July 1940, and released after a hunger strike. He left India, and late in 1941 it was announced that "he had gone over to the enemy" and was believed to be in Berlin or Rome.

Bose was born in 1897 in Cuttack of a good middle-class family; he is one of the comparatively few Hindu politicians who is not a Brahman. When young Bose was about sixteen he ran away from home and wandered alone in the Himalayas, seeking spiritual refreshment. Like Buddha, he gave up family, wealth, material comforts, and secular affairs, and took refuge in mysticism. But he did not find the guidance he sought. He left the Himalayas after perhaps a year, and continued his pilgrimage in holy cities like Benares. Then suddenly he was stricken with typhoid fever; a friend discovered his identity and returned him to his anguished family, who had had no idea where he was.

Bose had several stormy years of education. He went to the Presi-

dency College in Calcutta, and joined a group which sensationaly thrashed an unpopular English professor who, they said, insulted the Indians. He was dismissed from college, and after an interval resumed his studies in England. At the Scottish Church College he took a B.A. degree with first class honors in philosophy. Then he was graduated with honors at Cambridge, and passed the examinations for the Indian Civil Service; he stood fourth in the list. It was his intention (Nehru had a similar idea) to enter the I. C. S.; but at the end of the war Gandhi and civil disobedience captured him as it captured almost everyone else, and he joined the Swaraj party.

After that his whole career, like that of Nehru, varied between public work as a Congressman and periods in jail. He was the most turbulent of the Indian leaders, and he served eleven prison terms. He organized the Independence League with Nehru in 1928, and was President of the All-India Trades Union Congress from 1929-31. Several times his health broke down, and he took one brief cure in Europe. In 1930 he was elected Mayor of Calcutta while still serving a jail term in Burma.

The British don't like Bose. They fear him, as they fear Nehru. His book, *The Indian Struggle*, is forbidden circulation in India, even though Nehru's more outspoken autobiography is allowed to be sold. Once when Bose was interned in Burma he saw a note in a Calcutta newspaper to the effect that he was "the soul" of the terrorist movement in Bengal; this was not true—Bose is not a terrorist—and he sued for libel. The newspaper appealed to the Government of India for evidence to back up the charge, but none was forthcoming, and Bose won the case, getting damages.

What Bose stands for is complete severance of the tie with Britain. He said as much frankly in his presidential address at the Haripura Congress in 1938. At about this time he began to show overtly Fascist tendencies. In Europe he had visited both Hitler and Mussolini, and he said that India had "nothing to fear from Japan." In Bose the totalitarian powers found an excellent potential Quisling. His hatred of Britain overrides all else.

* * * * *

Forty-year-old Jayaprakash Narayan, the founder of the Congress Socialist party, is a restless soul who has had a varied and picturesque career. He was born in a tiny village in Bihar; it is recorded that he

never saw a street car till he was 19. Then he went to—America. In eight years in the United States he studied at five different universities, starting in California, progressing to Iowa and Wisconsin, and steadily working his way east. He worked in a California orchard first, then as a packer in a jam factory, a mechanic, and a waiter. Later he returned to India, joined Nehru, went to prison, and emerged in 1933 to organize the first session of the Congress Socialist party, the left-wing bloc inside Congress. Another interesting socialist leader is M. R. Masani, the joint secretary of the party, a brilliant young Parsi.

The socialists include various types of Marxists. Most are fairly radical, though their main preoccupation is of course nationalist opposition to British rule. By and large they are anti-religious, and most of them do not believe in caste; indeed they are contemptuous of caste strictures, and consider the Untouchables from a class point of view, namely, that they are merely the submerged proletariat. The socialists want to organize India in terms of workers and peasants, not on the basis of religious community. The Right in Congress, on the other hand, tends naturally to cling to caste.

The communist party is illegal in India, but many individual communists join Congress. This is a recent development; the old communist line toward India was to consider Congress a bourgeois "agent of imperialism," but in these days communists are urged to become Congressmen. The socialists are inclined still to resent the former communist attitude. Communists are of several sorts, with Trotskyism fairly popular. The most interesting personality among communists or ex-communists—he has been disavowed by Moscow—is the well-known M. N. Roy, who has his own group, the "Royists." These are independent radicals within Congress, but conservative Congressmen disavow them. Roy, a handsome creature, has been a figure in three revolutions: Russian, Chinese, Indian. The Comintern sent him to Hankow in 1927, and his advice, overriding that of Borodin, helped to precipitate the break in the Kuomintang. On his return to India he spent several years in jail.

The World of the Great Princes

IN THESE Indian chapters so far we have been discussing British India. But there are two Indias. Unlike Gaul, India is divided into two parts. On the one hand there are the eleven provinces and various administrative districts of *British India*, ruled since the war by the Viceroy and the India Office in London (which is responsible to the British parliament), but to which the new Government of India Act brought at least the machinery of democracy. On the other hand there is the India of the native states, *Princely India*, which is totally a distinct and different matter.

British India is, in a word, the three-fifths of India which the British, beginning with the East India Company, carved out of the great sub-continent by force of arms. It is the direct result of imperialism of a very direct sort. Princely India in a word is the two-fifths of India which the British did not choose to conquer by this means. They control it as indisputably as they control British India, but in a different manner, through a series of complex treaties and the doctrine known as "paramountcy." The Princes recognize the suzerainty of the British Crown, but in everything except foreign affairs they consider themselves autonomous.

There are 562 princely or native states. Not being a part of British India, British law or laws made by Delhi do not affect them. They are not in the sphere of Provincial Autonomy. They have their own armies, governments, prime ministers, law courts, police; some have their own customs, railways, postage, coinage. No British troops are allowed in princely territory: but conveniently the British have "enclaves" at adjacent strategic points. The people in princely India are not, technically speaking, even British subjects, though they need British passports if they travel outside India. British imperialism again shows its amazing elasticity. . . . The Princes claim to be representatives of the original populations of India. Some, like the Rajputs, had ancient and distinguished kingdoms; some were Mahratta invaders and marauders; some came with Islam.

A word as to statistics. British India comprises roughly 818,000

square miles, with a population of 256,534,000 by the 1931 Census, more than twice the population of the United States. This is 58.2 percent of the area of All-India (excluding certain tribal areas), and 75.8 percent of the All-India population. Princely India covers 690,000 square miles (roughly 41.7 percent of the All-India total), and contains about 80,000,000 people, which is about 23.6 percent of the total population. Thus, whereas about two-fifths of India belongs to the Princes, their peoples number less than one-quarter of the total.

The main characteristic of the princely states is that they are unmitigated autocracies. They are anachronistic pools of absolutism in the modern world, and they control the lives and fortunes of 80,000,000 people. Slowly, stertorously, the route of democracy—however incomplete and hedged in with restrictions—advanced in British India at least till war came in 1939. But whether a native state should relax its autocratic absolutism—or not—has been purely its own business.

In most of the native states there is no *habeas corpus*. In only about 40 is judicial authority separated from executive authority. Only about 40 out of 562 have High Courts; only about 30 have any so-called legislatures, and these are consultative in power, with nominated members in most cases. In some states newspapers are forbidden; in most the ruler has life and death powers over his subjects; in some the people may be bought and sold like serfs. In most states the ruler, who may be recklessly extravagant, commands the entire state income. There are, it should be noted, a few—a very few—“good” states, like Mysore and Travancore, where administration is in general as good as in British India, or better. But states like Mysore are exceptional.

The anomaly, the paradox, between the law of British India and the lack of law in the native states, became too glaring. It was impossible for fairminded people to envisage the spectacle of three-fifths of India progressing toward self-government, no matter with what lurching interruptions, while two-fifths remained purely feudal. It was bad morals. It was bad politics. It was unworkable and archaic.

Thus came the tremendous project of Federation. The Government of India Act is in two parts; the first set up Provincial Autonomy in British India, as we know, the second proposed federation of British India with the Princely States, in order to abolish the anomaly of two Indias, and to bring the Princes and the provincial governments into a single federal structure. The British had several motives for this. I will discuss them later. The point to make now is that the project

of Federation, or coalescence, was the biggest problem of contemporary India, until the war washed it—and so much else—temporarily aside. It is in fact one of the biggest—and most onerous and exacting—problems in the world, that of trying to create a United India for the first time in centuries. After the war, it will return, if any India survives.

And what manner of men are these Princes, these Maharajas, who now face the threshold of modern times?

The late Maharaja of Alwar

In 1938 a man died in Paris. His name was Alwar. More completely, his name was Colonel His Highness Sewai Maharaj Shri Jey Singhji, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., Maharaja of Alwar. He ruled a state in Rajputana, near Delhi, 3,158 square miles in extent (half the size of New Jersey), with a population of 750,000, and an annual income of 3,680,000 rupees (\$1,261,000). He had an army of about 1,250 men, and a police force of 883. His salute was 15 guns.

This Maharaja of Alwar was one of the most extraordinary human beings of recent times. He was a little bit of a saint; and a great deal of a sadist. He was double-natured to an amazing degree, combining extreme purity of motive with the most savage cruelty. He was like a prince in 16th century Italy: crazy, cruel, brilliant, devious, and indescribably arrogant, a bizarre creature of pride and vice.

He could not bear that anyone should touch him. Once at dinner a lady, admiring a ruby on his finger, asked to inspect it. Promptly he took the ring off and gave it to her. She handed it back. He gave the ruby to the servant behind him, with the words, "Wash it."

But this was an unusual occurrence, because as a rule the Maharaja of Alwar wore gloves in company. One story is that, when he was about to be received at Buckingham Palace, the court chamberlains were paralyzed with embarrassment, because they knew that Alwar never took his gloves off, and also that the late King George V had said that he would not shake hands with "that man" with his gloves on. Until the last possible moment, as he advanced, Alwar kept his hands concealed—and all the servants in suspense. Then, with an arrogant gesture, he did condescend to expose his right hand.

Alwar had a savage sense of humor. On a trip he got word that his "guru," or spiritual adviser, had died at home. Alwar wanted to

see him once more, and ordered the body to be pickled in spirits until his return.

He was insanely proud. He once telegraphed a friend that he could not keep an appointment in Bombay because he had missed not his train, but his "special train." As if a man could miss a special train! The point was that his credit was exhausted, and the railway people would not give him any more special trains.

He spent a very considerable share of the state revenues on himself. For some years he blocked stubbornly an attempt by the British to push a road through his territory which would link Delhi and Jaipur by a direct route. He protested that the road would spoil his tigers! He would order ditches dug across the new road every night, to obstruct it.

He was a wonderful shot. This, however, did not assuage the feelings of native women, his subjects, when he took their living babies for bait at tiger shoots. He would say calmly that they should not worry, he was sure to get the tiger before the tiger got the baby.

Sometimes, to improve shooting, he would remove, tear up, eradicate, destroy whole villages, and let the people roam away to starve.

He constantly quarreled with the British in his capital. One British official plead with him not to be "vindictive." It was the word of rebuke the Englishman always chose. One day he came to see Alwar, quivering with horrified rage. Before he could say anything, Alwar walked to the writing table, scribbled on it, and said, "I know what you are going to say. I will write what you are going to say." And he handed the official a piece of paper scrawled with the word "vindictive."

What Alwar had done was to take a pony which had disappointed him in a polo match, pour gasoline over it, and set it afire, alive.

Finally the British deposed Alwar. In extreme cases, the government of India will "extern" an errant prince. But only half a dozen have been so excommunicated in recent years, and usually it is for a political, not a personal offense. The British eliminate a Maharaja only with extreme reluctance, and generally only if he gets politically unruly. Alwar might have gone on murdering polo ponies for years. But he was considered "unreliable." Also part of his realm had risen in revolt. . . .

Alwar died in Paris in exile. His body was shipped home to India, embalmed by a special process so that the corpse might be properly

exhibited. He wished this. He was carried through the streets of his capital, his dead face haughty, dressed in his most blazing uniform, his jewels resplendent—and with sunglasses to “protect” his eyes! And some of the Alwar citizenry lined the streets, watched the grisly procession, bowed to the ground as they had when the ruler passed in life, groaned, and wept.

A Bouquet of Princes

Alwar was not typical. There are maharajas of many groups and breeds. Indeed it is almost impossible to generalize about them. There are maharajas of subtle and sophisticated intelligence, like the late Gaekwar of Baroda, and men of the highest morality, like the late Maharaja of Mysore; there are others in the Central Indian Agency who are literally savages. There are maharajas with rubies on their toes worth \$100,000; there are others whose annual income is only a few rupees.

Their names and titles are fantastic, like the Jam of Nawanagar or the Wali of Swat. To address the Maharaja of Patiala correctly, one has to insert somewhere in the name, which is elephantine in length anyway, the word “Sri” (lord) 108 times. To shorten the process (I am cutting out innumerable sub-names), the Maharaja of Patiala is called simply Lieutenant-General His Highness Farzand-i-Khas-i-Daulat-i-Englishia Sri 108 Maharajadhiraj Mohinder Bahadur. The “108” goes in like an algebraic device.

Some maharajas in Rajputana belong to the “Solar” or “Lunar” branches of Rajputs; some derive from the Abbasid caliphs of Bagdad; one, Jaisalmer, claims descent literally from Krishna, the Hindu god. One maharaja, the ruler of Aundh, has written a book on physical culture; another, Rewa, aged only 37, asserts that he has already shot five hundred tigers. Several rulers, like Vadia, enforce prohibition in their states; others have consumed more than a normal quota of champagne. In one state the chief justice was also chief inspector of dancing girls.

One maharaja, young Cooch Behar, went to Harrow and Trinity Hall, Cambridge; several have never been to school at all. One maharaja, Ihrangadhra, has been married five times, and one, who shall be nameless, has at least a hundred children; others are as ascetic as Mysore or as frugal as Hyderabad. One maharaja, Rajpipla, won the Derby in 1934 with Windsor Lad; one, Indore, lost his throne over

the affair of Mumtaz Begum, a dancing girl; one, Gondal, is an M.D. from Edinburgh and has written a history of Aryan medical science.

Sometimes the language of maharajas is flowery. One, Balasinor, belongs to people "famous not for their kingly pomp, dignity, and splendor, but for their luxuriance of benevolence and exuberance of magnificence." Sometimes floweriness in speech is all they have. Some maharajas are as poor as others are inordinately and fantastically rich. Hyderabad is enormous, but Banka has an area of five square miles. Consider Amrapur, population 407, area two square miles; Bihora, population 266, area 1.75 square miles; and Bilbari, population 27, area 1.65 square miles. The annual revenue of Bilbari is solemnly given as 80 rupees (\$29.60).

The princes have, and have had for more than fifteen years, a sort of trade union. It is called the Chamber of Princes; every maharaja with a salute of eleven guns or more is a member with one vote; 127 states with fewer guns share twelve other votes. In recent years the chancellorship has more or less alternated between the maharajas of Patiala and of Bikaner. The Chamber does not do too much. Most members are jealous of their comrades, and states like Mysore and Hyderabad participate little. It has no legislative powers.

The things the maharajas are proudest of are not their jewels, not their harems, not their unctuous splendor (if they can afford splendor), but their salutes in guns. Take a gun away from a maharaja; it means more than losing an arm. Sometimes people suggest that giving certain princes more guns would be a convenient form of bribery. But it wouldn't work. The gun structure is more complex, more zealously guarded, than the hierarchy of Burke's peerage. Some states, like Jaipur and Jodhpur, are, the British admit, "undergunned," but to step them up would cause no end of trouble.

The maharajas with guns are so sensitive about them because they are a symbol of sovereignty; the British *raj* salutes them thus. The guns make a considerable racket. When the Chamber of Princes meets in Delhi, and each prince gets his salute on arrival at the railway station, the noise is cataclysmic. The princes, like children, adore this. The rule is that no salutes are fired on Sunday. Some princes wait in their royal trains all day Sunday, if they arrive that day, so that the proper salutes may be fired Monday morning.

149 of the 562 states have guns. The others are condemned to permanent stony silence. There are only five 21-gun states; these are

the lush states, the states with biceps and heavy shoulders. They are Hyderabad, Mysore, Baroda, Kashmir, Gwalior. There are six 19-gun states—Kalat, Indore, Bhopal, Kholapur, Travancore, and Udaipur. And there are twelve with 17 guns—Rewa, Cochin, Patiala, Bahawalpur, Jaipur, Jodhpur, Bundi, Bikaner, Kotah, Bharatpur, Tonk, and Kutch.

The British control the princely states through an organism known as the Political Department. This is the branch of the Delhi government, responsible directly to the Viceroy, which appoints the British Residents and Agents-General scattered throughout Princely India. Not every state has a British resident; for instance the Maharaja of Bikaner is permitted to rule without one. Several states, like Jaipur and Jodhpur, share one resident; the smaller states are grouped together into agencies, and one British agent-general may have thirty or forty different petty states to handle. The residents in the 21-gun states are usually distinguished members of the Indian Civil Service who are near retirement but have missed becoming governors of provinces in British India, the supreme job. They get Mysore or Hyderabad as compensation.

Often it is said that the British residents directly rule the states. The generalization is too broad. Circumstances vary. The ordinary maharaja takes good care to be on good terms with the Resident, and as a rule sees eye to eye with him. Residents seldom have to dictate to maharajas. All the states admit the sovereignty of the British crown, and the Resident seldom interferes with internal administration. "The most important part of a Resident's job," I heard it said, "is what he doesn't do." In the event of grave crisis, of course the British *raj* can do anything it likes.

Almost every maharaja has, if not a complete cabinet, a prime minister, the *Dewan*. The maharaja may himself be the head of the cabinet council, in which case the *Dewan* becomes vice-president; in most cases the *Dewan*, whatever his official title, does the work. These *Dewans* are a curious phenomenon. They are chosen from any part of India and from any profession, though most of them are lawyers; they are not necessarily citizens of the states they administer; often they circulate, serving several states in succession, as a kind of special caste of itinerant prime ministers. Some are exceptionally able and distinguished men. As a rule a maharaja choosing a *Dewan* consults the Political Department as to the talent available, and—as a rule

but not always—consent of the Political Department is necessary before an appointment takes effect.

Now, an illuminating point, some twenty Dewans are not Indians but British. These are usually retired members of the Indian Civil Service who are offered private jobs with maharajas and who accept; they are—I mean no offense—political mercenaries. They have no formal or official relation with British India; they owe allegiance solely to the native state that employs them. Jaipur, Jodhpur, Cooch Behar, Bundi, Tonk, Kapurthala, are among important states with British Dewans. The only 21-gun state ever to have had a British Dewan was Kashmir. In addition many states, like Hyderabad and Rampur, employ British experts as finance ministers; many choose British retired colonels as military advisers, like Jaipur; several, like Mysore, appoint retired British judges as justices of their High Courts.

The Political Department, it goes without saying, knows everything it needs to know about every maharaja. Several might well be potential Fifth Columnists in the event of a Japanese invasion of India. The attitude of the princes to one phase of warfare was nicely expressed by a resolution in March, 1941, when they agreed to "express unanimous abhorrence at the German outrage in bombing Buckingham Palace."

The Miser of Hyderabad

Hyderabad is the premier Indian state. It is a solid block of territory in the center of India, with a population of 14,500,000, an area of 82,698, square miles (as big as Kansas, bigger than England and Wales), and an annual revenue of 85,000,000 rupees. Its ruler, the Nizam, is the only Indian potentate entitled to be called His "Exalted" Highness. He was born in 1886, and is a slight, shy, strange, and cultivated man.

H. E. H. the Nizam of Hyderabad is popularly reputed to be the richest man in the world, though the Emperor of Japan would outrank him by some standards. No one can estimate the amount of his fortune accurately, but competent guesses put his annual income at \$50,000,000, his fortune in gold bars at \$250,000,000, and his collection of jewelry at no less than \$2,000,000,000. Not everyone knows that, despite his incredible wealth, the Nizam is afflicted with almost pathological tendencies to parsimony. His palace is shabby; his habits are frugal;

he drives a 26 year-old Rolls-Royce. The story is that he selects his own mangoes, haggling over the price, and that to save laundry bills he wears one ancient white suit, and rests in his bath while it is being patched or washed.

The Nizam often writes poems in Persian; recently he broke into print in English with a Christmas lyric:

Blest in his birth, the son of Miriam came,
Heaven's secret—and man's glory at its height!
Auspicious fate! the Magic of his name,
Fills votaries' hearts with love, their eyes with light.

Auspicious hour that to the Temple brought
The living Word, the Messenger ordained,
As though the breath of Morn life's garden sought
And Rose and Nightingale in love enchanted!

Spring blew its breath into the crystal bowl,
To give a brighter color to the Wine;
And that December for the World's dead soul
Held in the Cup of Life a draught divine!

Osman! He came as Prophet and as Guide
To lead the Nations in the Righteous Way.
The Faith was firmly planted ere he died,
His destined task completed in his day.

—Reprinted from the *Madras Mail*.

The Nizam is a Moslem of distinguished lineage; under the ruling clique of Moslem landlords and aristocrats, however, the people are 90 per cent Hindus. This makes the chief political issue in Hyderabad, though the state is fairly tranquil as a rule . . . The wives of the Nizam's two sons are cousins; one is a daughter, one a niece, of the last Sultan of Turkey. No Nizam, incidentally, has ever left India.

The Nizam is fortunate in that his Dewan or prime minister is quite possibly the most distinguished Indian politician outside Congress, 73 year-old Sir Akbar Hydari.¹ Born in Bombay of a good but not rich Moslem family, Hydari had a brilliant scholastic career, and then entered the Indian Audit and Accountancy Service, which in those days was the only imperial service in which Indians had much

¹ Sir Akbar Hydari, who had become one of the Indian members of the Viceroy's enlarged Executive Council, died early in 1942.

chance. He rose quickly, went to Hyderabad, and became finance minister to the former Nizam, though the British resented his appointment. He was considered too able, too independent; he did not get a knighthood till 1928. Now, however, the British admire him, and recognize the great rôle he may play if Federation ever comes; he is one of the very few Indians who is a Privy Counsellor. His son, a civil servant, is married to a Swedish lady. A great humanist, Hydari is proud of two achievements; he founded the Osmania University in Hyderabad, and he was largely responsible for the restoration of the incomparable Ajanta caves. Pavlawa once created and named a dance for him.

The Nizam was supposed to be somewhat cool to the idea of Federation, because he knew that inevitably it would induce some democratization in his domain; an era will end, and neither Hyderabad nor any state will be quite the autocracy it was. But Akbar Hydari, of all the Dewans of India, is the one who favors Federation most.

The State of Mysore

Mysore, in the deep south, with almost as many people as Belgium or the City of New York, is called a model state. In education, public health, electrification of villages, irrigation, industrialization, it has accomplishments that British India might well emulate. Two remarkable men were largely responsible for this, the late Maharaja of Mysore and his prime minister, Sir Mirza Ismail.

The Maharaja—who died recently—was an absolutist, but his autocracy no more resembled that of princes like the Maharajas of Alwar or Patiala than tea resembles ink. They had a generic relationship; that is all. Mysore was one of the saintliest men in India. He had no vices, no interest in the life of the flesh; he lived remotely in his palace, a recluse and an ascetic; he spent each week-end in prayer and meditation. Almost uniquely among maharajas, he lived on a civil list, with his personal moneys separate from State funds. He had a Moslem Dewan, a British private secretary, and a Christian aide-de-camp.

The Maharaja of Mysore took Hinduism, his religion, with extreme seriousness, though he was not a Brahman. For many years he refused to leave India, because orthodox Hindus lose caste by crossing water; in 1936, however, he made his first trip to Europe. The Maharaja always travelled in a special train to avoid pollution; the

story was that he bathed, to remove pollution, even after receiving such a foreigner as the British Resident. On the other hand, once he got to London he went about almost as an ordinary tourist, insisting with alacrity on seeing everything. He once made a pilgrimage to Tibet.

Sir Mirza Ismail, the Dewan, is a shrewd, industrious, highly competent administrator who knows every stick and stone in Mysore, who looks under the carpets in public buildings to see if any dust is there, and who is a kind of super-efficiency expert for the whole state. He is a Mohammedan, whose family came from Persia three generations ago; his father was an A. D. C. to the Maharaja's father, and he and the late Maharaja grew up together; they were friends for forty years. Ismail has a passion for neatness, for precision. He has considerable political sense, and keeps in touch with everything;² he wants to industrialize Mysore by sound engineering methods. He and Gandhi are good friends, though he does not get on with Nehru.

Sir Mirza's family only recently came out of *purdah*. He has strong instincts for public service, and his son, too, recently became a Dewan—the youngest in India—in the small state of Banganapalle, near Madras. He believes in efficiency and in education. Ismail has influenced and trained several young maharajas elsewhere; the rulers of both Travancore and Gwalior, for instance, are his protégés. His salary is modest considering his job—5,000 rupees per month, or \$1850.

Ismail is an emphatic proponent of Federation. He thinks princes who oppose it are foolishly obscurantist, since Federation—if it comes—should be a kind of insurance for their survival. But he wants a *quid pro quo* for Mysore's entry to the federal scheme. It is in two parts, (a) removal of the British garrison from the vicinity of Bangalore, (b) reduction in the "tribute" which Mysore pays the British *raj*.

The Congress has recently renewed political agitation in most of the princely states, especially the advanced ones like Mysore. This is, of course, so that Congress will have a good foothold if Federation comes, and in order to exert pressure on the maharajas. Most of the princely authorities have vigorously opposed such agitation. Congress has been declared illegal in Hyderabad and Travancore, and late in

² He subscribes to the *New York Times*, the Books supplement of the *New York Herald-Tribune*, the *New York Nation* (to tell him about the Left), the *Chicago Tribune* ("to get the point of view of the Middle West" he told me), the *Reader's Digest*, and of course all the British political periodicals.

1938 demonstrations were put down with serious bloodshed in several states.

Travancore

This—if you forget its opposition to Congress—is one of the most progressive states in India. Like Mysore, it is run by an exceptionally competent Dewan, Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyer. Aiyer was for a long time a Congressman, who once worked closely with Nehru; he left Congress, had a scholarly career at the bar, went to London with the Round Table Conference, wrote a constitution for Kashmir, and for a time was an acting cabinet minister in Delhi. In 1936 he entered the service of the youthful Maharaja of Travancore. The state has the best literacy rate in India—41 percent—and has had a legislative council since 1888.

One reason why both Mysore and Travancore have had such good administrations—though one must keep in mind that, like all the states, they are autocracies—is that each was ruled for long years by a very exceptional woman. Before the last Maharaja of Mysore began to rule his mother was Regent for ten years, and a wise old woman she was; similarly Travancore had a decade of regency under a Maharanee of conspicuous ability. Incidentally in Travancore and other regions in the extreme south, like the Malabar Coast, inheritance is not from father to son but from uncle to nephew; society is matriarchal, and succession—in the matter of ordinary property rights and inheritance as well as princely rule—is through a woman.

Travancore became famous in 1936 for opening its temples to the Untouchables. This was an unprecedented step, particularly notable because Travancore like the rest of southern India was a hotbed, a citadel, of extreme religious conservatism. The youthful maharaja, on Aiyer's advice, decided nevertheless to give the miserable Untouchables the right to pray. The sensation was considerable. This decision was made in good faith and basically for humanitarian reasons, but politics had something to do with it too, because Untouchables were turning Christian by the thousand, and joining the large Christian population of Travancore (mostly agricultural workers descended from Syrian settlers) to make political agitation. A proposal was on the books to enlarge the Travancore legislature with a new suffrage law. The Untouchables and Christians started a boycott which took an anti-Maharaja tinge. This frightened the dominant Brahmins.

The reform has also been useful in that Untouchables from all parts of India have poured into Travancore, in order to pray, which has increased tourist revenue.

The nearby state of Cochin early in 1938 initiated a considerable political reform, creation of a ministry actually responsible to a legislature. This shows how the democratic wind is blowing in the native states. A nephew of a former Maharaja of Cochin recently resigned from the ruling house, joined Congress, and became a Congress organizer.

Kashmir and the Former Mr. A.

In considerable contrast to Mysore and Hyderabad is the third of the great 21-gun states, Kashmir in the far north. Its complexion is the reverse of Hyderabad's, since it is a ninety-two percent Moslem state ruled by an infinitesimal Hindu oligarchy. It is bigger than Hyderabad, (85,885 square miles), but its population, 3,646,000, is much less. The maharaja, born in 1895, faced severe internal discontent which grew into an armed uprising in 1932. A commission of inquiry headed by a recent head of the Political Department, Sir Bertrand Glancy, reported on a number of grievances and suggested reforms. For instance Kashmir has 1,990 villages, but only 842 primary schools; there were complaints of forced labor for the benefit of the state; widespread corruption was found in the police and other administrative officials. Kashmir is one of the backward states of India. The Hindu oligarchy demands the strictest observance of religious principles, though the population is overwhelmingly Moslem. And the Moslems don't like it that they have to go to jail for seven years if they kill a cow.

The Maharaja of Kashmir and Jammu is named Sir Hari Singh. In 1925 in London, as "Mr. A." he was the central figure and victim in a celebrated £300,000 blackmail case. In court Sir John Simon called him "a poor, green, shivering, abject wretch."

The Three Mahratta States

Baroda is one of the great states. The venerable Maharaja Gaekwar, its ruler for 63 years, ascended the throne as a boy of 13; this was in 1875, before Queen Victoria became Empress of India. For many years Baroda was probably the most modern and progressive native

state, but lately others have been catching up, especially since Gaekwar was too old to pay close attention to administration. Baroda is rich, it faces the sea, and its people are hard-working and lively Gujeratis and Mahrattas. It is the scene of much of Louis Bromfield's novel, *The Rains Came*. Gaekwar died in January, 1939.

He was an extraordinarily compelling old man—and with an extraordinarily compelling old consort—who was the son of a poor shepherd; nevertheless, he was adjudged the rightful successor to the previous maharaja. He got into trouble at the 1912 Durbar by not bowing low enough to King George V. Beyond dispute one of the ablest men in India, he was also popular and respected elsewhere. He was the first native ruler, be it said to his honor, to introduce free and compulsory primary education in his realm. He had a jeweled sword worth \$1,200,000.

The ruler of the nearby state Gwalior, also a 21-gun state, is a young man of 25, very much dominated by his mother. He is one of the richest men in India, and his army is supposed to be the best native force. He has a British finance minister. He is unmarried. The story is that in 1937 he set out with a retinue of 5,000 to pay court to a lady in Bengal, the sister of the Maharaja of Tripura; his mother disapproved of the match and went on hunger strike until it was called off. Gwalior is one of the states advanced enough to encourage civil aviation, which till recently has been backward in India; like Indore and Bhopal, it helps to subsidize the new Tata air service. Gwalior has 3,500,000 people.

Indore, a 19-gun state, is also ruled by descendants of the Mahratta conquerors. The Maharaja, born in 1908, went to Christ Church, Oxford, and was invested with ruling powers in 1930 following the abdication of his father. Indore is one of the more progressive states; recently it followed Travancore to give temple entry to the Untouchables. The army head is British. Indore's father, the previous Maharaja, left India and married an American, Nancy Miller, following the Mumtaz Begum affair. Mumtaz was one of his dancing girls; she was abducted by a rich and madly infatuated Bombay merchant, Bawla by name; whereupon some of the Maharaja's retainers followed her to Bombay and murdered Bawla.⁸

⁸ Early in 1939 the new Maharaja also married an American, a lady who had been his daughter's nurse.

Patiala, Bikaner, Others

One of the grimmest and most backward states, until recently at least, was Patiala. If the Nizam of Hyderabad is known as His Exalted Highness, the old Maharaja of Patiala was called His "Exhausted" Highness. He had a prodigious harem, and a considerable part of his activity was the acquisition of young ladies to freshen it. In 1930 an organization known as "Patiala Enquiry Committee," appointed by the Indian States Peoples Conference, wrote a long report charging the old Maharaja with most of the crimes and sins in the calendar, from lechery to murder. He was said to have spent sixty percent of the state income on himself, and to have had 3,500 servants. The old man had a special title—"Favorite Son of the British Empire"—and was an A. D. C. to the King-Emperor.⁴ He was suspicious of the Federation idea, and hired the eminent lawyer Bhulabhai Desai to give his legal opinion of the scheme; Desai told him that it was probably the best he could expect. The old Maharaja died in 1938.

Patiala is the premier Sikh state. Of its 1,625,520 people the males never cut their beard or hair. For many years it was as completely repressive an autocracy as India could show. Recently a committee was appointed to set up a constitutional assembly, but it was announced that the sovereign would have the right of veto over any acts of the legislature. In Patiala's capital, according to Sir William Barton, are dog kennels of unrivaled splendor. For the 95 royal dogs three English trainers are provided; the dog hospital has three wards and an operating theater, which "put to shame" military hospitals in the rest of India. The kennels are "specklessly clean, with tiled walls and electric light." Tiled walls and electric light are not, however, among the ornaments of civilization which have reached the human beings of Patiala's realm.

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Probably the most "typical" Maharaja, the perfect picture of proud and glittering regality, is Bikaner. This tremendous fellow, born in 1880, has been on his throne since 1887, and celebrated his golden

⁴ British morals are very odd. No one objected to Patiala's fondness for hosts of Indian women. But if a Maharaja takes a *foreign* mistress, the British are extremely severe, and do not receive her officially.

jubilee last year. Always very close to England, during the Munich crisis of September 1938 he was the first Indian potentate to offer his services to the British crown. Handsome, despotic, magnificent, the Maharaja of Bikaner is a complete autocrat, with no nonsense about cabinets or legislatures, but he has tempered autocracy with a good deal of practical benevolence; his state is fairly well run. It is largely his creation, in that before his reign, with only 17 guns, it was not considered one of the two or three which really count. Bikaner was one of the fathers of the Federation idea, but now has cooled to it. *This scheme is not quite the Federation he had counted on.*

Tragedy dimmed the later years of the Maharaja of Bikaner as it did those of the Emperor Franz Josef of Austria; his favorite son was found shot, together with his A. D. C., in circumstances which like the Mayerling tragedy in Austria have never been fully explained. The Maharaja has a very large harem, and his wives are in the strictest kind of *purdah*. A visitor may see the harem building outside, humming with activity and full of lights; but no one can get in. Not even the British Vicerine, visiting Bikaner on a state visit, has met any of the wives. Bikaner's present heir, a plump young man, is one of the first shots in India.

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The Rajput states are fascinating. They are in the west of India, and are strongly Hindu. Udaipur, with its enchanting capital built on glimmering lakes, considers itself the senior Rajput state, a title to which Bikaner jealously objects; but Udaipur has not the political importance of Bikaner. According to legend, there is a "curse" on the house of Udaipur, and no eldest son except the present one has ever inherited rule. Many centuries ago the Maharana (not Maharaja) of Udaipur had a beautiful daughter; the rulers of nearby Jaipur and Jodhpur paid court to her. They invaded the Udaipur realm when both suits were rejected, determined to win her; the Udaipur ruler solved the dilemma and escaped from invasion by the simple expedient of murdering the young lady. She was forced to walk through fire. Then her true beloved laid the curse on the house. . . . The present Maharana (which is supposed to be a "higher" title than Maharaja) of Udaipur is an invalid.

Jaipur, another great Rajput state, is ruled by an attractive lad who is one of the best polo players in the world. He inserts the word

“Sawai” before his name; this means “one-and-a-quarter,” since the Jaipur tradition is that the ruler is not merely a maharaja, but a maharaja and one fourth.⁵ Underneath each royal flag in Jaipur city, built of beautiful pink stone, is a little flag, one-quarter the size of the big one, to denote this twenty-five percent bulge on rivals. Jaipur is supposed to be descended from the sun, like the Emperor of Japan. In fact he was actually an adopted son of the previous Maharaja, who was frightened by a soothsayer who told him that he would lose his throne if any legitimate son should reach maturity.

The administration of Jaipur is excellent, and for some years was controlled by a first-class British Dewan, Colonel Sir H. Beauchamp St. John. The state is feudal in economic organization, and the big political issue is the attempt by the *thakurs* or great landowners to retain their power. The Maharaja will no longer send police to help the *thakurs* collect their rents, which makes them angry. Jaipur is a citadel of intense Hinduism; recently the Brahmins stirred up an unpleasant riot because some Untouchables dared to have a banquet, with their food cooked in butter. The penalty for killing a peacock in Jaipur, even accidentally, is six months in jail.

A familiar problem of intelligently run states like Jaipur is lack of men. The British make every effort to get order into things, to find good men who can be built up into an administrative *cadre*. One reason why Jaipur and Jodhpur are in good condition is that the rulers had long minorities. The British like this; it gives them opportunity to spend some years in training the potentates and their officials in responsibility.

An interesting state is Bhopal, ruled by a young Moslem, the Nawab Sir Mohammed Hamidullah Khan. Until 1926, Bhopal had been governed for eighty years by a line of able Moslem women; four of them—a unique occurrence in India—took the throne in succession. Then in 1926 the reigning lady abdicated in favor of her third son, the present ruler, whom she had trained as her secretary. Abdication was necessary because, had she died, the succession would have gone to a nephew by another son, whom she thought not to be capable. Young Bhopal is a conscientious and accessible ruler. Every day he walks alone down the palace avenue, slowly, and any person may

⁵ Incidentally, both Jaipur and his neighbor Jodhpur detested Alwar, whom they refused to call with the title “Highness.” So Alwar added the word “God” to his name!

approach and address him ; at the same time his consort, the Begum, receives any Moslem woman who wishes to talk to her.

Federation Versus Congress

We now come to the attitude of the princes to the project that will determine their future, namely Federation. As we know, the whole Federation project is on the shelf for the duration of the war ; nevertheless, its potential importance is extreme, and makes a few paragraphs of discussion necessary.

That the princes will lose a good deal by Federation goes without saying. First, though they may maintain their legal status as separate entities, they are bound to be bereft of some sovereignty. The laws of the new Central Legislature will, for the first time, extend to Princely India, if the framework of the present scheme is followed.

Second, they may lose a number of special privileges. Federation will be a myth or a joke if states are permitted to retain such ornaments to "national" dignity as their own postage stamps and coins.

Third, some of them will suffer severe financial losses. Many states have their own customs régimes ; about twenty percent of the state revenues of Jaipur, to take one example, come from import tariffs. Yet internal tariffs must disappear if Federation is to be more than a fiction. As the Government of India Act is now drawn, the native states will not be subject to federal income tax, but other British Indian taxes, notably a corporation tax, will hit them.

Fourth, most of the states think they will lose what is more important to a despot than rubies, namely, prestige. They feel that "they will become pawns in a British game to set off the radicalism of British India."

On the other hand, the native states are likely to derive certain considerable advantages from Federation.

First, at least when the project was originally broached, the princes hoped that it might release them from the occasionally onerous demands of the Political Department. They would, they thought, be partners in a free union, not vassals of the government of India.

Second, while Federation would tend to reduce certain of their rights, it would also be a fixed and final guarantee that the states should survive as separate organisms. The princes would be surrendering minor privileges in return for permanent security against demands by Congress to abolish them.

Third, Federation as envisaged by the 1935 Act gives the princes stronger representation in the Central Legislature than their numerical proportion justifies.

In curious fact, Federation was first suggested by the princes themselves. Two Dewans, one of Bhopal, the other of Bikaner, were the fathers of the idea, together with the great Allahabad lawyer Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru. The project was presented suddenly by the maharajas at the first Round Table Conference in 1931, partly to British surprise; London didn't think the princes were ready for such an evolution. The British then seized the chance to push it.

The position today is simply that the federal provisions of the 1935 Act are not yet in force. "Instruments of accession" were prepared several times and early in 1939 a final draft was submitted to the various princes; each instrument differs according to the special treaty rights and privileges of each state. It was an extraordinarily complicated legal job to draw them up, 562 in all.

Federation was scheduled to go into effect when states comprising fifty-one percent of the total population of Princely India signed these instruments of accession. Thus if Hyderabad, Mysore, Kashmir, Baroda, and a few more of the big states should signify their consent, the others must follow or be left out in an unpredictable void. The princes of course want concessions and special favors as a price for signing up. But if Federation were merely a matter of the British and the princes, it would come into force to-morrow, the war emergency aside. There is a third great factor to consider—the Indian National Congress which hates the princes violently.

The Congress is split on some issues. On one issue it is unanimous and solid—opposition to Federation. It opposes it—at least this scheme of Federation—for a variety of reasons:

First, coming into force of Federation would set the seal on the whole Government of India Act, many provisions of which Congress still bitterly opposes, for instance the Viceroy's right of veto and his reserved powers on matters like Defense and Foreign Affairs. Federation would serve to "freeze" the 1935-39 situation.

Second, Congress claims that Federation is simply a device whereby the British aim to procure a conservative anti-national majority in the Central Legislature for many years. The princely delegates, it is presumed, will vote on the British side. The British will use the princes, the Congress feels, as their bulwark against the Indian people.

Third, the princes have too much representation in the projected new legislature. They represent only one-quarter of the population of All-India, but they are given 104 seats in the projected Council of State, as against 156 for the rest of India, and 125 in the projected Legislative Assembly, as against only 250 for the rest of India.

Fourth, according to the Act at present, the princely delegates to the new legislature will be nominated, not elected, i.e., they will be nothing but mouthpieces of the rulers. The Congress, which stands for Indians on an All-India basis, says that it cannot possibly "desert" the peoples of the native states, who will have fewer privileges under Federation than the people of the provinces. The British too agree that this is an anomaly. As Congress infiltration into the states began, the Delhi authorities hinted that the maharajas might wisely "prepare the way" for democratization. Early in 1939 Lord Linlithgow, the Viceroy, warned the states pointedly to put their domains in better order.

Fifth, elections to the new central legislature are indirect, which puts Congress at a disadvantage.

Aga Khan, Moslems, and Others

Germany is the only country in the world that has practical socialism . . . I found myself there nearer to constructive socialism of a practical kind than I have ever been in my life.

—THE AGA KHAN quoted in the *Congress Socialist*

THAT fabulous creature the Aga Khan, a bon-vivant on several continents, a man who loves to chuckle, Derby winner and owner of one of the greatest racing stables in the world, is of course an Indian prince, but his position is peculiar in that he is not ruler of a state—he has no territory—but of a sect. Thus he belongs in a different category from the maharajas of the preceding chapter. The Aga Khan was born in 1875. Properly his name is Aga Sultan Sir Mohammed Shah; his followers call him simply the “Sahib,” which means Lord. He is one of the most picturesque and unusual potentates on earth—partly because his domain is heaven. Orthodox adherents of his sect consider him to be a God.

Perhaps not quite a God. But the Aga Khan is the leader of those Khoja Moslems who are known as Ismailis; there are about ten million of them in India and elsewhere in the world, notably the Middle East and Zanzibar. They are an odd mixture, very religious Mohammedans who have absorbed certain Hindu customs; for instance they believe in reincarnation, and they think that the Aga Khan, the present leader of the community (the position is hereditary) is the *living* incarnation of their deity. In addition the Aga Khan is a lineal descendant of the Prophet Mohammed in the forty-eighth generation. He is also said “to represent an incarnation of the *Hindu* trinity.” He thus assumes one of the most comprehensive religious positions ever held by anybody.

Thirty years ago it seemed that the Aga Khan might reach almost any position in Indian politics. The promise of his career was exceptional. The great Indian leader Gokhale addressed his last testament to him, and it seemed inevitable that he should become leader

of all Indian Moslems at least. He was shrewd, competent, good-humored, emancipated, intelligent. But he chose to take the English rather than the nationalist side, and his political career has been largely that of a willing British mouthpiece. He might have been a Moslem Gandhi; instead he has "represented" India at the Round Table Conferences and the League of Nations—as well as at Deauville, Biarritz, and most of the flashy resorts of Europe.

Jawaharlal Nehru wrote of him with some trace of bitterness, referring to the Round Table Conference: "It was fitting that in this assembly of vested interests—imperialist, feudal, financial, industrial, religious, communal—the leadership of the British Indian delegation should usually fall to the Aga Khan, who in his own person happened to combine all these interests in some degree . . . He would have been an able representative of Imperialist England at that Round Table Conference. The irony of it was that he was supposed to represent India."

The wealth of the Aga Khan is, as everyone knows, almost inconceivable. He is probably one of the four or five richest men in the world. His revenue derives in the first instance, not from land, but from the offerings of his Ismaili followers. These, who are for the most part fanatically loyal, are supposed to pay him ten percent of their incomes every year, as a faith offering and fee for religious services which the community provides; of course by no means all of the ten million pay him so much, but the amount is nevertheless very considerable. In every city where Ismailis live, there is a "Jamat Khana" or community house, the equivalent of a mosque or temple. Here the Aga Khan's worshipers come to pray twice a day, usually leaving an offering. The entire property of all the Jamat Khanas everywhere belongs to the Aga Khan in person.

On his twenty-fifth Jubilee a few years ago, the Aga Khan was weighed ceremoniously, and presented by his community with gold equivalent to his weight. He is not exactly skinny, and the amount came to 300,000 rupees. It was returned to charity. This picturesque ceremony derives from the Great Moguls, who were also weighed in terms of gold once a year. Incidentally the legend is apocryphal that the Aga Khan's bathwater is piped off and sold for good sums to the faithful.

The Aga Khan is not particularly orthodox. He likes to drink,

which is forbidden ordinarily to Mohammedans. Once some one asked him about this. "Ah," he replied, "you forget that wine turns to water as soon as it touches my mouth." On another occasion one of his followers protested at the excessive luxury of his life abroad. "I only live so," he replied quick-wittedly, "in order to test your faith." It is indeed a puzzling phenomenon that a man so obviously worldly in tastes and temperament should be the object of devout religious worship.

He became a Highness during the War. His position as leader of the Ismailis would not in itself entail this rank, and his son does not necessarily inherit it. His services were valuable, because he staunchly took the side of the Allies, and thus served to check what might have been a tendency among his Moslem followers to sympathize with Turkey. Several years ago he is reported to have asked the Indian government for a grant of land, so that he might become a temporal as well as spiritual ruler. But there was no important territory available, and the project fell through.

The Aga Khan is a marvelous host, as befits his wealth, and he likes good conversation. He is occasionally temperamental, and is full of vitality and lively, waggish humor. He loves food, and it is worth crossing several oceans to see him eat a mango, a fruit of which he is inordinately fond. When he went to Europe in the old days crates of mangoes followed him by each fast boat. Also he adores ice cream; he is one of the greatest individual ice cream consumers in the world.

He was a dutiful son for many years, and his mother, who died in Bagdad in February 1938, had great influence on him. He flew from Karachi to her deathbed, but arrived half an hour too late. The Aga Khan has been married three times, first to one of his cousins, then to an Italian lady, who is mother of his heir, finally to a French lady, who has given him one young son. His heir, the Ali Khan, an attractive and ambitious young official in Hyderabad, married the former Mrs. Loel Guinness.

In October 1938 the Aga Khan wrote a letter to the London *Times* that aroused salty controversy. Surveying the Munich crisis, he asked for a better understanding of Germany, and suggested that *Mein Kampf*—something of a bar to good relations!—might no longer represent Hitler's views. This was one of the worst guesses in modern history.

Mr. Jinnah and Other Moslems

Mohammed Ali Jinnah, the president of the All-India Moslem League, which is the Moslem analogy to Congress (though it is not so powerful), is a prominent lawyer born in 1876. He is a Khoja Moslem, but his attitude toward religion is by no means fanatic. For many years he fought for Indian nationalism, but he all but ruined his position later by adopting a fierce separatist policy. His opposition to the Hindus is bitter and inflamed; he tours the country making attacks on Congress, which splits and weakens nationalist sentiment. Jinnah says that he was driven into communalism and the resurrection of the Moslem League by the intransigence of the Hindus, but his own intense political ambition had much to do with it.

An eloquent orator, Jinnah led a joint Hindu-Moslem agitation in Bombay to attack a proposal for a public memorial to Lord Willingdon, then retiring as Governor of Bombay. It was decided to name a public hall in Jinnah's honor, and it was dedicated—the People's Jinnah Hall—with appropriate ceremonies. But nowadays the Congress folk call it simply the "P. J." hall, because their differences with the Moslems are such that they hate to use Jinnah's name. Congress accuses Jinnah of being a flagrant opportunist. He deserted the nationalist movement, they say, at the time of the first non-coöperation movement, and invented the Moslem League as a crassly obvious method of re-entering politics. His appeal to religious feeling only strengthens the reactionaries, Congress feels.

Mr. Jinnah has one distinction so far as the brief acquaintance of this reporter is concerned. He is beyond doubt the thinnest man I ever saw. Next to him a certain character in the works of Mr. Dashiell Hammett is an obese monster.

Another eminent Moslem politician is the prime minister of the Punjab government, Sir Sikander Hyat Khan, a soldier, business man and banker, and one of the few notable Indians not a lawyer. Sir Sikander, a pleasant personality, is a member of the Moslem League, but the Moslem governments (Punjab, Bengal, Sind) are by no means as close to the League as the Congress governments are to Congress; in fact in the last Punjab election the League got only three seats. Sir Sikander's father was a soldier loyal to Britain in the Great Mutiny; he was an orderly to the celebrated General John Nicholson, and carried him dying to his house; Nicholson then asked

that he be taken care of. Sir Sikander served briefly in the army, and was the first Indian ever to command a company on active service; then he went into business, and finally politics. He is leader of the Unionist party in the Punjab, and takes a strong conservative line.

Another Punjab politician of consequence is a Moslem woman, the Begum Shah Nawaz. She and Mrs. Naidu were the only women at the Round Table Conferences. It is continually striking to see the increasing rôle able and intelligent women play in Indian public life.

The Moslem attitude toward Federation is very important. They fear Federation even more than do the Hindus, because almost all the princely states (Hyderabad and Bhopal are the only important exceptions) are ruled by Hindus; thus a federal structure would increase Hindu predominance in India. Mr. Jinnah has been fighting Federation for years.

Within the past year or two, Jinnah and the Moslems have gone even beyond Congress in their demands on the British, though it remains to be seen just what their motive is. As Krishnalal Shridharani says, "Mr. Jinnah seems to be pursuing a policy of raising his demands as soon as an agreement is in sight."

What Jinnah wants now—so he says anyway—is frankly separatism. This is of course an extreme demand. He advocates the partition of India, its "vivisection" as his enemies describe it, on the order of the partition of Ireland after the last war but of much greater scope. He proposes the creation of a new state, to be called "Pakistan," embracing the largely Moslem provinces Sind, Punjab, and North West frontier, plus the native state Kashmir, with capital at Lahore. Most of the Moslems of India would be concentrated in this state, though with important hostile minorities, like the Sikhs. Pakistan would have great strategic importance, since it would lie close to Afghanistan, and would contain Karachi, the chief airport of the country. Jinnah's idea is that this Moslem area should have Dominion Status within the British Commonwealth.

The Moslems are of such great and crucial importance at this time because, though they comprise only about one-quarter of the population of India, they are the key to domestic unity. The present situation—early in 1942—is that the British say that they will give India Dominion Status if the Hindus and Moslems compose their difficulties. But such an agreement has heretofore been impossible to reach, as the British well know; for years they used the Hindu-Moslem conflict as

an excuse for delaying reforms. Therefore the British offer is an empty gesture, Indian nationalists feel; they often go further and state that the British deliberately provoke the Moslems, whom they normally favor above the Hindus, into refusing coöperation.

Congress points out two items. First, many Moslems are good Congressmen, who work quite amicably with Hindus. The President of Congress is a Moslem, and thousands upon thousands of his supporters would be delighted to assist the formation of a new nationalist government. Second, there are, after all, 240,000,000 Hindus as against 77,000,000 Moslems in the country, and according to democratic principles the wishes of so substantial a majority should be accepted. Congress is perfectly prepared to safeguard the minority rights of Moslems and every other religious group. Only the British strategy of divide and rule keeps the Moslem issue alive, Congress says.

For detailed British answers to this we must await the next chapter. The main British point is that they cannot possibly risk civil war by "surrendering" the Moslem minority into Congress hands. But the Japanese attack on Burma and Malaya and their steady advance closer to India has brought the whole issue into flaring new prominence. Someone must give way, or India may be lost.

Leader of the Untouchables

In the Bombay telephone book you will find the following entry. Behind it is one of the most interesting men in India:

60486. Ambedkar, Bhimrao Ramji, Bar-at-law,
Residence, "Rajgraha," Dadar.

Dr. Ambedkar, son of a soldier and Untouchable leader, was a poor boy in Bombay. As a child he learned quickly and painfully what the stigma of Untouchability meant. Somehow, showing rare initiative, he got to Baroda, where the old Gaekwar became interested in him and financed his education. Ambedkar went to Columbia University in New York (class of '17), where he took courses in anthropology, economics, and law; later he went to Bonn University in Germany and the London School of Economics; he is both a Ph.D. and a Sc.D. Returning to India he could get no decent job because he was an Untouchable. He joined the Baroda civil service, but the other clerks would not let him approach, and no landlord would rent

him rooms. For a time he risked severe punishment by disguising himself as a Parsi; Untouchables who obtain work, especially in factories, by pretending that they are not Untouchables, have been beaten to death. Ambedkar returned to Bombay in humiliation and disgust and set himself up, alone, in practicing law. Almost at once he was successful. He wrote several books, including a work on finance, and then entered politics. A career such as this is very remarkable for an Untouchable, indeed unique.

Ambedkar stands for the abolition of caste. He thinks caste must be approached from the religious as well as the economic attitude, and that to say facilely that the Untouchables are merely the proletariat is not enough. The Untouchables are the proletariat—certainly—but the proletariat that cannot, at any price, get jobs except as agricultural serfs or laborers of the lowest category. He differs sharply from Gandhi, who wants to improve the lot of the Untouchables *within* caste. Also he is contemptuous of the Temple Entry experiment in Travancore. The orthodox Hindus, he says, embark on these partial and minor ameliorations not out of genuine concern for the Untouchables, but to purify themselves in penance for their own sins.

The British sent Ambedkar to London as representative of the Untouchables at the Round Table Conference. This was smart and tricky politics, because it served to split the Hindu front. Ambedkar assumed a strong anti-Congress line, which forced Gandhi to take up the Untouchables as a political issue. When the Mahatma made his great fast for the Untouchables, he certainly had politics partially in mind; if the Untouchables became a separate community, they might vote against instead of with the Hindus. When it appeared that Gandhi might die, the British desperately brought pressure on Ambedkar to agree to revision of the Communal Award scheme, so that Gandhi would have a loophole for calling off the fast; Ambedkar did so, but only after getting more seats for his community than was first planned.

Ambedkar is 49. Almost every taxi driver in Bombay knows his address, though he lives in an obscure suburb. He is a widower, a non-smoker, and a teetotaler. His conversation is stubborn and vigorous. He is studious, and has a library of 8,000 books—but he is on record for wanting to burn the Hindu scriptures. He fiercely hates Congress, and has founded a new Independent Labor League to fight it. Recently he stated that he was no longer a believer in democracy in all circumstances, “and that India needs the strong hand of an

enlightened autocrat." The Japanese are probably regarding him with close attention.

Pandit Malaviya

And now to the extreme opposite pole. There must be a word about what is known as the Hindu Mahasabha, the political organization which stands for Hinduism in its most orthodox form, which believes fanatically in caste and all the strictures of medieval Hinduism. Yet the Mahasabha has a modern outlook too, since it is almost the only group in India wholeheartedly in favor of Federation—which it assumes will entrench Hinduism in government. The most prominent figure in the Mahasabha is the venerable Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya, who has been president of Congress twice (1909 and 1918), who joined civil disobedience gallantly, but who founded a nationalist party of his own several years ago when he could not understand the way Congress was growing up. Malaviya—it is lamentable to have to give him only a very few words—is the creator of the Hindu University at Benares. He is a renowned scholar, a great money-raiser, and a hot communalist. He is, of course, a Brahman, and has never touched tobacco, alcohol, tea, coffee, or even eggs. In 1939 he undertook a remarkable rejuvenation cure at the hands of a Yogi reputed to be 172 years old. Malaviya, who was seventy-seven himself, went into a special room without light or ventilation, and took drugs and a special herb diet. After twenty days of it he said he felt twenty years younger, and could walk upright again.

The Old Liberals

The great Indian liberals are those who, in a way, have outlived their historical function, which was to help pave the way for the evolution of Indian democracy. We must at least mention them. They are distinguished men. But events have thrown them into the background, since Congress, to which most of them once belonged, has advanced far beyond their moderate views.

The most famous of the liberals is Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, whom we have several times briefly named; born in Allahabad in 1875, he is a very prominent lawyer, and one of the few Indians to be a Right Honorable, i.e., one of His Majesty's Privy Counsellors. Closely associated with Sapru in much of his career was M. R. Jayaker, now a judge on the Federal Supreme Court. The Rt. Hon. V. S. Srinivasa

Sastri, an old friend of Gandhi's and a great figure in Madras, was for a time Indian High Commissioner to South Africa. The chairman of the National Liberal Federation, Sir Chimanlal Setalvad, is a Bombay lawyer.

Most liberals are inclined to favor Federation, and they believe in Dominion Status as the goal. They work with the British closely, so much so that many are little more than British puppets. Even so, such a statesman as Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru stated recently that "he has never known in his forty years of political life a government of India so isolated from the main currents of public opinion."

Chapter XXX

British Rule in India

I am unwilling to set up an Indian Empire of Great Britain in opposition to the general interests of mankind.

—MR. GLADSTONE

The key to the Indian problem is sympathy.

—KING GEORGE V

ALMOST the greatest shock I had in India was the discovery in Delhi that the Indian Civil Service, the steel brace of British administration in India, contains exactly 591 Englishmen. I had thought, as almost everyone else thinks, that there were many thousands.

The total personnel of the I. C. S. is 1,007. Of these not less than 416 are Indian. Soon, moreover, by terms of a recent arrangement, the service will become a full fifty percent Indian. This is still another example of the remarkable English facility of transforming subject races into actual agents of British policy. By offering first class jobs, first class pensions (the highest ranks of the Indian Civil Service retire after thirty-five years of service at £1,000 per year), the British skim the cream of the Indian educated class and make it work for them. Outstanding nationalists do not succumb; but I have noted that both Nehru and Bose were at least tempted to become civil servants. The British say that by this process they are educating Indians to the responsibilities of government; meanwhile in effect they buy off discontent with good jobs, good careers. This is probably the most successful imperialist device ever invented. India—under the British—is staffed by Indians. Gold is cheaper than guns . . . Aside from the chosen 416 Indian officials actually in the Civil Service, there are of course multitudinous thousands of Indians of every race and class and category employed as minor employees, schoolmasters, clerks, and the subordinate like.

The I. C. S. is by all odds the most notable civil service in the world, with a massive tradition and tremendous prestige. The initials "I. C. S." after a man's name mean more than a Ph.D.—though it

is not true, as was once suggested, that members of the I. C. S. form a special category of the human race. It means, if an I. C. S. official is an Indian, that he is of good family, some private means, good education, and arduous training. It means, if he is English, that he has gone to public school and (usually) Oxford or Cambridge, that he has passed a rigorously severe competitive examination, that he has learned at least one Indian language, that he has started the ladder as a sub-divisional officer and then worked up. He is magistrate, administrator, and executive; a youngster of thirty may be in charge of 4,000,000 people. (With the advent of Provincial Autonomy, of course, the I. C. S. men in the provinces were in theory at least subject to orders from Indian governments.) The top in the I. C. S. is a governorship or membership in the Viceroy's Executive Council. After that—retirement at sixty or so with a smacking good pension, life in England or the Riviera, a comfortable old age, and usually a nostalgia for India that never fades.

The I. C. S. is called narrow. It is called parochial. Many of its members, stiff-necked, straight-laced, especially those nearing retirement, are incompetent to understand the modern stresses in India, and are horrified privately at Provincial Autonomy and its developments. Some live all their careers in one province; they have no All-India sense. I have met members of the I. C. S. who have been in India twenty-five years, and have never seen Madras or Lahore; I have met army officers—much more liberal minded as a rule—who say that the I. C. S. has tried to throttle every reform in India since 1919. On the other hand, the organization contains many splendid men, administrators of the highest competence who are unselfishly devoted to India, and who have given most of their lives to it.

The I. C. S. costs about 25,000,000 rupees (\$9,250,000) per year, which is approximately 1.25 percent of the total budget. There is one I. C. S. officer for every 256,000 of the population, one to each 868 square miles.

The administrative framework of India is the I. C. S. Behind it of course is armed force. And let us note that whereas Englishmen in the I. C. S. are infinitesimally few, the number of British troops in India is very considerable—about 56,000.¹ They are in two categories: officers and men of the Indian army, which is an autonomous command, and officers and men of the British army in India, i.e.,

¹This number has of course been greatly augmented since the war.

purely British regiments serving for a time at Indian posts. In the Indian army the troops and non-commissioned officers are mostly Indian, the officers mostly British. Here again the skillful British employ Indians to do the actual dirty work—a technique now copied by other colonial powers; the French use Senegalese troops, the Italians use Askaris, and—notably—in Manchukuo the Japanese use Chinese. The British are absolutely convinced that their Indian troops are loyal. They even allow them to train with machine guns, which has horrified some foreign observers. As Norman Angell has said—to repeat it annoys nationalist Indians hotly—"India was conquered by Britain with man power supplied by Indians."

Whereas the I. C. S. is to become half English and half Indian, the British are very careful to see that no such equilibrium exists in the army command. Theoretically an Indian officer (there is a training school, the Indian Sandhurst, at Dehra Dun) could become a field marshal; in actuality none has ever risen beyond major. And only ten Indians per year are chosen to come to England to get what are known as "King's Commissions," that is officerhood in the British (not the Indian) army. There are comparatively few Indians in the Air Force, and none in the Tanks Corps.

Surrogate King

At the top of the British structure is, of course, the Viceroy, who is sole representative in India of the Imperial Crown. He is never chosen from the I. C. S., but is an eminent peer or politician sent from England for what is normally a five-year term. When he arrives he meets his cabinet or executive council, members of which likewise are appointed for five years, for the first time; their terms are not necessarily coterminous with his, and he is thus in the odd position of not choosing his own cabinet. If Federation ever comes, this type of appointed executive council will cease to exist, and possibly the present one is the last in history, since—after Federation—the cabinet will have a prime minister, and will be chosen by western parliamentary procedure from whatever political party commands the new (and first) federal legislature. It will be a political instrument, not the instrument of a civil service.

The Viceroy of India is certainly one of the most powerful single human beings in the world. In Chapter XXIV we surveyed his enormous powers. He has in his hands (together with the India Office

in London of course), the fate of one-fifth of the human race. (But after Federation, incidentally, the title of Viceroy will disappear; he will be merely the Governor-General.)

The present Viceroy, whose term has been extended beyond 1941, its original date of expiration, is a Scotsman fifty-one years old, Victor Alexander John Hope, the Most Honorable the Marquess of Linlithgow, P.C., K.T., G.C.I.E., O.B.E. He was a banker by profession, but he is probably the best educated Viceroy in Indian history. For years he studied India, and he spent almost three years there as chairman of the Royal Commission on Indian Agriculture; it was he who pushed the Government of India Act through the House of Lords, as Sir Samuel Hoare superintended it in the Commons, after he had been chairman of the Joint Select Committee on Indian Constitutional Reform, which wrote the bill. He was made Viceroy by Baldwin, and like Baldwin is a middle-of-the-road man basically.

Lord Linlithgow is tall, hard-working, prudent, and confident, with a gift for quiet eloquence, great tact, and great capacity for difficult and detailed exploration and negotiation. He works twelve or fourteen hours a day at least. His decision is vital on a great number of detailed affairs; he tends to everything himself, and meticulously writes his own minutes on documents, something that not all Viceroys do. A rather shy man—but very charming and supple—he cares little for display; he is not the elaborately caparisoned Viceroy of tradition. When he arrived in Delhi he addressed the nation on the radio—something utterly unprecedented in India—and even put in the speech some passages addressed to Indian children. He arranged almost at once that Gandhi should meet him, though his predecessor had managed to avoid the Mahatma for five long years.

It was Lord Linlithgow's great dream to be the first Viceroy under Federation. But, as we know, the war came and the project had to be postponed, perhaps never to be revived.

What Britain Gets Out of India

Pages could be written on this. Britain gets imperial power out of India. It gets imperial prestige. It gets ports of communication en route to Australia, and a comfortable habitat for a large army in the east. It gets experience for its soldiers and politicians, and opportunity for its young men. It gets trade: eight percent of all United

Kingdom exports go to India, and thirty-two percent of all Indian exports go to the United Kingdom. Above all it gets booty, loot.

Call it money. Call it profit. Call it what you like. Some £250,000,000 in gold went to England from India in the early 1930's. A great deal of this came from the maharajas and other wealthy men, who, when sterling was devalued, sold gold for paper pounds, and thus made forty percent profit on any amount they cared to risk; some of this was "distress gold," coming from the villages, because people could only pay their taxes by selling hoarded jewels and the like. Meantime, the exchange value of the rupee was arbitrarily manipulated in favor of the British; the rupee was fixed at 1s. 6d., instead of 1s. 4d., which helped the British importer of Indian goods, in that he had to pay twelve percent less for rupees.

The total amount of British investment in India is extraordinarily difficult to compute; a moderate estimate is £850,000,000, which is about one-quarter of all British overseas investments. Of this £365,000,000 is held in sterling bonds, and is India's debt to Britain; the rest is made up of industrial investments, shipping, railways, insurance and the like. It has been calculated that the average return on British overseas investments is 4.9 percent. (*Times of India*, January 14, 1938.) So in a word what Britain gets out of India is this: roughly 4.9 percent per year on a total investment of perhaps £850,000,000.

What Britain Does for India

When one asks an Englishman in Delhi what the British have done for India he is apt to be painfully but honestly surprised that the question should even be asked. It takes him a moment to collect his thoughts. He is inclined to take the whole question of the *merit* of British rule for granted. It may be right morally; it may be wrong; but surely, he will say, it is indisputable that British rule has produced an infinitude of good works, of worthwhile benefits to the Indian community. And presently he will produce a comprehensive dossier of accomplishments and reforms.

The first point invariably made is that Britain has established peace, unity (almost), and order. It has ended disruption and civil strife; it has imposed on foreigner and Indian alike a strict regime, not only of British control, but of British justice. It has brought tranquillity (almost) and law to India. It has established complete public security, and given one-fifth of the human race the benefits

of an administrative machine—the civil service—which is unparalleled elsewhere in the world.

Then our Delhi friend will go into details. He will mention conspicuously the work of the British, which indeed is valuable beyond dispute, in irrigation. From about ten million acres in 1879, the area irrigated directly by state works rose to 31,000,000 acres in 1928—by far the largest irrigation development on earth. There are 79,000 miles of government canals. This work is important, because it abolishes threat of famine. (On the other hand, it should be noted that the canals have been expensive, and that the people pay soundly for them with high taxation.) Closely associated with irrigation and famine control is work in agriculture—creation of seed depots, experimental stations for improvement of crops, and the like—and in forestry; not less than one-fifth of British India is carefully regulated forest area, part of which is in reserve and protected. Again, among concrete physical accomplishments, there will be mention of the colossal railway system, in which alone £150,000,000 of British capital is invested. Indian railways carry over 500,000,000 people a year; it is the fourth largest railway system in the world. If China had possessed a system of communications like that of India, the history of China in recent years would have been very different (though one might also say that if China had it, China would not have been China, but a British preserve). Finally the British have given the country an excellent postal administration and telegraph and radio service. You can send a telegram anywhere over the length and breadth of India for one anna (about 3¢) per word.²

Accomplishments in other spheres are, perhaps, not so notable. But the British point out that they have made a beginning in industrial legislation with a Workman's Compensation Act and an act—not yet fully operative—reducing hours of work to fifty-four per week, that new laws forbid the employment of female labor in mines underground, and that child labor is—in theory at least—restricted. As to matters of public health, the British say that in fifty-four years they have reduced the death rate from 26 to 24 per thousand (still shockingly high), and raised the birth rate from 24 to 35. As to education—an uncomfortable subject—official figures have it that fifty percent of boys of school age are now going to school (in British India, of course, not the princely states), and seventeen percent of girls. But illiteracy as a

² But on Sundays oddly enough the price is double.

whole is still eighty-five percent for men, ninety-seven percent for women, a grisly total.

The Indian Grievances

Grievances by nationalist Indians, especially by Congress, may be outlined approximately as follows:

First and overwhelmingly, the Congress leaders claim the inalienable right of a people to be free. British imperialism, they say, throttles the legitimate expression of national development, that is, full and authentic independence. The British say that Indians are not yet competent to govern themselves. Congress denies this strenuously.

Mr. Gandhi makes an interesting point. "You English committed one supreme crime against my people. For one hundred years you have done everything for us; you have given us no responsibility for our own government, nor enabled us to learn by making mistakes. If we are deficient in the character and experience necessary to enable us to take over the control of our own affairs, it is because you have never given us the opportunity to develop those qualities in practice. We demand responsibility at once." (In a talk with Lord Lothian, *New York Times*, April 2, 1937.)

In another place Gandhiji says that the British have (a) impoverished the dumb millions, (b) established political serfdom, (c) sapped Indian culture, (d) caused spiritual degradation.

Derivatively there is the matter of repression. Here Indians sometimes exaggerate. There is no repression in India remotely comparable to repression in Germany, Italy, or the Axis-occupied slave states. Until war broke out in 1939, there were only a few hundred political prisoners in the whole of India, and of these most were convicted terrorists. The Congress governments did a great deal to force the liberation of prisoners, and in Bengal the last of the "detenus"—this pretty word is an Indian invention, and describes some one arrested without trial for a political offense and held in a kind of concentration camp—was released in 1938. At one time there were 2,700. What Indians object to most is surveillance and pin-pricking. The Congress leaders are closely watched; even Delhi is a whispering gallery. I asked a friend in Madras for his address. He replied, "Just Madras is enough; the police will forward any mail." (His is a common name, and there are 647,230 people in Madras!) Some books are suppressed, and some Leftist literature may not enter India.

Newspapers are theoretically free, but in fact they are mostly edited with caution, because every newspaper must post a bond, confiscation of which may stop publication.

By ordinance anyone in India may be arrested and detained without trial. No offense need be proved. This law is still on the statute books even in Congress provinces, because—as we have seen—Congress sometimes wants protection against its own extremists. But nowadays it is seldom invoked . . . The British, incidentally, find police work more difficult since Provincial Autonomy. Law enforcement is handled by Indians, and except in the event of grave national crisis the British may only “consult and advise.” The authorities can no longer step so freely from one province to another.

In 1938 I heard a very high British official—so high that I shudder to think of his name—say that in the event of renewal of civil disobedience every Congress leader and subleader and sub-subleader would be in jail in twenty-four hours. Every man is spotted. (He added: “It is our only hope.”) And indeed, in 1940, his words came true.

Second—and hardly less overwhelmingly—the Indian Congress resents and condemns what it calls “exploitation.” It is referring, of course, to the booty—£850,000,000 at 4.9 percent—described above. The British, the Indians say, have sucked wealth out of India, giving no fair return; they have impoverished the country, bled it dry. They refer among many other things to British tariff policy, which, they say, is always calculated to help Lancashire and injure India. Experts state that tariffs imposed on India by the British at present cost the Indian consumer about 250,000,000 to 300,000,000 rupees a year. The Indians refer also to the colossal sums paid British officials in India, which are paid for by the Indian budget, i.e., the Indian taxpayer. The Viceroy, for instance, gets 256,000 rupees (\$94,720) per year aside from various allowances. A governor of an important province gets 120,000 rupees (\$44,400) per year, and members of the executive council get 80,000 rupees (\$29,600)—sums which Indians rightly consider staggering. Again, the Indians assert that the railways, such a proud accomplishment of the British, are inefficient, that they have been built for strategic rather than basically commercial purposes, that they discriminate against internal markets, and favor the seaports at which they may deliver cargoes to British ships. And the Indians say that British agricultural policy, even irrigation work, is

either woefully deficient or far too expensive. The Punjab irrigation canals return a revenue of twenty percent on the investment.

Closely associated with the general subject of exploitation is the army question. Before the war—and before the threat of Japanese attack was imminent—Indians were apt to say first that Britain has taken good care to see that no real Indian army exists, so that the country, should it become free, would be defenseless. Second, they say that the British army in India serves no legitimate Indian need, but only imperial interests. Third, they bitterly complain at the cost of the army, which is indeed terrific. The expenditure on defense even before the war was 503,819,000 rupees per year (\$186,413,030), which is almost *half* the entire budget of the central government. If provincial revenue is counted, the army consumes about twenty-six percent of the total budget. All but a minute fraction of this sum is paid for by the Indian taxpayer. At first it was suggested that the British should at least support their own troops, then that India pay not more than twenty percent of its own budget on defense, finally that the British pay at the very least the difference between upkeep of the British army in India and what its upkeep would be at home (which is the system in Palestine); this was all rejected as being too expensive, and until three years ago the British treasury paid *nothing* toward the cost of British troops in India. Now it pays the comparatively small sum of 20,000,000 rupees (\$7,400,000) per year.

These two general and basic grievances—political bondage and economic exploitation—are dominant. Beyond them there are almost any number of detailed complaints. For instance:

1. The British starve education. They spend only a few wretched pennies on public schools. Their efforts in education, as well as results obtained—even if some recent statistics are mildly encouraging—are miserable. Their aim in education is to produce *babus* (clerks) and minor officials. They pay scant attention to the education of women, or to technical or vocational training.

2. The British point to their “record” in public health, and emphasize famine relief; but in India there are still one hundred *million* cases of malaria every year, of which not ten percent get proper treatment. As we have seen, not less than twenty percent of the entire population is “badly” nourished, which means in simple language that 50,000,000 people don’t get enough to eat.

3. The British record in the field of social reform is negligible.

The "Sarda Act" does, it is true, prohibit in theory the marriage of girls younger than 14 and boys under 18, but it is full of loopholes. A recent law passed conferred on Hindu widows the right of inheriting property, but it is too early to see how effective it will be; a similar law proposed in regard to Moslem widows provoked such opposition (from the Moslems) that it had to be withdrawn. Since 1933 it has been an offense under the Indian Penal Code for a parent to pledge his child's labor for payment of a debt; the British had been in India more than one hundred years before this shocking outrage began to be checked; even now the law is continually evaded. In 1938 a woman deputy proposed a law to prohibit Hindu polygamy, and another authorizing divorce of Hindus in certain circumstances; these laws have not yet been passed, and probably will not pass. The British attitude toward social and religious reform is very simple. It is never to interfere with the social and religious customs of Indians if it can possibly be avoided.³ (It should, of course, be added on the British side that many social reforms are fiercely opposed by orthodox Indians too.)

4. Social discrimination is perhaps not quite the bitter point it once was. But it remains ridiculous that men like Aga Khan or the Nizam of Hyderabad may not enter the Bombay Yacht Club. British color snobbery has left more than one unpleasant trace.

5. The British assert that they have given India an equitable taxation and revenue system. Indians deny this, pointing out the terms of the somewhat antiquated Permanent Settlement Act, which still determines the character of land revenue in Bengal, and which was promulgated in—1793!

6. The new Government of India Act gives India no control of foreign policy. An interesting incidental point is that there is no diplomatic corps at Delhi, and consuls of other powers are permitted only at the seaports. Recently, however, Sir Girja Shankar Bajpai became the first Indian "Agent-General" in the United States, and the American government sent a "commissioner" to Delhi with the rank of minister.

7. The Government of India Act, with its creation of a federal bank, makes fiscal autonomy all but impossible. The rupee is linked

³ Probably this derives from the Mutiny in 1857, one cause of which was fierce resentment by both Hindus and Moslems at having to lubricate their guns with grease made of holy cattle and unholy pigs.

to sterling, and the British will continue to be in charge of about eighty percent of the federal budget.

8. The reserved powers of the Viceroy and the various governors serve to make effective Indian independence impossible. One detail is that considerable portions of British India, like Ajmer-Merwara and Baluchistan, remain outside the scope of provincial reform, and continue to be ruled direct from Delhi. (In 1938 certain villages in Ajmer-Merwara were transferred to their neighbors the Rajput states, Udaipur and Jodhpur. Instantly Congress suggested that this was a territorial bribe to entice the maharajas into Federation.) There are about 13,000,000 people in the "excluded areas."

9. Finally, Congress folk say (too bitterly) that Britain has given them peace—yes—but that it is "the peace of the looted graveyard."

British Attitudes

And, of course, the British blame the Indians exactly as the Indians blame the British for many phases of the deadlock. . . .

The debate could be endless. Take the single point of education, for instance. How, the British ask, can you have free and compulsory primary education when neither Hindus or Moslems will countenance boys and girls in the same school, even when they are tiny children? Take social reform. It is the Hindu religion which blocks and stultifies any effort at amelioration. Take labor conditions. Indian-owned mills are by and large worse than British.

The British feel that most Indians are incompetent, shiftless, super-sensitive, bribable, and torn by religious fissures. They say that Indian "capacity for self-government" is a fantastic overstatement.

If I heard it once, I heard it fifty times from Englishmen that Indians "have an inferiority complex" and that "Indians never tell you what they really think, because they are not *sincere*." Probably this indicates that the British are secretly beginning to doubt their own capacity to govern the country indefinitely; they can't, therefore, bear to concede that Indians can be "sincere" in the belief that they *can* govern it. The Indian sense of inferiority derives mostly from generations of being snubbed, atop a craving to be liked; when they are not "sincere," it means mostly that, hoping to be liked and accepted, they tell you what they think you will approve.

Indians perplex the British terribly. Recently in the U. P. the Congress government ordered that Indians in official correspondence be

addressed as "Mr." or "Esquire," rather than with Indian appellations like Babu, Lala, Maulvi, and the like. The British could not get over it that a revolutionary Indian government wanted to use *their* Anglo-Saxon terms. But Congress took up this small issue merely to indicate its striving for equality. Perhaps Indians may not enter British clubs. They will at least demand that the British call them "Esquire."

In one province recently a British civil servant employed harsh language to an Indian officer. The case was carried straight to the top; the British civil servant had to apologize.

In Delhi a distinguished member of the I. C. S. told me with what I think was genuine sadness, "I have lived in India thirty-four years and I have never met an Indian I can absolutely trust. They always let you down." (But if I print this the objurgation of a million Indians will crash on my head.)

Another eminent Englishman, not an I. C. S. man, suggested to me that Britain had made four "great mistakes" in India. But he was quick to add that they were not "vicious" mistakes:

1. Importation of a western judicial system into an eastern country incapable of understanding it. Too many lawyers.
2. A totally faulty policy in education. Indians came to feel that the only object in life was to become a clerk.
3. The high standard of living emphasized by British, which led Indians to try to imitate it.
4. Snobbery. The color line. (But, he pointed out, the institution of *purdah* made social intercourse between British and Indians extremely difficult.)

All of which leads to a conundrum often posed. Is the docility, by and large, of Indians, and the lack of gumption (speaking generally) in their character, caused by something inherent in Indian nature—the product of a savage climate, perhaps, and centuries of poverty and underdevelopment before the British came—or is it the result of British rule in the past hundred-odd years? In other words, as Basil Mathews has put it, is India a subject state because it is weak, or is it weak because it is a subject state? The best answer evades the issue. It is—both.

British policy in India has in a word been to "yield the appearance of power while keeping the substance of power." Indian policy in a word was to defeat this aim. The resultant situation at the moment—

even with India at war—is still an uneasy compromise. The British know that suppression of a fixed and arbitrary type is no longer possible; they know that to quit India is impossible if the Empire is to survive; so somehow, by some miracle, they have to make the Indians their friends.

India Since the War

I have already discussed in Chapter XXIV the crisis in the autumn of 1939 when the European war began. After the resignation of the Congress ministries came a period of tense stalemate. The basic issue remained unchanged, namely that the Indian nationalists resented being forced to fight for democracy when even such limited democracy as they had won was taken away. Put in another way, the issue was that the Congress refused to support the war unless Britain promised India full independence at once, something that it was difficult indeed to do.

In February 1940 the Viceroy began a new series of conferences, but they failed to produce agreement. The Working Committee of Congress issued a statement as strongly worded as any in its history:

Indian freedom cannot exist within the orbit of British imperialism, and Dominion Status or any other status within the imperial structure is wholly inapplicable to India and not in keeping with the dignity of a great nation.

The people of India alone can properly shape their Constitution and determine their relations with other countries of the world through a Constituent Assembly elected on the basis of adult suffrage.

Then, however, came a temporary Congress split over the question of civil disobedience. Both Gandhi and Nehru hesitated to take this extreme step. The Mahatma pleaded for "restraint" once again, and the Working Committee, under Nehru's influence, finally said that it would throw its whole weight into the war effort—significant development—if Congress, the Moslem League, and the government would compose their difficulties. The British were in effect saying the same thing. But they were sure that the Moslems would obstruct agreement.

In July 1940 a landmark came. The Working Committee, later supported by the All-India Congress Committee, offered to "discard non-violence for the defense of the country," i.e., it would coöperate

actively with Britain in repelling any invader, if independence were granted and a national government formed. Congress surrendered one of its cardinal precepts, non-violence. Mr. Gandhi was shaken, and he made a statement that made sane minds reel: "I do not want Britain to be defeated, nor do I want her to be victorious in a trial of brute strength . . . Let Hitler and Mussolini take possession of your beautiful island (England), and allow yourselves to be slaughtered, but refuse to owe allegiance to them."

In August 1940 the Viceroy replied to Congress refusing to accept its last proposals. The British reiterated their pledge that "free and equal partnership" in the British Commonwealth was their ultimate objective; they promised that the Viceroy's Executive Council would be enlarged to include representative Indians.⁴ But this was not enough for Congress. It withdrew its offer to participate in the war effort (on its terms) and both parties prepared for resumption of civil disobedience. Negotiations stopped, and about 1500 Indian leaders, including Abul Kalam and Nehru, were arrested. So came full crisis once again.

But by the end of 1941 it was increasingly clear that such a situation could not be permitted to continue. It violated every conception of common sense. The Japanese were preparing to attack Great Britain and the United States. India was seething with resentment and complaint. The whole sub-continent might be lost if concessions were not made. So in December the jails were emptied, and negotiations began once more. The crux of the matter remained the same; the British promised to do something if the Indians themselves could get together, and the Indians—for a lot of reasons—couldn't get together. Nehru made a generous speech on leaving jail. He said that, even though independence was still being withheld, the progressive forces of India would align themselves with Russia, Britain, China, and America. But full independence remained his goal.

Of course entrance of Japan into the war enormously accelerated the pace of Indian events. With increasing alarm, both British and Indians began to look to their defenses. India has 7000 miles of exposed seacoast, and 4000 miles of land frontier. The Japanese knocked and battered savagely at the gates of Burma and Malaya. India had plenty of troops, but it was woefully deficient in tanks

⁴ This enlargement did not take place until eleven months later. The council, or cabinet, now numbers 13 men, of whom 8 are Indians.

and airplanes. The country vibrated with tension and alarm. Something had to be done quickly. Old-line liberals like Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru cabled Churchill appealing for a generous settlement. Rangoon was about to fall.

Then two cardinal events occurred. First, Chiang Kai-shek visited India, as we know. He saw Gandhi, now in retirement, Nehru, and the other nationalist leaders. The Generalissimo spoke cogently for British concessions, saying:

I hope Britain, without waiting for any demand on the part of the Indian people, as speedily as possible will give them real political power so they will be in a position to develop further their spiritual and material strength.

The Indian people thus would realize that their participation in the war was not merely to aid anti-aggression nations for securing victory but also the turning point in their struggle for their own freedom.

For the sake of civilization and human freedom, China and India should give their united support to the principles of the Atlantic Charter and ally themselves against aggression on the ABCD front.

The reference to the Atlantic Charter was particularly notable since Mr. Churchill had previously stated, in what may have been an unguarded moment, that the Charter would not apply to India. This aroused passionate resentment among nationalist Indians. They asked if it meant that Europe was to be liberated while India continued to remain a subject state. Then reassuringly Mr. Roosevelt stated on February 22 that the Charter would apply to "the whole world."

Second, the Churchill government was reconstituted after the fall of Singapore and when it seemed that the Japanese invasion of Burma, directly adjacent to India, would be successful. Sir Stafford Cripps, a close friend of both Chiang and Nehru, entered the British government. It was announced promptly that India would be given a seat in the war cabinet, like the dominions, and on the Pacific War Council. Lord Cranborne, the new colonial secretary, stated in the House of Lords that Britain "is in favor of India's political freedom," and Cripps, it was believed, agreed to enter the government only on this condition. With this quickly moving situation as background India braced itself to face the catastrophe of possible Japanese invasion.

The Far Frontiers

THE North West Frontier Province is *sui generis*. It is unique. It is the remote region separating India from Afghanistan and Turkestan, the barrier between India and the great world of the West, the chief bastion of western India, the reef of rock over which conquerors have climbed from Alexander the Great to Genghis Khan and into modern times. It is the "best" part of India, the British say.

A series of rippling gray-brown crags and valleys; the winding road with one channel for camels, one for autobuses; loose and scrawny bullocks in the sparse fields; intolerable mud when it rains, intolerable dust when it doesn't; 120 in the shade for months on end, and bitter cold in winter; well-armed tribesmen coming to market, wearing multicolored turbans; the thick yellowish houses behind mud walls, with a sentry tower for each compound; men squatting in loose circles before the glassless shops of the bazaar—such are the villages on the Frontier, along the Khyber Pass, and in Waziristan.

The Frontier region is complex. The people are mostly Sunni Moslems by religion; they are Afghan by race, and speak a language known as Pushtu; they have a Congress government. The generic name for the tribesmen is "Pathan" (pronounced Pa-tan); subdivisions include Mohmands, Tirahs, Wazirs, and the warlike Afridis. The Pathans are not a fierce people unless provoked, but they are primitive, and they like to be let alone; the whole area is, as it were, in *purdah*, behind a curtain. As a whole it can muster perhaps 600,000 rifles.

Political consciousness among the tribes, especially the Afridis, is growing strongly. The young men don't like the basic conservatism of the *maliks*, their elders. Some tribal unions choose their own foreign ministers, finance ministers, and the like, after the manner of western states, though they may command only a few dozen scattered villages. Then there are the Red Shirts. These cut across tribal and feudal lines and belong to the Indian National Congress, under the leadership of Khan Abdul Gaffar Khan, the "Frontier Gandhi."

Like other mountain barriers—the Caucasus for instance—the

Frontier region is a wonderful living museum of anthropological lore. Many of the more primitive folk live by raiding. So the local proverb says, "A moonlight night is my daughter's dowry." Another legend is that, in the old days, a mother cut a hole in the wall of her mud hut when a son was born. Three times she would stick the infant's head through the hole, muttering three times the incantation "Be a thief." It was the only way to earn a decent living. Along the roads the greeting, as one villager encounters another, is "Be not wary." The second villager replies, "Be not poor."

The roads are the veins of the country. So along the roads a curious ritual is observed. They are considered neutral ground for all. It is considered tactless in the extreme to shoot anyone on the road. Public convenience demanded this amelioration. In the hills you may be anybody's victim; on the roads you are safe. Many villagers have as a result built tunnels from their central watchtower to the roads, so that they can cross the intervening fields safely. At sundown the pace quickens along the roads. All cattle, all women, must be indoors by dusk.

Near the town of Kohat in tribal territory is an arms factory, one of the most bizarre things I have ever seen. In open huts, squatting in the mud, giving power to rude machines by pedaling bicycle wheels, a group of perhaps forty workmen is busy manufacturing—rifles! The tribesmen smuggle the steel, bore the barrels, cast the bolts, whittle the woodwork, assemble the parts, and stamp the finished guns—with handsome counterfeit dies—with whatever British insignia is fashionable. The factory can turn out thirty rifles a month, which cost from 35 to 50 rupees each. The British are perfectly aware that this arms factory exists, but they wink at it, even though it makes weapons to shoot British troops. The catch is that the rifles aren't much good. They last only 150 or 200 rounds before they need reboring. And if the tribesmen were not allowed to make their own bad guns, they might buy good ones from Afghanistan. The factory does not produce machine guns. Perhaps it would be suppressed if it tried to. But the Pathans do not like machine guns, on the picturesque theory that they use too much ammunition.

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The most interesting thing about the Frontier is that there are two frontiers.

This is an essential as well as extraordinary point. The two frontiers are (a) the Durand Line, which is the political boundary between British India and Afghanistan, the only one shown on most maps, and (b) the line known as the "Administrative Boundary," which runs irregularly about thirty miles east of the political boundary, and which is the end of the zone actually administered by Britain. In other words there is a belt of land along the whole Frontier, varying in width, which is part of British India on the map (all maps except big-scale military maps), but which is not British India in fact. This belt, this buffer, a No-Man's Land, is known as "tribal" territory. It is like the princely states—a part of the Empire in which British authority does not rule by law. Neither the parliament in London nor the government of India legislates for this region, which is governed by the tribes themselves under their *jirgas* or tribal councils.

The reason for this anomaly is historical. Ever since the occupation of India by Britain the Frontier has been a special problem. For one thing, fear of Russia in the old days—the Walking Bear of Mr. Kipling—demanded a "strong" frontier policy. This gateway to India had to be protected. For another, the tribes themselves made trouble, marauding from their hills into the Indus plains. For fifty or sixty years, say from the Indian Mutiny to Lord Curzon, the tribesmen made repeated raids, and had regularly to be pushed back. The point was—how far to push them back?

There were two schools of British thought. One, the "Forward School," suggested clearing up the tribes once for all right to the Durand Line or Afghan Frontier. This would have meant exhaustive and expensive military operations. The other, the "Close Border" school, suggested retiring altogether from the hills and making Britain's line of defense the river Indus. Neither school had its way. Lord Curzon invented a compromise, which has persisted with modifications to this day. The frontier region is divided into two spheres. In one, the British hold complete power in the ordinary way. In the other, the elastic belt between the two frontiers, the tribesmen remain in theory independent.

This compromise turned out to be particularly useful in relations between Britain and Afghanistan. Should Afghanistan be unfriendly—and there was an Afghan war as late as 1919—the tribal area provides a convenient buffer, a cushion. If Afghanistan is friendly, as it is today, the British, acting against the tribes, are saved the embar-

rassment of pushing them into Afghan territory. The belt of tribal area permits the British to deal with the tribes without coming too close to Afghanistan. And the Afghans are among the most sensitive of the earth's people in regard to territorial infringements.

The British control their own territory by, of course, British law and British force of arms; they control tribal territory largely by a system of subsidies—bribes. The tribes are divided into two categories, the "assured clans," and those not assured. The "assured clans" are those that get money. They are paid to keep quiet; in return the British "assure" them protection. All told, the annual "assurance" bill on the North West Frontier is probably half a million pounds.

The military complexion of the Frontier is picturesque. There are no British troops in tribal territory—with one exception to be noted presently below. In British territory there are, it goes without saying, troops of the Indian army and of the British Army in India; in tribal territory there are tribal levies called Khassadars.

These Khassadars wear almost any kind of costume, though a *pug-geri* (turban) distinguishes them; they supply their own rifles and their own food; they are paid 25 rupees per month. It is a remarkable system. The men are volunteers, and many former raiders have given up warfare to join up. The Khassadars look fairly sloppy, but I was assured that they made good troops. They are a great convenience to the British, not only because many tribesmen are bought off from making trouble, but because—if the Khassadars should happen to join warring tribes or run away—the British lose no rifles, no officers, no prestige. The Khassadar system transmits to the tribesmen themselves the responsibility of maintaining order.

But in one tribal district the British have definitely undertaken military penetration and occupation. This is Waziristan. Here the distinction between "administered" and "non-administered" areas loses its meaning; here the administrative boundary has been pushed almost to the actual Durand Line, or political Frontier. This happened when the British determined to clean up Waziristan after the Afghan war in 1919; they dotted the country with military posts, and began to build roads, in order to keep the Wazirs—a turbulent people—permanently subdued. This decision caused much woe.

Helen of Troy on the North West Frontier

Her name was Musamat Ram, and she came from a town named Bannu. At least that was her name in the beginning; now she is called

“Islam Bibi,” the Baby of Islam if you prefer. Her story happened to coincide with that of a tribal chieftain known as the Faqir of Ipi, and the combination of the two produced a war. This Baby of Islam, this modern Helen of Troy, was a contributory cause to setting more than 35,000 British and Indian troops in motion. Probably she never saw \$100 in her life. But she (plus circumstances) cost the British and Indian taxpayer about \$37,500 per day above normal military expenditure during part of 1936 and 1937.

Helen of Troy, wife of Menelaus, ran off with the Trojan Paris some twenty-nine hundred years ago. So the legend goes. Musamat Ram, “Islam Bibi,” ran off with a Moslem schoolmaster in 1936. The abduction of the first Helen of Troy set Greeks marching against the inhabitants of Asia Minor. The abduction of this contemporary Helen of Troy set Wazirs marching against British. The first Helen was carried off by an alien prince; her people rose to retrieve her. The second Helen went away with one of her own people, but against her people’s will. The first Helen caused a war in which many gods played a great part. The second performed her rôle because of a fierce religious crisis.

Musamat Ram was a girl of good Hindu family who—note well the approximate age—was “about” sixteen when she met a young Moslem named Nur Ali Shah. He was a schoolmaster in her native town. Also he was a Sayyed, or lineal descendant of the Prophet Mohammed, and thus a Moslem of a peculiarly Moslem sort. Of course Hindu-Moslem tension and bitterness is an old story on the Frontier. Musamat Ram ran off with the young Moslem of her own free will, she says; he abducted her, according to the story of her outraged parents.

They were so indignant not only because her abductor was a Moslem, but because she was under age and had married without her parents’ consent. The Hindu family system is parsimoniously rigid; daughters are their parents’ property and should bring a good price at matrimony. So the parents called in the police, who brought Musamat Ram back, and jailed her young man. Then began a long series of legal processes.

First Nur Ali Shah was sentenced to jail for two years for abduction. Later the sentence was reduced. Musamat Ram rose in court, amid a tangle of lawyers and birth certificates, and denied she was a Hindu any longer; she said that she had embraced Islam. The court ruled that she must return to her parents anyway. The case was ap-

pealed, and again the parents won. Musamat Ram, still asserting that she was now a Mohammedan, was dragged back to her parents' home. They packed her off to exile, and betrothed her to a Hindu.

Then the affair entered politics. Some one called the Faqir of Ipi took it up. He took it up by making war.

The Waziristan War

The war known as the Waziristan War, led on the Waziristan side by the Faqir of Ipi, began in November 1936, fizzled out after a year of serious fighting in December 1937, and cropped up in the shape of minor rebellions again in 1938. The Faqir, a youthful fanatic, was not well known in Waziristan before the war began. British intelligence officers ticketed him No. 40 in their list of Waziri chiefs. His brother was supposed to be a much more important fellow. The Faqir held a minor post in government service for some years and had a reputation for fervent devotion to Mohammedanism and little more.

What the Faqir did was to seize on the abduction case and make a burning issue of it. He inflamed the countryside by harangues explaining the scandal and denouncing the *kafirs*, infidels, who had brought ruin to this converted Moslem maiden. He gave her the new name, Islam Bibi, and exhorted his followers to revenge themselves on the British and the Hindus. He preached a *jehad*, holy war. The countryside became restive, and in November 1936 the British decided to make a show of force in the region, by means of a "Flag March" through the disaffected territory; they sent out a small detachment to impress the villagers. Then a curious incident occurred. A stampede of mules took place and some 400 mules laden with their burden, which happened to be military overcoats, scampered into the hills of the Khaisora Valley. So a wonderful rumor spread—that the British had been defeated in battle, and the 400 overcoats were looted from the dead! A small item perhaps, but it increased tension. Hostilities began.

The British found that the Faqir of Ipi—he took his name from the Waziri Village which was his headquarters—was a person of some quality. He had political ability and he was full of tricks. For instance, he knew that the British never bombed a locality without first sending down warning pamphlets. So, moving to a new encampment, he told his followers that he had the power to turn bombs into paper.

The Royal Air Force squadrons duly turned up; they scattered their leaflets, as the Faqir knew they would; proudly he showed the village the bits of paper which he said had been bombs.

On another occasion the Faqir claimed that he could turn machine-gun bullets into paper too. Serious fighting had begun by this time. A mournful woman showed him the body of her son, fallen in battle, and demanded that the Faqir eat his boastful words. He imperturbably replied, "Ah, yes, your son is dead; it is because you did not believe in me enough."

The Faqir seized not only on the Islam Bibi affair but on other sources of Hindu-Moslem trouble, for instance the Shahidgunj Mosque case in Lahore—a complicated business in regard to rights of religious worship—and the old Rajpal case. A Hindu journalist named Rajpal wrote a book called *Licentious Prophet*. It purported to be a biography of Mohammed and it was furiously resented by the Moslem community. The author was arrested, and the High Court acquitted him after a lower court had given him five years on a criminal libel charge. Fierce controversy raged. There were three different attempts to assassinate Rajpal; finally a young Moslem got to him and did kill him. The Moslem assassin was then hanged. The Moslems in the north have considered this a bitter grievance ever since.

These were various items in the origin of the Waziristan War. The Faqir himself would add another. He denies that he ever encouraged the tribes to raid or loot; he asserts that he acted purely as a nationalist patriot. The basic cause of the war, he insists, was the occupation by Britain of the Waziri tribal areas: the British provoked the people of Waziristan to armed resistance by entering territory they had no "right" to enter, and the Waziris had to defend themselves.

The British technique in a highly difficult and expensive campaign was to advance slowly, establish posts ahead, build safe roads between them, and, above all, use the air. The air was indispensable. Yet all the time the British had to act with the utmost caution; they had to keep two contrary objectives in view, to wipe up the Wazirs and capture the Faqir; second, to do this as gently as possible, so that other tribesmen would not rise and join the enemy. They had to catch the Faqir, but they had to catch him inconspicuously. They had to conquer

one enemy, but by means which would not give them more enemies in the same region.

The war ended in a draw. First, the Faqir was never caught. (Had he been caught, he would not have been hanged or even punished; instead, in their curious way, the British would have given him a good job somewhere.) He dodged back into the Madda Khel country, close to the Afghan border, and the British can't find him. Second, the other tribes did not rise. Had the fighting spread to the Mahsuds nearby, the war would have been thrice as difficult and costly. Midway through the war Musamat Ram, Islam Bibi, ceased to be an important issue. The court reversed the previous verdict. She was adjudged a Moslem after all, her lover got out of jail, and triumphantly she rejoined him.

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There are three schools of thought among the British as to means of permanent settlement of the Waziri problem and the Frontier area. The hardboiled school says to wipe the tribes out, disarm them completely, and end the paradox whereby there are two frontiers. But to put this policy into effect would cost millions of pounds, and might necessitate a ten years' campaign, which is impossible at this particular time. Also it would bring complications with Afghanistan.

The second school suggests maintaining the present system, but improving it. That is, build barbed wire fences, build more forts, keep the tribes in better order by stricter military means. Third, other military experts and most of the civilians say let matters rest as they are, trust in the subsidy system and the Khassadars, and hope for the best. The easiest solution is to train the tribes to maintain order themselves.

A major constituent of the Frontier problem is economics. The tribes raid for booty. Give them enough to live on, and they will raid no more. But there are great difficulties in the way of economic improvement. The country is arid, and irrigation is impracticable: the native Khans or landowners are jealous of their privileges. The best thing to do is build more roads. The roads add life to the land; they help to make the land safe, and to bring security and gain to all.

Afghanistan

We have little space for Afghanistan, Tibet, Burma, Ceylon, and the other regions adjacent to India. Afghanistan, an independent kingdom,

rugged and railroadless, is a kind of footnote to Persia, which I will deal with in the next chapter, but it is several generations behind Persia. The Afghans are incredibly sensitive. A London newspaper correspondent once inadvertently called the British Legation in Kabul the "Residency," which it had recently been; the Afghans considered themselves so affronted that they refused him permission to reenter the country. Another journalist once aroused severe protests by mentioning that flies swarmed in the bazaars of Kabul, the remote and primitive capital.

Even educated Afghans have little experience of the West. It is said of the former king, Amanullah, that on his trip to Europe in 1927 he became convinced that the Russian navy was stronger than the British, because in Leningrad harbor he saw old fashioned cruisers with four tall funnels, whereas the up-to-the-minute British ships had only one short one! When an American diplomat presented his credentials some years ago, he was the third American citizen ever to arrive in Kabul officially. Amanullah asked him where he came from. The diplomat replied, "California." Amanullah commented that California must obviously be the most important American state, since the other two Americans who had been in Afghanistan had also—it happened—been Californians. One Afghan foreign minister was delighted to attend the Disarmament Conference at Geneva. He thought that, if disarmament came, it would provide a good chance for Afghanistan to buy arms cheaply. One Afghan ruler got tremendous pleasure out of Sears-Roebuck catalogues. He couldn't read them, but the pictures fascinated him.

Amanullah came to the throne in 1919, after his father, a powerful monarch, had reigned for twenty years. From about 1880 Great Britain had special "treaty relations" with Afghanistan, and paid the country a subsidy of £120,000 per year, in return for which it protected the frontier and "superintended" its foreign relations. Amanullah, a stout person, resented this, and waged war on Britain. The British slapped him back, and then—with that consummate shrewdness which distinguishes British tactics—gave him what he wanted. They withdrew their control, and stopped the subsidy. Afghanistan became an independent state, poorer by £120,000 a year—and with Britain still holding the important strings.

This Amanullah, a worthy and well-meaning man, was bitten deep with western virus. He wanted to modernize his primitive country, organize the wild tribesmen into a stable state. He was greatly in-

fluenced by his intelligent and able wife, Souriya, the daughter of a newspaper man who was descended from the old kings of Kandahar. But Amanullah had incessantly to beat down his own people, who, extremely backward Moslems, resented improvement. He wanted to reduce the power of the *mullahs*—priests—and to divide up the land. In 1923 civil war was started because his government passed a law modifying the old right of a father to marry his daughter to whom he chose. Then a girl did not like her father's choice of fiancé; she heard of the new law, and sought to have it invoked in her case. Her father promptly locked her up, consulted the village elders, shot her, and stirred up a revolution. In 1929 came another revolution, as a result of which Amanullah had to abdicate and flee. He had ordered deputies to the new parliament to wear western dress—shocking innovation!—and he had pushed other reforms too fast, especially those aimed at the priests. He wound the watch too tight; it sprang back at him. To-day, a royal exile, he lives in Rome.

The British hated to see Amanullah displaced. They liked him and worked well with him—even though he had been “too impressed” by Moscow. A confused period followed. For a week he was succeeded by a brother, whom the British had hopes of; the brother was in turn forced off the throne, and the R. A. F. flew him out of Kabul. Then came the king known as the “Water Boy,” Bacha Saqao, an upstart of peasant blood, who lasted nine months and whose regime collapsed—in the stately words of the London *Times*—“in an orgy of licentiousness.” Bacha was chased out by an uncle of Amanullah's known as Nadir, who became king as Nadir Shah. He had been Amanullah's best general, and he was serving as Minister to Paris when the Water Boy seized power. Nadir gave promise of exceptionally enlightened rule, and might have become one of the great men of contemporary Asia, but in 1933 he was murdered by an inflamed student.

The King to-day is Nadir's youthful son, Mohammed Zahir Shah, born in 1914. But the real rulers are his three uncles, who are Nadir's surviving brothers. The uncles form a powerful triumvirate, and the British hope devoutly that nothing happens to them. One, Hashim Khan, the strongest man in the country, is prime minister; another, Shah Mahmud, is defense minister.

Afghanistan has twelve million people. Its 250,000 square miles are a broad nugget between Persia, the U.S.S.R., the extreme western tip of Sinkiang (China), and British India. Were the country

more penetrable, more developed economically, the obvious strategic importance of this position would be enhanced. As it is Kabul has been the scene of covert tension between Britain and the U.S.S.R.; Germany, too, has been active diplomatically. Spies of several nations are attached to the remote consulates and listening posts. The Japanese have entered the Afghan picture too. They sell bicycles in Kabul for \$5.00, and hire secret agents. But it is said their tactics in espionage are not good; they pick spies already hired by others.

Late in 1941 a German plot to change the dynasty was reported, and the British took steps similar to those they had adopted in Persia a few months earlier. The Afghan authorities ordered all German and Italian nationals—about 200 in all—to leave the country, so that its “neutrality” might be maintained.

Tibetan Topsyturvy

Here one must hold one's head. Tibet is without parallel. I have written to the point of satiety about the interrelations of religion and politics in Asia; in Tibet the admixture reaches its extreme form, for it is a purely theocratic state. It is governed by Buddhist or Lamaist priests who are considered almost literally divine, and who exert their power by terms of an extraordinarily complex convention. The rulers of the country are incarnations of the Heavenly Buddha—no less.

There are two chief sources of spiritual (which means actual) authority, the Tashi Lama (lama = priest) and the Dalai Lama. They are in theory of equal rank, and *both* are, as it were, the leader of the country; it is as if England had two kings, or Vatican City two popes. The Dalai Lama lives in Lhasa, the capital, and tends to stress the temporal side of rule, while the Tashi Lama, more spiritual, lives in Shigatse monastery. Often there is rivalry between the two, but in theory they complement each other. They are like the Archbishops of Canterbury and York; depending on circumstances and personality, one may at the moment be more prominent than the other.¹ The Tibetans want two lamas, so that the elder may train the younger, and so that the younger may assist in the divination of a successor when the elder dies.

¹ The double motif is conspicuous in Tibetan life; for instance there are two equal commanders-in-chief of the army—neither of whom incidentally may be a military man!

The lamas are chosen by reincarnation. Tibet is, it may be safely asserted, the only state in the world in which the heir is selected by inflexible rule *after* the ruler's death; until the ruler dies, no one can know who the successor will be, because the successor should be an infant born at approximately the same moment that the lama dies. The principle is that of reincarnation: the soul of the departing lama who is a personification of Buddha, must enter a child born as nearly as possible at the same time, so that the progression is continuous; the life of Buddha never stops. The new lama, usually a child, is found by divination. Secret signs are discerned; initials of the previous lama may shimmer in his home. But the successor must be *searched for*, and found, among all the children in the realm.

Sometimes—in fact often—no reincarnation of the lama can be discovered for years. The Tibetans are very strict in following their ritual. Parties are sent out to look for the chosen infant, and may spend a decade in the search, with frequent false alarms. This means, obviously, that there are often long *regencies*; some have lasted twenty years. Thus developed, too, abuse of the ritual, because unscrupulous regents could attempt to retain power by frustrating the search, or even—as happened several times in the last century—by poisoning prospective candidates. Not merely the Tashi and Dalai lamas are reincarnated. So are hundreds of others, the chief dignitaries in the great monasteries and other personages of state.

The situation in 1942 is that Tibet has no Tashi Lama and that the new Dalai Lama is a boy aged eight. The last Tashi Lama, a distinguished and pious old man, died in exile in China a few years ago—he had shocked Tibet greatly by fleeing for political reasons—and no reincarnation has ever been found . . . The new Dalai Lama was discovered in October 1937 when he was a three-year-old infant. His name was Lamo Tanchu, and he was found in a village called Taerssu in Kokonor, near the desolate frontier between Tibet and China proper. The priests discovered by various mystic devices that this child was the proper reincarnation of the last Dalai Lama, and he was chosen although the regent of Tibet had meantime unearthed two rival candidates. The Chinese government demonstrated great interest in the proceedings, and sent an imposing delegation to the enthronement, which was performed, in February 1940, under Kuomintang as well as Tibetan auspices. The new Dalai Lama is the fourteenth in his line, the first one having been created in 1391 A.D.

Government is dominated by the priestly class, which is not surprising since at least one son of every family becomes a monk; one-fifth of the total population are priests. Since only one lama exists at present, and since he is a small child, the contemporary power resides with a regency—in theory. The present regent, a priest named Thupten Jampel Yishey Gyantsen, was born in 1911. He was discovered to be the fifth incarnation of the head of the great Reting monastery, and took part in the search for the new Dalai Lama. On completion of his studies at the monastery of Sera in 1934 he became regent. For a special reason. There are complications in Tibet.

Behind the regent is a more potent figure, the prime minister. The present one is Yapshi Langdun Kung; he was born in 1906, and he became prime minister in 1926. He is not a priest, and he got his job from the then Dalai Lama, who deliberately wanted a very youthful (and hence weak) prime minister; when this Dalai Lama died, the young prime minister (who was not so weak) turned posthumous tables on him by appointing the regent, who is even younger (and weaker) than himself. So to-day we have a new Dalai Lama, a boy of eight, for whom a 31-year-old regent reigns, who is in turn controlled by a 36-year-old prime minister. The prime minister is boss. However—just to make it simple—this is not the whole story. Behind all these dignitaries is the personage known as the “Official Oracle.” Born in 1894, he is the Great Lama of Nechung monastery, and must be consulted by all in any crisis. In giving advice he goes into a trance, thus putting himself at the disposal of the deity.

The chief lamas are buried in Lhasa, the capital. They are given magnificent shrines. A new one, erected in memory of the last Dalai Lama, was recently built at Potala, on a hill crowning the city. It is roofed in solid gold worth one million pounds.

A word on temporal matters. Tibet, as we know, is technically part of China, and is shown to be Chinese territory on most maps. In plain fact the Chinese government plays no political rôle in Lhasa whatsoever. Ever since the British first forced their way into the country, through the Younghusband mission in 1902, Tibet has been predominantly under their influence—exerted largely by remote control. There is no British representative in Lhasa, where the Tibetans do not wish foreigners to live; a British agent is however stationed at Gyantse, nearer the Frontier. Treaty relations between Britain and China over Tibet are obscure. Occasionally a British mission visits the

country. The most recent one brought something that Tibet had never seen before—movies. The shrewd British chose a *Rin-Tin-Tin* dog film, an old Chaplin comedy, and a documentary of England's kings.

The British spearhead into Tibet is Sikkim, the most northerly of the Indian princely states. Normally one assumes Tibet to be locked off from the world by some kind of special barrier; in fact the only barrier is the natural one of geography (the pass into the country is 14,000 feet high), and there is not even a gendarme at the Sikkim-Tibet boundary. The real frontier is that between British India and Sikkim, which is carefully controlled. Visitors to Sikkim are required to sign a pledge that they will not enter Tibet. Should a visitor do so, he probably would not be torn to pieces if he behaved sensibly; the Tibetans are pleasant if aloof people, and strangers—if they get in—are as a rule simply escorted back to the Frontier.

The Maharaja of Sikkim is a shy, smiling Buddhist in a yellow robe, whose hair is still braided, who listens to London on a huge new radio, and whose children ask wistfully about gangsters in Chicago.

Two Political Curiosities

Nepal is an extraordinarily interesting state in the Himalayas between Tibet and British India. Since 1923 it has been independent, though the British continue to give it an annual subsidy—1,000,000 rupees (\$370,000) a year, which is not much—and to recruit from Nepal the Gurkhas who are among the best troops in the Indian army. Nepal, though flanked by Buddhist states, is a citadel of Hinduism in its most extreme form; the penalty of killing a cow is—still!—death. It is ruled by a king, known as the Golden Basilisk, who is a figurehead; by Nepalese tradition, real power is vested in the Mahara-ja or prime minister, who holds his post by a semi-hereditary process. His relation to the king is almost precisely that of the Shogun to the Japanese Emperor before 1868.

Since 1934 Nepal has sent a minister to the Court of St. James. This flattered the Nepalese—who are enormously sensitive, like the Afghans—but it presented difficulties, since no Nepalese Brahman may cross water without losing caste. Eventually it was arranged that the Nepalese envoy should take the trip, duly lose caste, and then regain it when he returned to Nepal by a special and drastic purification ceremony.

The neighboring state of Bhutan is in a category of its own; it is

neither completely independent, nor is it a princely state like other Indian native states. Like Nepal, it was originally part of China, and like Tibet, it is Buddhist in religion. The British control the foreign relations—if any—of Bhutan, and pay it a small subsidy. The ruling Maharaja, born in 1906, has the picturesque name of Jig-me Wang-chuk; the Chinese strain is very conspicuous in his features, and he wears his hair long. His prime minister is an engaging and intelligent personality, the Raja Dorji. Bhutan is probably the only state in the world in which elephants became a problem in policy. An “Elephant Convention” has been signed with British India, so that the Bhutanese get recompense for their elephants who migrate to Indian territory every spring, and get killed there.

Burma and Ceylon

At the moment of writing Burma, a big and important country, is under fierce attack by the Japanese. It covers 261,000 square miles, precisely the area of the old Austria-Hungary. It has conspicuous resources in silver, tin, teak, tungsten, and oil, and is the biggest rice exporting nation in the world; the British detached it from the dying body of the Manchu Empire in the 1860's, and held it until the Japanese invasion. The Burmese, a pleasant people, still bear strong Chinese characteristics; they are Buddhists, and by and large are more animated than Indians, more cheerful. There is no caste in Burma, no purdah. The Englishman says that you can tell when you have entered Burma because the Burmese smile.

Burma was separated from India by the 1935 Act. By cutting it off (Aden on the Arabian peninsula was cut off at the same time), Britain thought to insure itself of footholds on both sides of India, should the almost inconceivable eventuality of successful Indian revolution occur. But the Indian National Congress is increasing its strength in Burma steadily, and the country's chief political issue is—or was—resentment by the under-possessed, who have now reached political consciousness under the “Thakins,” or young radicals, against the privileges of the yellow-robed Buddhist priests. During 1938 there were intermittent serious riots between Moslems and Buddhists, especially in the capital, Rangoon.

During 1940 the development of the Burmese situation proceeded much like that in India, but on a smaller scale. The Burmese, under a Leftist prime minister named Ba Maw, asked for constitutional

changes and reforms. The British government replied somewhat stuffily, talking about the possible "attainment by Burma of her due place in the British Commonwealth of Nations" at some future unnamed date. The British said they would help Burma attain this objective "so far as it lies within them to do so." Which did not satisfy the nationalist Burmese.

In October 1940 Maw was arrested, like Nehru in India, and given a year's sentence; so were other cabinet ministers like U Bah U. (In Burmese "U" is an honorific corresponding roughly to Mister.) The new prime minister, U Saw, then went to London to ask formally for Dominion status. It was refused him, and U Saw announced that "the results he had achieved from his trip were not commensurate with the amount of risk I have undertaken." Late in 1941 U Saw was arrested on his way back to Burma and detained. It was charged that he was negotiating with Tokyo.

The Japanese attack on Burma—so important not merely because of its proximity to India but because, as we know, the Burma Road was China's vital lifeline for supplies—began on January 10. The Japanese moved in from their puppet state Thailand and advanced rapidly along the narrow Burmese coastal strip. Tavoy fell, and then Moulmein. It was at first thought that two great river barriers, those of the Salween and Sittang, would halt the Japanese at least temporarily, but by mid-February they had crossed both and stood at the portals of Rangoon. United States aviators of the "American Volunteer Group," under Colonel Claire Chennault, performed daily miracles recklessly, and by February 9 had brought down 136 Japanese planes despite their own lack of equipment. But at the moment of writing it seems that Rangoon is bound to fall, a loss to the United Nations almost as great as that of Singapore.

As the war goes on the importance of the great island of Ceylon, with 5,300,000 people, increases sharply. Like the Burmese, its people are largely Buddhist; like Burma, it is adjacent to India but not part of it. Ceylon was, in fact, separated from India and made a Crown Colony as far back as 1802. Ceylon is by and large "softer" than India, more tranquil, and less nationalist; its name means "island of dusky leaves." But a Congress organization functions actively, and Nehru visited the island in 1939 and had a great reception there. Nationalist fermentations are increasing. No smallest sphere of the contemporary world is exempt from the striving of peoples to be free.

Ceylon has great strategic value particularly as the Japanese approach the Indian ocean. It commands the southerly routes between Suez and Singapore, and Trincomalee, a fine natural harbor, is already in heavy use as an emergency air and naval base.

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So much for the vast complex of India and its periphery. We turn now to the new world of the Middle East.

Chapter XXXII

People, Pressures, Problems in Iran

I have made my country young, and myself old.

—HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY REZA SHAH PAHLEVI

ENTRANCE into Iran, which is the official name of Persia nowadays, is explosive. Here is the real Asia, here is Asia naked. This is the magnificent inner fastness of the Moslem world. For two days, three days, your car bounces and slithers, writhes and groans, climbing the terrific passes between Bagdad and Teheran, wallowing in stones and mud, leaping crevasses and landslips, penetrating villages which can have changed very little since the days of Xerxes, and cutting across country the color of Gorgonzola cheese and the consistency of pumice stone.

This country, where Alexander the Great died and where the Ardebil carpet was produced, exists in several dimensions. On the horizontal plane it lies between the Caspian and the Persian Gulf and thus is a buffer between the Soviet Union and British India. Considered vertically, it is a crust of rock, like wax sealing a bottle of paste, on top of some of the richest oil deposits in the world. From the point of view of time, it is one of the most ancient of states—and until recently one of the most dilapidated—brought by the fierce energy of the last Shah to the threshold of modern times.

Iran—or Persia—is a fastness not only because of its inflexible geography and remoteness, but by reason of the primitive character of its people. There are about 15,000,000 of them, living on a plateau three times as big as pre-war France. They are villagers and nomads mostly. Iranians are Aryan by race, not Semitic like the other peoples of the Middle East; their language, though it is written in roughly the same alphabet as Arabic, differs from Arabic as much, say, as English differs from Portuguese. They are mostly Moslems of the Shia variety, fanatically backward. All through his career the Shah had to fight the *mallahs*, priests. A foreigner will, literally, be torn to pieces should he try to gain entrance to some of the more holy shrines.

The villages, built mostly of mud, haven't changed much since

Xerxes—but they do have filling stations. They are desolate with poverty and squalor—but the petrol pump has become the center of the community. The trucks, the camions, drink the gasoline, then plunge onward to Ispahan or Shiraz or Teheran. The trucks roar up and down the Iranian roads all day, all night, carrying cargoes of tea and opium, rugs and lubricating oil—and munitions. The roads are dangerous. On the three-day trip to Teheran I counted five monsters demolished at the bottom of ravines.

As more cars, more trucks, lunge through the rocks and mud, as more roads are built, the life of the modern world comes to the villages. I saw children marching neatly to school—the girls wear a gray smock with white cuffs, a sort of uniform—and one proudly showed me her new geography textbook. The old restrictions on travel, which were incredibly onerous—the visitor had to pass a police examination entering *and* leaving every village, even if he were traveling direct from the frontier to Teheran—have been largely eliminated. There are movies in some of the towns. Along the road, the gendarmes try to be helpful; they are uniformed in blue, blue being the color of hope.

We slid into a camel caravan just outside Teheran. The road was asphalt at last, incredible and merciful relief.

My chauffeur, who spoke a little French, permitted himself an observation. The Shah, who believed in the modern world, would not admit camels into Teheran itself, the chauffeur said; in fact, he almost refused to concede that camels still exist. So the caravans have to sleep outside the city gates. The chauffeur chuckled. Then he asked quite seriously: "Have you got rid of the camels yet in Paris and New York?"

Entrance into Teheran is exciting too. The city is one of the most beautiful I have ever seen, dominated by the 16,000 feet of snowy Mount Demevend. The new boulevards are spacious, the trees are nicely planted. But between street and sidewalk are the ditches, full of dogs, cats, and the drinking water. Teheran does things by sudden jumps. It is a mixture of primitiveness and sophistication. Splendid boulevards and dial telephones—but no sewage system!

At the end of one imposing, tree-lined street I came across a building that puzzled me. Architecturally it seemed familiar. It was handsomely built, severe in style, a sturdy cube of steel and concrete. Inside I saw what seemed to be a concourse, concrete ramps, broad steps leading somewhere, and oval windows guarded by shining rails. Then it

dawned on me. The building was the new railway station. But my guide explained that, although the station was complete, there still were no trains.

A large area near the center of Teheran has been leveled. This is—if I may use the word “is”—the stock exchange or bourse. Several years ago the Shah decided that Teheran, like other great capitals, must have a bourse. An international architects’ competition produced admirable plans. Then some one saw pictures of another stock exchange bigger than the winning blueprints. So the plans were scrapped. The Shah wanted the biggest bourse in the world. But financial stringency came to Iran, the building was never erected, and the site is still an empty ruin.

Recently the new and magnificent opera house was completed. But Iran has no opera!

Career of the Shah-in-Shah¹

Reza Shah Pahlevi, whose story is one of the greatest Horatio Alger episodes in history, was born in the district of Mazanderan, near the Caspian, about sixty-five years ago. No one knows the exact date or exact circumstances. The man who reached one of the most renowned thrones in the world, who became *Shah-in-Shah* (King of Kings), Shadow of the Almighty, Vice Regent of God, and Center of the Universe, was distinctly a man of the people, a kind of modern Bonaparte or Cromwell, who lifted himself into history by his own bootstraps, who rose from humble origins by his own qualities of courage and endurance. At forty he was an unknown officer. In his early fifties he was Shah of Persia.

Very little is known of his youth. He was certainly poor, though his family may have been well established in the region. He could have had only the briefest schooling, because when he first became prominent he was almost illiterate. Probably he tended flocks in Mazanderan, like other peasant boys; probably he lived in a mud hut and ate bits of sheep for supper; possibly he had heard of Darius and Cyrus, whom he was to succeed. One story is that for a time he was a servant in a foreign legation in Teheran. It is more likely, however, that he may have been posted to duty there as a legation guard, after he joined the army. Teheran is full of apocryphal stories of the Shah’s humble origins and early career.

¹ The Shah of Iran was forced to abdicate in September 1941. See below.

We begin with a fact. As a boy Reza took to soldiering; he enlisted in the Cossack division of the Persian army, a Persian force officered by Russians. Weak Persia used foreign officers then; the old dynasty was crumbling, and the country was a battleground of mercenaries. In the north the Cossack division exerted a strong Russian influence; the South Persian Rifles, officered by British, dominated the south; a neutral Swedish gendarmerie kept order in Teheran. For twenty years Reza was a trooper in the Cossack division. He finally rose from the ranks to become an officer.

The first World War came and it seemed for a time that the old hungry enemies, Britain and Russia, would gobble Persia between them. Technically the country remained neutral; nevertheless British troops occupied a zone in the south, and operated, first against the Turks, then against the Russians, in the north. Once again we cross the trail of Western imperialism and its ambitions. The Bolshevik revolution led to intervention by the Allies, and British and Soviet troops fought along the Caspian. Meantime the old Russian officers fled or were killed, and the Cossack division began to disintegrate. This situation has curious parallels to-day, though nowadays Britain and Russia occupy Iran as allies.

A British colonel named Smythe was stationed at Kazvin, in northern Persia. The date was 1920, by which time the British had a virtual protectorate over the country. Smythe spotted Reza as an officer of courage, and put him in command of the Cossack division, hoping thus to save it. Later General Sir Edmund Ironside (now Lord Ironside of Archangel) came to Kazvin to arrange withdrawal of British troops. He confirmed Reza's appointment. Had it not been for the discerning eyes of these two British officers, Reza Khan (as he was then known) might have lived and died an obscure Cossack officer.

Intervention against the Bolsheviks failed; the British gave up their Persian foothold, and Lord Curzon saw his dream disappear, that of a roseate British bloc from Dardanelles to the Indus, through Turkey, Persia, and Afghanistan. At about the same time the Russians, for quite different reasons, dropped Persia too; Lenin offered to give up special rights there, and in 1921, a Russian-Persian treaty freed Persia from its obligations to the Czar. The Russians gave Persia joint command of the Caspian Sea, canceled about \$20,000,000 of in-

debtiness, and proclaimed the end of Czarist imperialism. On the other hand, the Russians maintained the right to send troops into Persia in case intervention began again. This fact played a certain rôle in the events of 1940-41.

An interesting thing happened after 1920. Persia had been so long a buffer between Britain and Russia that it had seemingly no will to live alone. Tension between the two great powers supported her; when the tension was withdrawn she collapsed. Corruption ruled Teheran, and banditry all but ruled the country. The foreign troops were gone, and the morale of government sank to an unbelievable level. Everything was toppling. The reigning sovereign, Sultan Ahmed Shah, last of the Kajar dynasty, a fat puppet, lived in Deauville and gave fortunes in rubies to chorus girls. He was called the Grocer-Boy Shah, when he wasn't called something even less complimentary, because he bought the entire grain crop of the country during a famine and then sold it to the starving people at fantastic prices.

In *Asia* Magazine Vincent Sheean has preserved a precious anecdote of this period. "Corruption was at its height in Teheran in those days, but it is yet to be proved that anyone got anything for his money. Rothstein, the Soviet Ambassador in Teheran at the time, told me long afterward in Moscow that he had come to the conclusion that Persia was 'fundamentally sound.' Asked to give the reasons for this view, he found an almost unanswerable one. 'They will take money from anyone,' he explained, 'from the British today and from the Russians tomorrow, or from the French or the Germans or anybody else. But they will never do anything for the money. You may buy their country from them six times over, but you will never get it. Therefore I say Persia can never go under. Persia is fundamentally sound.'"

But then something happened—something more significant than anything in Persian history since Genghis Khan and Tamurlane. Reza Khan, the veteran Cossack trooper, now in command of his division, advanced into the picture.

A group of young men, led by a journalist, Sayyed Zia-ed-Din, decided to make a coup d'état. Their intention was not to change the dynasty but merely to install a reformed government and they chose Reza as their military arm. Reza picked 2,500 men from the Kazvin garrison and entered Teheran on the night of February 20, 1921. The plans were well made, and the coup was bloodless. Reza's

troops simply occupied the government offices and a new cabinet was proclaimed, with Reza as commander-in-chief of the army.

Then events came quickly. Reza was obviously the power behind the government. He got rid of Zia-ed-Din, and made himself minister of war. In 1923, he took office as prime minister. He spent two years consolidating his position and bringing the remote provinces under his control. He began his reforms by importing an American financial commission, and he crushed the last powerful semi-autonomous chieftains in the south.

The Grocer-Boy Shah, Sultan Ahmed, returned from the ladies of Biarritz and Deauville to take one quick peek at his transformed country. He looked with approval, and apparently was not interested enough in Reza's growing strength to combat it. He went back to Paris, gave more rubies to chorus girls, and retired to the American hospital there, where he died after a fantastically expensive illness. Reza, meantime, unusually among Oriental figures, did not bother to revenge himself on the old dynasty, members of which still live peacefully in Teheran.

But he ended the old dynasty. He did not wait for Sultan Ahmed to die. In October, 1925, he forced a measure through the Majlis (parliament) unseating Ahmed and the Kajars; a few months later he was declared sovereign of Persia, and the founder of the dynasty of Pahlevi, the name which he adopted. For a time it seems that Reza flirted with the idea—like Kemal in Turkey—of making Persia a republic. But he could not risk further affronting the old *mullahs*, who were shocked enough at the displacement of the former royal line.

On April 25, 1926, Reza Shah Pahlevi was crowned. He had a new crown made, and, like Napoleon, put it on his own head.

Habits and Characteristics

"Now, O King, establish the decree, and sign the writing that it be not changed, according to the laws of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not."

—DANIEL vi. 8

The Shah² to-day, in his middle or late sixties—no one knows exactly how old he is—is still a considerable figure of a man. From the earliest days his stature and physique marked him. The beaked nose (which is deeply scarred), the wide, pure white mustaches, the

² I reproduce this section as I originally wrote it in 1939, with a few omissions and emendations.

breadth of shoulder—these give him a regal presence. So do his formidable temper and the awe in which his people hold him. One revealing little anecdote is of the jockey who lost a big race in Teheran because he stopped to salute the Shah in the royal box.

His Imperial Majesty likes the races, and other stories seem to link his good hot trooper's temperament with racing. Once an unknown Turkoman tribesman beat a Persian officer, evidently a strong favorite, in a Teheran race. In full view of the diplomatic corps and the élite of Iranian society, the unfortunate winner was led to the Shah, who, in the words of the *London Times*, "delivered a short lecture and proceeded to kick the tribesman in the stomach."

Teheran officialdom is full of nerves every autumn after the annual races on the Turkoman steppe, which the Shah particularly likes, partly because they are in his home province of Mazanderan. The Shah relaxes at the races and returns to his capital refreshed. Then the fireworks begin. Fur and feathers fly, jobs and careers disappear, the underlings whimper and whisper, until His Majesty's spirits calm down.

His nationalism is violent. For instance, only Persian characters may be used in street signs and the like. Nameplates of foreigners in Teheran will be torn from the doors unless they are in Persian. Even the kilometer posts along the roads are painted with Arabic numerals—which are quite different from the English numerals which we call "Arabic." When he is ill—which is seldom—he insists on Persian doctors.

His political sense, his shrewdness and cunning are highly developed. Once he was suspicious of the loyalty of a minister of war who was a representative of the powerful Bakhtiari tribe. So the Shah launched a ballon d'essai to the effect that he himself was ill. Duly the tribe became restive. Promptly the Shah "recovered," dismissed the minister of war, and broke the Bakhtiari power.

There is virtually no public debt in Persia, and the Persian budget is always in balance. The finance minister, since he would not conceivably dare face the Shah with a deficit, always *underestimates* the national revenue. Oil royalties and income from the monopolies and other state enterprises, which Reza controls, go for public works. Recently the Shah donated his private gold to the country, and those crown jewels which have no great historical interest are to be sold.

He works enormously hard, like almost all modern dictators; he

rises usually at five, and any cabinet officer or other high official may expect a call at any time of day or night. No matter what the time is, the person summoned is supposed to be at the palace within fifteen minutes. At cabinet meetings he scourges his ministers, pumping them full of his own vitality, making them work, making them proud to work, making them proud of Iran. He works too hard to have any hobbies—except the precious railroad he is building. He likes French wine, and smokes a little opium occasionally. He always carries a short string of amber beads which he fingers while talking.

Rulers of eastern countries like to keep their ears close to the ground, and it is said that the first person the Shah sees every day is the head of the secret police of the army, second, the head of the civilian secret police, third, the head of the regular police. After these come the regular audiences. He receives a great many people, and tends to an infinity of details himself. When he receives the foreign diplomats he is courteous and almost easy-going; he stands instead of sitting on one of his thrones; he usually greets a newcomer by saying that he is merely a "simple soldier," which of course he is not.

He has two palaces in Teheran, one just outside the city at Saadabad, and several summer residences on the Caspian. The Gulistan (Rose Garden) Palace, traditionally the home of the king, is no longer used except for official functions. Part of it is now a museum, and part houses the ministry of foreign affairs. The Peacock Throne, which is incidentally not a throne at all, but a sort of divan, is in the Gulistan Palace. The town palace where the Shah actually lives is a much simpler and more modern building. It lies in the best residential quarter of Teheran, surrounded by heavy trees and a twenty-foot brick wall.

The Shah is believed to be the largest individual landowner in Asia, except possibly the Emperor of Japan. He owns vast properties throughout Iran, largely those confiscated from rebellious former owners. Early in his reign he set out to break the power of the feudal landlords; he did so by the simple and direct method of taking over their property. He has not yet attempted a land reform in the sense of giving property to the peasants, but all the revenues from his land are supposed to be turned into the state budget for the common welfare. His Imperial Majesty is, oddly enough, the only monarch in the world in the hotel business. Travel in Persia is a state monopoly; the

Shah personally owns most of the hotels, especially those along the Caspian. His motive is to build up a tourist trade, and to see that visitors are treated well.

He never entertains, even officially; this is the prime minister's job. He is not easily accessible. Only one foreign journalist, Eugene Lyons, then of the United Press, has ever interviewed him. He has few confidantes, few friends. He rotates people in power, and officials are not apt to be conspicuous for very long periods. No one dares to say No to him.

When the Shah travels, and he travels incessantly, he puts up an impressive show. He likes to go out and see the country himself, to investigate conditions on the spot, to check local affairs with his own eyes. He generally uses a big, very old Rolls-Royce, bullet-proof; his eldest son, the Crown Prince, usually rides with him. The cavalcade, what with guards and advisers, may number sixteen cars; they whip along fairly comfortably, because no traffic of any kind is permitted for a day in advance on any road that the Shah is using. The roads are put in order, so far as possible, and the whole route refurbished; houses must be whitewashed in the villages where Reza stops, and fences painted green. The school children get new uniforms, and are drilled for days to present themselves. They must stand rigid when he passes, with the exception that they are taught to shift their eyes gradually from left to right or vice versa, in order to keep him in their vision while remaining motionless. The contrast to procedure before the Emperor of Japan is interesting; the Japanese, as we know, are not allowed to lift their eyes to see the monarch. When the Shah travels the dogs are killed in any village where he spends the night! This is because he is a light sleeper, easily disturbed by noise. It isn't as heartless as it sounds, because there are thousands of stray dogs in the country, most of them with rabies.

Simple things please him greatly—things simple to us, but perhaps complicated to him. Once he set out to administer wholesale rebukes in a province near Azerbaijan. (He is full of strong localisms, and he happened to have a grudge against this section of his country.) But entering it he saw a jackknife bridge erected by one of his engineers. He had never seen one before, and he was so pleased that he called off the purge.

Reza, the Shah's first name, is common in Persia; it is the name of a well-known Shia saint, the Imam Reza, who is buried in the

sacred city of Meshed. Pahlevi, the name he adopted for his dynasty, is an old word for the Persian language. (Incidentally "Pahlevi" was the telegraphic address of the Imperial Bank of Persia until the Shah appropriated it. The bank changed its telegraphic address to "Bactria.") He has renamed towns all over the country, some with his own name. In Soviet Russia we have Stalinabad, Stalinsk, Stalingrad; in Iran, we have Rezaieh for Urumia, Pahlevi for Enzeli, and so on. And he has, as everyone knows, changed the name of the country itself. "Persia" gave way to "Iran" in 1935, because the word "Persia" derives merely from the province of Fars, a limited area, whereas Iran denotes a wider territory—the whole great plateau from Turkey to Afghanistan.

Very little is known about the Shah's family life. He has had several wives and several children. His first marriage, like Mussolini's, took place long before he became famous; then he married a lady, related to the governor of Teheran, who was also a member of the Kajar family, and who is now his queen. This shows how strongly Reza is interested in dynasticism; he wanted to link his succession to the previous reign. He has one son—see below—and two daughters, each of whom made political marriages. One, a twin sister of the crown prince, married an important tribal chieftain, who thereupon found good reason to be loyal to the Pahlevi régime. The other married the son of a recent prime minister, who has the pleasant name Mohammed Jam.

Recently at the autumn maneuvers five young princes are said to have appeared, all approximately the same age. Their existence had hitherto been unknown. They wore court uniforms, and all were named Reza. The presumption is that they are the sons of His Imperial Majesty by other marriages. What is happening to them now no one knows.

Enemies of the Shah say that he is cruel, secretive and domineering. Iran, they complain, is a vast prison ruled by fear. No man knows how long he will stay in favor; no man knows when he may be disposed of. A person may simply disappear, as did Khan Timurtash, who for some years was Minister of Court and the second most powerful man in the realm. The Shah is a despot, and his personal word rules all.

A fortress near Teheran, once a home of the previous dynasty, is supposed to house political prisoners. There is no trial, no sen-

tence. Enemies are supposed to be removed, if removal for good is deemed necessary, not by the headman's ax or firing squad but by the more melodramatic method of poisoning. The disgruntled call it cheerlessly the *inoculation Pahlevi*. A pellet in the breakfast coffee one fine day—and then there aren't any more fine days. It may be announced that the victim has died of a "stroke."

Another criticism of the Shah is that he is wildly capricious, and lacks all sense of balance. He builds a railway station before the tracks are laid; he spends 2,000,000 tomans (\$1,200,000) on the new officers' club in Teheran, a sum which might give the city a sewage system. He, a dictator, says in effect "Let There Be Light," and then expects the light to shine, whereas no technicians are on hand to turn the switch or push the button. He has to do it all himself. And he is inclined to defy the laws of nature. For instance, impatient recently that his medical service was progressing slowly, he decreed simply that nurses should finish their training in two years instead of three, quite refusing to recognize that three years were necessary if the nurses were to be competent.

Reforms à la Turk

Beyond doubt the greatest personal and political influence on the life of the Shah was Mustapha Kemal Ataturk, the late dictator of Turkey, whose career he closely followed. In 1934, he visited Kemal in Ankara—the only time he has ever been outside Iran. Both Kemal and the Shah were military adventurers, upstarts, but it would be grossly inaccurate to dismiss them as nothing else. Both brought new life, new dignity, to their peoples. And the careers of both were dominated by a tremendous zest to westernize, to modernize, to break the power of the old corrupt régime.

The first reforms the Shah undertook were in the realm of public order, public security. He wiped out brigandage, which had defaced whole provinces for generations; he gave the land the lifeblood of new roads, new ports and harbors; he reorganized the army, which had been a rabble, on the basis of conscription. He got rid of foreign officers, foreign advisers, and made the army a kind of school, like the Japanese army, for the man power of the nation. This was a most important step. At the end he began to develop an air force and even a small navy.

He decided early that Persians should have some national badge.

So he devised what was called the Pahlevi cap, a peaked cap like a Pullman porter's cap, and every male in the kingdom had to wear it. This, like Kemal Ataturk's abolition of the fez, attacked the power of the Church, since a good Moslem cannot pray if he is wearing a hat with a brim. A few years later Reza abolished the Pahlevi cap as suddenly as he had introduced it, and decreed simply that every Persian must wear some kind of European headgear. Anything goes in Iran nowadays from a derby to a sailor straw.

Many of the reforms³ he copied from Turkey. He abolished the régime of capitulations (foreign consular and judicial rights, like extraterritoriality in the Far East), and ended foreign control of the customs. He introduced coeducation in the schools, built more and more schools, and inaugurated a program for adult education. He introduced modern commercial and criminal law codes, thus depriving the religious courts of their former competence. He did away with titles and sought to break up the big estates. He permitted courses in human anatomy in the medical colleges, and decreed that marriage and divorce were civil as well as religious ceremonies. The *mullahs* fought these reforms furiously. They were beaten.

Women in the old Persia had about as many rights as cattle, and early in his reign Reza set about emancipating them. First, women were permitted to go to restaurants and the like, something previously unheard of, and to accompany men in public. The minimum legal age for women to marry was raised from nine (the age authorized by the Koran) to fifteen, and women were given the right to divorce their husbands. The question of the veil was difficult. Not even the Shah dared outlaw the veil by decree. So, very cautiously, he set about discouraging its use. For instance, the Queen appeared in public without a veil, and school girls began to wear modern costumes. Then the Shah—subtle fellow!—set apart the most fashionable streets of Teheran, including the shopping center, and suggested that here, at least, women might dispense with the veil. Then came an officially inspired whispering campaign that only prostitutes still really cared for veils!

Under the Shah there were no political parties in Iran; the Majlis, founded after a revolution in 1906, was not even a debating society, and the Constitution meant very little. Here too, Reza followed

³ Henry Filmer's *The Pageant of Persia* contains an authoritative account of these reforms.

Kemal. There were no issues, except to obey the Shah; there were no Ins, no Outs, except by the criterion of royal favor. The chief domestic problem, as in Turkey, was money—money especially for the army, which absorbed forty-four percent of the budget—and the pinch of hard times.

Next to that of Turkey, the influence of the Soviet Union is most marked in Iran. As in the U.S.S.R., a considerable number of enterprises are state monopolies: tourism for instance, sugar, tea, salt, opium, foreign trade, transport, petroleum. There is much Russian local color: people eat caviar (if they can afford it), call tea "chai," count on an abacus, wear belted blouses, and fear the secret police. Russia is by far Iran's chief provider of imports, and her third best customer. The best customer is Britain, but German economic influence grew strongly until the war.

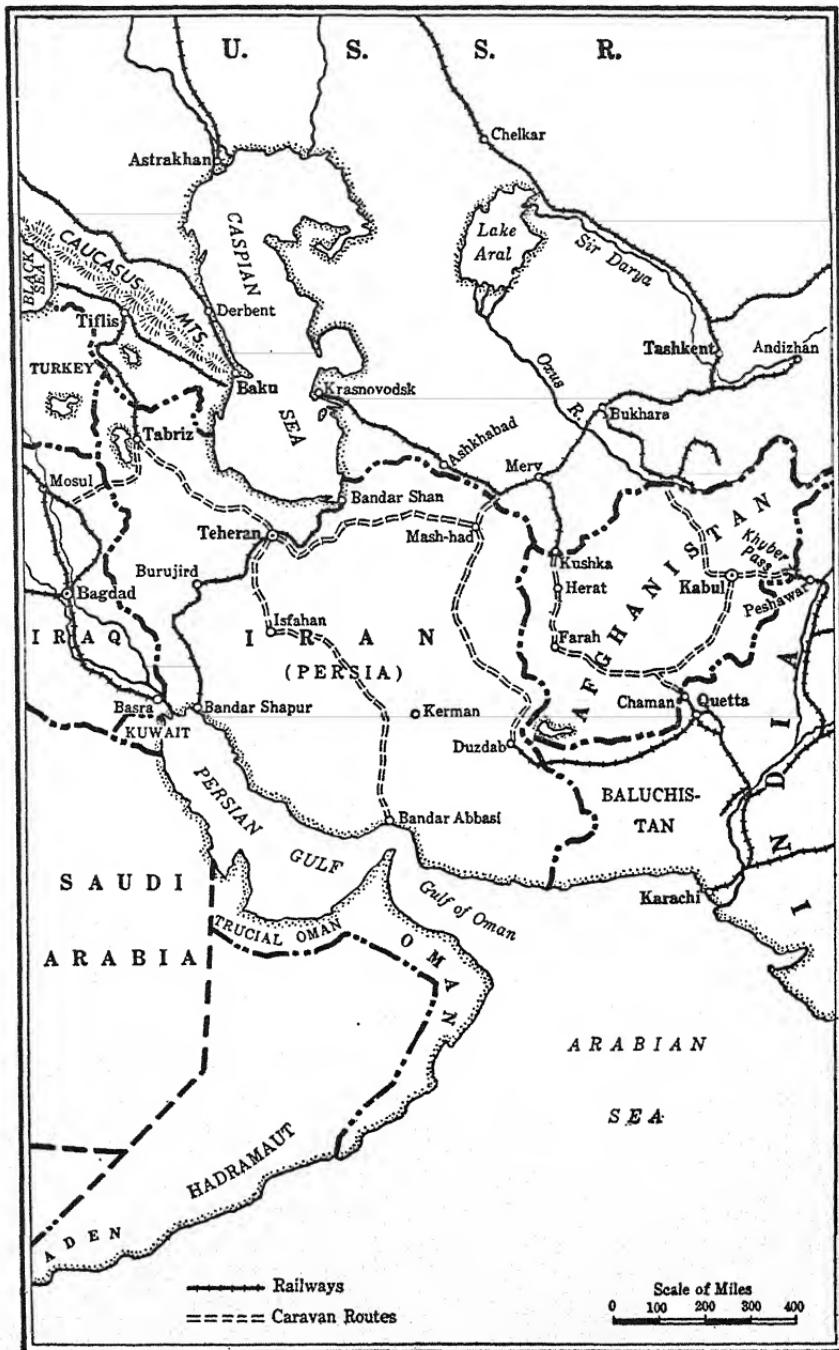
The foreign policy of Reza Shah was simple and traditional: to play Russia and Britain against each other, to prevent the Russians from being too influential in the north, and the British in the south. He was reasonably successful in both courses so long as both Russians and British wanted a reasonably strong buffer state between them. Far better an autocratic and occasionally idiosyncratic Shah than Iran in chaos, London and Moscow both felt. When the Shah would play their game no longer, out he went.

The other object of Reza's policy was peace and good relations with his small neighbors. He envisaged a sort of middle Asian community of border states—Afghanistan, Iraq, and Turkey combining with Iran to work for their common good. To this end his government signed the pact of Saadabad in July, 1937, linking the border states in a non-aggression treaty. He was very careful to keep the prestige of his small neighbors high. For instance, both Turkey and Afghanistan, as well as the U.S.S.R., have ambassadors in Iran, whereas even Great Britain has only a minister, though the great compound of the British Legation maintains the glamour and tradition of former days.*

The Sensitive Plant

One thing everyone in Iran agreed about—the Shah's very pronounced sensitiveness, both in regard to his own career and the pres-

* The British Legation—a minor point but perhaps one that shows again the pre-war British luck or skill in being in the right place at the right time—contains a well with the only good drinking water in Teheran. The whole town uses it.



tige of Iran. Sensitiveness, of course, is usually a sign that a man is not sure of himself.

The Persian minister to Washington was arrested in Maryland for speeding. Forthwith he was recalled to Iran, and diplomatic relations with the United States were all but severed; till recently there was no Iranian representation in the United States.

A New York tabloid newspaper laughed at the Iranians for their touchiness. As retaliation, second class mail privileges of Americans in Iran were curtailed.

A French newspaper made a joke about the Shah. It was of the same variety as the old pun, *Dans la nuit les chats sont gris*, which means both "At night the cats are gray" and "At night the Shahs are tight." The Iranian minister of France was recalled, and diplomatic relations broken off.

The Shah, like Mr. Herbert Hoover, was supposed to take masochistic delight in his press clippings. He read them all, and every Iranian diplomat was under standing orders to send to Teheran any reference about him printed anywhere.

Railway Worth Its Weight in Gold

The new railway was Reza's chef d'œuvre, his masterpiece, and his precious toy. Persia never had a railway before, and the difficulties of construction were judged to be insuperable. The line traverses the plateau for a thousand miles from northeast to southwest, and crosses two mountain masses, one of which is 120 miles wide, the other 60, as well as a desert where communications had hitherto been impossible. There is one stretch of fourteen kilometers which cost \$5,000,000; there are 4,722 bridges and 224 tunnels. The cost as a whole will be \$150,000,000, not including two new towns being built as termini. Every cent comes from within Persia, out of taxes or other revenue.

Linking Teheran with both the Caspian and the Persian Gulf, the railway has great strategic and political as well as commercial importance. The British wanted Persia to build an east-to-west railway, from Bagdad to the borders of India. The Russians wanted a railway up to their side of the Caspian. Very carefully the Shah contrived to defeat both British and Russian aims; his line is exclusively Persian, linking the two Persian coasts. The northern port, Bandar Shah (King's Harbor) is removed as far as possible from European Russia, and the egress at the south is not Mohammerah, which

would have been the most convenient spot, but Bandar Shahpur (Harbor of the King's Son) which is further from the Iraq frontier. Bandar Shahpur is not ideal from one point of view; not only has an entirely new city had to be built, but it lies at a point where the tide rises twenty feet a day, making unloading of cargo difficult. But to the Shah strategy was more important than easy engineering.

An American company had the first concession for the railway. It lapsed, and a consortium of several nationalities, mostly Danish and Swedish, took over the job. British engineers had the hardest sector of track to build—the climb to the great plateau. This is an ascent of almost 6,000 feet in about fifty miles. Practically all material, rails, ties, and so on, had to be imported, and most of the native labor never saw a railway line before, or handled modern tools.

Of course when war spread toward the Middle East in 1941 the Persian railway became cardinally important. It was the chief route for supplies to Soviet Russia and the defense of the Caucasus.

Oil in Iran

The Shah took a good deal of pleasure in playing cat-and-mouse with foreigners. For a time he allowed the German Lufthansa Company to run a domestic air service; then he canceled the arrangement. He refused to let Imperial Airways, a British company, fly over Persian territory; therefore Imperial had to use the longer alternative route along the western shore of the Persian Gulf. The Dutch K.L.M. line, on the other hand, were permitted to fly along the eastern coast, over actual Persian soil, with a landing at Jask, but under certain severe restrictions.

Persia is the third oil-producing country in the world, and its oil—fifty to sixty million barrels per year—is produced and marketed by the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company (more familiarly known as the Anglo-Persian), the controlling interest of which is owned by the British government. The concession dates from 1901, when William Knox D'Arcy paid a reputed \$20,000 for the right to exploit 500,000 square miles of Persia (four-fifths of the country) for oil until 1961. In 1909 the Burma Oil Company bought the D'Arcy concession and formed the Anglo-Persian Company. The Persian government agreed to accept a royalty of sixteen percent of the net profits. In 1914, in order to assure supply of oil for the navy, the British government bought control of the Anglo-Persian.

Things went along fairly smoothly until 1932. The Anglo-Persian drilled wells, explored territory, paid Persia a sum running to £11,000,000 in royalties, spent another £22,000,000 inside Persia on wages and so on, built the great plant at Abadan near the Persian Gulf, and was by far the largest enterprise in the country. On November 27, 1932, with hardly a hint of warning, the Shah suddenly canceled the concession.

What he wanted was, of course, a bigger share of the profits. He got it handily. For six months the British piously protested at the Shah's "confiscatory" tactics, denounced him vigorously, and put the case before the League of Nations. Reza stood firm, and issued a long list of complaints, for instance that the original concession was obtained under pressure, that the amount of royalty had been unfairly calculated, that the company had refused to pay income tax, and that the cost of oil inside Persia was prohibitive. The company, backed by the British government, denied these charges. Finally a compromise was worked out. It was called a compromise, but in reality the Shah won hands down, by holding to his implied threat to close down the whole Anglo-Persian establishment. The British had to give in.

The new agreement, dated April 28, 1933, cut the area of the concession in half, with the proviso that it could be further limited to 100,000 square miles after 1938; it withdrew from the company the exclusive right to lay pipelines and made other arrangements beneficial to Iran; above all, it changed the royalty system from a share of net profits to a specific rate per ton of oil, with the proviso that it could never fall below a certain figure (£750,000) per year. Also it was agreed that the Iranian government should get a further twenty percent of the profits of the company after the shareholders received a preliminary sum, and that after sixty years all the company's property should revert to Iran. The new agreement greatly increased Iran's income from the company.

Abdication of the Shah and After

By midsummer 1941 German political influence was so strong in Teheran that the British feared some kind of Nazi coup d'état. This worried the Russians also, especially since the German attack on the Soviet Union had just begun. If the Germans had taken Iran they could have attacked the Caucasus from behind, and British supplies to Russia, via the Persian gulf and the new railway, might have been

cut off. The British and Russians determined to take action. They decided to forestall Germany for once, and to do so jointly.

For months both British and Russians had been protesting to the Shah at the greatly increased number of German technicians and "tourists" in the country. About 4,000 Axis nationals were living in Iran, and many of them held key positions in political and military life and industry. For instance the Russians state that "Germans made their way into important official posts in over fifty Iranian departments," and that fifty-six German intelligence agents, i.e., spies, were employed as army "engineers." More Germans were coming in day by day. The position startlingly resembled that in Rumania, say, or Bulgaria, before outright Nazi occupation.

The Shah haggled and delayed, until the British and Russians lost patience. Moreover, they had seen what had happened in Syria and Iraq. On August 25 their troops entered the country. The Russians claimed that they had the right to do this under the 1921 treaty, and the British made it clear that they were not "interfering" with Iranian independence and would leave Persia as soon as the "period of danger" was over. Hardly any resistance occurred. British and Russian troops met at Kazvin in September, the first time since 1917 that they had anywhere greeted one another as allies in the field. Later, early in 1942, Britain, Russia, and Iran signed a triple treaty of alliance. This is one of the few cases on record where the Axis has been beaten—so far—at its own best game.

Meantime the Shah abdicated on September 6. His usefulness was gone and he had, of course, no choice; but he gave the excuse of "failing health" as a sop to pride. The British escorted him out of the country—together with the German "tourists" who were expelled—and he took up enforced "residence" on the island of Mauritius. Immediately various investigations began in regard to corruption and so on during his long reign. His property was transferred to his son, and political prisoners got out of jail.

The Shah was succeeded by his son, the Crown Prince Mohammed Reza Pahlevi, who promised to rule—with the eyes of the British and Russian legations close on him—"in a completely constitutional manner." Of course he is powerless himself. This young man is only 22; a few years ago he married the 17-year-old Princess Fawziya, sister of King Farouk of Egypt. The new Shah was intelligently educated by his father, and went to school in Gstaad, Switzerland; he has the reputation of being liberal, and no one can envy him his job.

Chapter XXXIII

Arab World

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*And when ye meet those who misbelieve—then strike off the heads until ye have massacred them, and bind fast the bonds!*

—KORAN, xlvi, 15

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**G**UESS about whom this was written:

“His earlier life was almost a blank. . . . It may be taken as certain that he came of humble stock. If prophets are like poets, then what made him a prophet will never be known. Whether we regard it as a ‘pathological case,’ or a grand example of mystical ecstasy, the thing is essentially inexplicable, though at the outset of his mission a dominating motive can be discerned. He was first and foremost a revealer, who uttered by inspiration truths which lay behind the ken of his listeners. . . . His chief quality was *vision* rather than logical power or learning. . . . His speaking was apparently unpremeditated, a rapturous utterance, as though a power not himself were using him as a vehicle of communication.”

No, this is not a description of Adolf Hitler, to whom it almost perfectly applies, but of the Prophet Mohammed, taken from the introduction to the Oxford edition of the Koran.

The temptation to include Mohammed in a gallery of living portraits is almost irresistible. His career of conversion, incitation, and terrific conquest is extraordinarily contemporary. Half a dozen times in discussing his life and career one comes across modern analogies. For instance the Hegira, Mohammed’s flight from Mecca to Medina, is startlingly like the March on Rome. Like Mussolini, Mohammed prepared the way well in advance, and did not travel himself until his underlings had arranged and guaranteed a good reception. He was—as Hitler is—a mystic, an anti-Semite, and an expansionist.

Mohammed,<sup>1</sup> known as “the Trusty,” a holy man who had several

<sup>1</sup> There are at least a dozen ways of spelling this name, since English cannot reproduce Arabic sounds exactly. The most correct transliteration would be “Muhammad.” Other variants range from Mahomet to Mehmed. I am conforming to simplified American usage in saying Mohammed. Similarly I

wives, the founder of a great world religion who was an illiterate merchant in his youth, was born posthumously in A.D. 570, in Mecca, the holy city of Arabia. Islam is thus the youngest of the mass religions. Mohammed was an unexceptional character until the age of forty. Then he began to receive visions of peculiar intensity, and became convinced that, like Abraham and Jesus, he was a prophet empowered to convey the word of God. He converted his family, then his coterie of friends; news of his mission spread, and in 622 came the Hegira (correctly, *hijra*), the traditional date of the foundation of Islam. He fled from Mecca to Medina to avoid arrest by the Meccans, who considered his teaching dangerous. Mohammed himself was not altogether an exemplary personage; he was reputedly cruel, truculent, and vain; but what he taught began at once to show extraordinary vitality. In 628, he was bold enough to write to all the monarchs then known in the world, communicating to them the substance of his creed; in 629, he recaptured Mecca, began other conquests, and set the stage for the subsequent unification of Arabia and the wonderful Arab campaigns later in the century. In 632 he died, worn out by his visionary labors.

Mohammed's first wife was the widow Kadija, to whom he had previously been a servant. He lived with her happily for many years; when she died he took other wives. One was a Copt, named Mary, from Egypt; one was a Jewess, Safiya, whose husband he executed the night before the wedding. (Incidentally, after one of his battles, he ordered all his Jewish prisoners slain; his creed borrowed heavily from Judaism, for instance in the matter of the universality and oneness of God, but he appears to have disliked individual Jews—a characteristic which has a connotation in the present day.) In addition he had several concubines. Yet, strangely enough, none of his real sons survived him. His favorite daughter, Fatima, married Ali, who was also his cousin and adopted son. Dissension between multitudinous members of the family after his death led to sectarian divergences and family squabbles which persist angrily to this day.

Islam means literally "submission" or "resignation"—to the will of God—a strange choice of name considering that it is the most militant of all religions. Its gospel, the Koran (correctly, *Qur'an*, which means "recitation"), is a "collection of manifestoes, diatribes,

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am using "Moslem," though British usage tends to "Muslim." In India Moslems are usually called "Mussulmans."

harangues, edicts, discourses, sermons, and suchlike miscellaneous pieces" which Mohammed took down from heaven as the words reached his earthly ear. He is not considered to be God himself, but merely the greatest prophet of God. The creed of Islam, as he developed it, borrowed partly from superstitions of the Arab tribes; for instance Mecca—the only city in the world, except perhaps Lhasa in Tibet, utterly excluded to non-believers on religious grounds—was a holy city to the Arabs long before Mohammed; the Prophet had to perform some complex compromises in order to associate Islam, which renounces idol-worship, with the traditional Arab veneration of such objects as the Kaaba, the black cube-like building in Mecca which is still sacrosanct to orthodox Mohammedans. Mainly Mohammed's teaching was a puritan and to some extent a cleansing and humanitarian appeal. He preached against slavery, fornication, and cruelty to animals; he attacked idolatry, blood feuds, and priestly privileges. He borrowed the notion of hell-fire and Judgment Day from Christianity, and the unity and righteousness of God from the Jews. And he invented the principle that paradise, filled with wine and beautiful virgins, belonged only to the doughty believers, who were urged to kill as many infidels as possible on earth.

Mohammedans, especially of the Sunni division, if they make any pretense to orthodoxy at all, subscribe to five practices: (1) Recite *There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is the prophet* (literally, "sent-one" or messenger) of *Allah*. (2) Pray five times a day, with face toward Mecca. (3) Answer the call of the Caliph for a *jihad* or holy war, if any. (4) Give alms to the poor up to ten percent of one's wealth. (5) Keep the holy month of Ramadan, during which no food, water, or sexual intercourse is permitted between dawn and sunset. Additionally good Moslems should once in their lives make the pilgrimage to Mecca.

For several generations the outstanding fact about Islam was its inflammatory militancy. Consider the following passage from the Koran, as quoted in Bertram Thomas's *The Arabs*, p. 44: "The sword is the key of heaven and of hell; a drop of blood shed in the cause of God, a night spent in arms, is of more avail than two months of fasting and prayer: whosoever falls in battle, his sins are forgiven; at the Day of Judgment his wounds shall be resplendent as vermillion and odoriferous as musk, and the loss of limbs shall be supplied by

the wings of angels and cherubim." No wonder the Moslems fought—and still like to fight.

Mohammed himself sought to establish temporal as well as spiritual conquest and rule. In this he is unique among the founders of religions. His great successors the Caliphs Abu Baqr (his father-in-law), Omar (father-in-law), Othman, and Ali (cousin, son-in-law, and adopted son) and their highly competent generals began such a flood of conquest as the world did not see between Alexander and Napoleon. In the space of one hundred years the terrific impact of Islam was felt from China to Spain. The Moslem warriors planted their flag along the entire Mediterranean shore, in Persia and Turkestan, in Sicily and Bagdad. In 732 Charles Martel beat them back from the gates of Paris, and the peak of religio-nationalist aggression diminished. The Moslems brought much good in their wake, including a considerable attention to art, the use of paper, mathematics, and interest in exploration.

But the Moslems had then, as now, rather little *political* sense. They invented a stable system of numerals, which we adopted; they did not invent stable governments. Their religion was strong enough to absorb Asiatic conquerors like the descendants of Genghis Khan, and to reach the uttermost parts of Asia, for instance the Philippines and Dutch East Indies as we have seen in this book; but it did not keep most of its converts from being destroyers rather than builders. The Great Moguls in India erected a beneficent dynasty. No other Moslems did.

The Arab world split at the time of Ali, the fourth Caliph; it has never been united since. Followers of Ali, the Shias, who consider him to be the rightful successor to the prophet, are still awaiting his proper follower. Rival dynasties scrambled for power, the Omayyads in Damascus, the Abbasids in Bagdad, the Fatimites in Egypt, and the Sherifians (descendants of Mohammed himself) in the Arabian peninsula. In the fifteenth century came the Turks, who took Constantinople and ended the Byzantine Empire, and then began to overrun the Arab dynasties and countries. From 1517, when the Turks conquered Egypt, until the aftermath of the Great War in 1918, there was no independent Arab state. Arab nationalism had perished.

#### *Arab World To-day*

First to define terms briefly. There are perhaps 250,000,000 Mohammedans, adherents of Islam, in the world at present, but only

about 40,000,000 of them speak Arabic, and of these by no means all are Arabs. What happened was that Islam pushed forward, as it were, in a great wave that left three concentric loops. Religion went furthest, and language next; the Arab "race," if there is such a thing, the Arab "nation," made the smallest circle.

Nowadays when one says the "Near" East<sup>2</sup> one normally means Egypt, Palestine, Transjordan, Syria, Iraq, Saudi Arabia, Yemen, and the small states of the Arabian peninsula and the Persian Gulf. It is, in a word, the region between Persia and the Mediterranean, much of it desert inhabited by nomad peoples, and yet because of its strategic position a famous battleground of the great powers.

The chief common denominator is that it contains peoples who are basically Semitic in origin, whose predominant religion is Islam, and who speak varying shades of Arabic. The inhabitants of the southern Mediterranean littoral from Libya through Tunis and Algeria to Morocco would fit in this category, but they are outside the province of this book. Egypt, from the point of view of both power and population, considers itself the No. 1 Arab state (properly one should say *Arab-speaking* state, since Egyptians are not really Arabs), but Egypt is, after all, in Africa not in Asia, and is likewise beyond the scope of the present work. Similarly I exclude Turkey, which I dealt with briefly in *Inside Europe*. The Turks are not Arabs but Turanians, and they do not speak Arabic, though for generations Islam was their religion. Nowadays the outlook of Turkey is essentially European.

I have said that the people of this Near Eastern area, inhabiting the eastern rim of the Mediterranean and the valleys of the Nile and the Tigris-Euphrates, together with the desert-cum-oasis peoples beyond—the whole region being strikingly analogous to that "Fertile Crescent" which Professor Breasted has described as the home of the first civilizations of mankind—are in the main Semites by race, Moslems by religion, and Arabic in language. Note the qualification "in the main." For Lebanon (a part of Syria) is largely Christian,<sup>3</sup> and in Iraq there are sun-worshippers, devil-worshippers, Yezidis, Kurds,

<sup>2</sup> British usage calls the Balkans and Turkey the "Near" East, and the rest the "Middle" East. American usage excludes the Balkans and European Turkey from the "Near" East, and calls Iraq and Iran the "Middle" East.

<sup>3</sup> There are many Christian Arabs, i.e., folk Arab by race and language who became converted to Christianity.

and Assyrians. The educated Egyptian may speak roughly the same language as a tribesman from Transjordan, but the two differ as much as the Archbishop of Canterbury from the Scottsboro boys. As to race, the different admixtures are bewildering. Arabs intermarried with Greeks, Turks, Kurds, Cypriots, Armenians, and Egyptians to produce that disconcerting representative of centuries of fusion known as the Levantine. In the area are Sudanese as black as Mussolini's shirt, and white Circassians who evoke memories of the Russian steppes. The Near East—most distinctly—is not homogeneous.

The countries of the region are largely agricultural, and, Egypt perhaps excepted, their economy is primitive. All of them are poor. They live on the soil—when there is any soil. Yemen produces coffee, Egypt cotton, Iraq dates, Palestine oranges, and Syria trouble. Under the soil, in Iraq notably, is oil. The spectacle of great modern airplanes soaring between Jerusalem and Bagdad is infinitely challenging. They follow carefully an oil pipeline across the desert. Under the land, under the shadow of the plane, is the petroleum that feeds them. Figuratively as well as literally they pursue the oil across the sands.

The governments in the area differ widely. Libya was an Italian colony and is now a battleground. Palestine and Transjordan are British mandated areas, and the states in Syria were under French mandate until the present war. Egypt and Iraq, technically at least, are independent nations, though the temptation to use quotation marks around "independent" is considerable. Yemen is a sort of sub-state. The most truly national of the group is Saudi Arabia, ruled by the greatest Arab of the Middle East, King Ibn Saud.

Pan-Arabism is to-day little more than a legend, a myth. As a political force of serious consequence it can hardly be said to exist.

For one thing, local jealousies are strong. Both Egypt and Iraq consider themselves "superior" to the other Arab countries. For many years Ibn Saud was the bitter enemy of the Sherifian family, represented in Transjordan by the Emir Abdullah and in Iraq by King Feisal and his son. This quarrel has been patched up—which is as if Stalin and the Pope should kiss—but there is little real community of interest. For another thing, Arab political development is in general very backward. Schools, railways, commercial intercourse—almost all the incentives to unity—are lacking. As to education, for instance: Bagdad, capital of Iraq, is probably the only capital city in

the world without a university. Again, there are religious schisms. The Sunnis hate the Shias. There has been no Caliph, or supreme head of Islam, since the last Sultan was ejected from Constantinople after the War; the King of Egypt would like to become Caliph, but Ibn Saud—who can't be a candidate<sup>4</sup> himself—won't let him.

In the chapter on Persia above I mentioned the non-aggression treaty which links Iraq, Iran, Turkey, and Afghanistan. But three of these four countries are not Arab countries; the identity of view binding them was not Pan-Arabism but common preoccupation with their great neighbor, the U.S.S.R. Recently a Treaty of Arab Brotherhood was signed between Iraq, Saudi Arabia, and Yemen, but it is only a beginning. In July, 1937, a conference met at Bludan, near Damascus, to outline a common policy among Arab states in regard to the partition of Palestine. It failed largely because Ibn Saud sent no representative.

The main reason why Pan-Arabism is illusory is, however, something beyond the control of the Arab states themselves, namely, western imperialism. The British control Iraq and Palestine, and are dominant in the foreign relations of Egypt and Iran; until recently the French controlled Syria; Britain and the U.S.S.R. have partially occupied Persia; Italian influence has been active in the Yemen. The western powers, jealous of each other, guarding their special spheres of influence, play one Arab state against another. Thus Pan-Arabism is at best a function of Pan-Europeanism—which, in the good year of our Lord 1942, is not a hopeful augury. The western nations—plus warfare—have nullified Arab unity.

The depredations of western imperialism are more pronounced in the Near and Middle East than in any other section of the world, even China not excluded. Once more, for the last time in this book, we confront the imperialist grab and scramble.

The Near East is the region where Kaiser Wilhelm dreamed about "Berlin-to-Bagdad," and where to-day Hitler has an ever mounting and dangerous interest. It is the region where Disraeli sought to purchase the Suez Canal for Britain, where Cromer built up modern Egypt, where Lawrence helped foment and lead an Arab nationalist "revival." It is the region where France invaded Syria, flirted with the Turks, and cast longing eyes at the oil fields of Mosul. It is the region where the leopards keep old spots—where, in 1936, Russia

<sup>4</sup> Technically the Caliph must be a lineal descendant of the Prophet.

asked for the right to push warships through the Dardanelles, where, in 1939, Italy was angling for a share in ownership of the Suez Canal.

Great Britain is, as everyone knows, the greatest Islamic power. The British appropriated Egypt from the Turks, sought to control Iran, subsidized the Sherifians, set up new administrations in Palestine and Iraq after the War, and bought up rising chieftains like Ibn Saud. Britain not only is—despite Axis fulminations—the greatest Islamic power; it must continue to remain so, if the Empire as a whole is to remain intact. This is because the Near East is a crucial pivot in the world's communications. Both by air and sea, the Palestine-Suez area commands the route to India and the further east.

The British, cleverly flexible, have sponsored Egyptian and Iraqi independence, but with the retention of various special rights and privileges; they remain fixed in Transjordan, Palestine, Aden, the Hadramaut, and the Persian Gulf. Then came the Ethiopian war, the so-called Peace of Munich (which hurt British prestige greatly), the cataclysmic explosions of early 1939, the outbreak of war with Germany, and attack by Japan. All through the Near East these events rumbled, and had natural repercussions.

As everyone knows, the Near and Middle East area became an urgently important front of operations during the war. Britain determined to hold Cairo and Suez at all costs, not merely as protection for the canal but as the best vantage point for future attack on Germany. Came the Libyan campaigns with their results encouraging and disappointing turn by turn. One reason why the British could not send more reinforcements to Singapore was the vital necessity of keeping as much strength as possible in the Cairo area.

#### *Bari Broadcast*

Seven-thirty P.M. in Bagdad. The streets are dark after the quick twilight of the Middle East, the cafés begin to fill up, and the Iraqis suck at their blazing coffee or the long, cool waterpipes. Here a tribesman, deep chocolate color, loaded with rags, from the marsh country. Here a Kurd, wrapped in twenty layers of cummerbund, aloof, dignified. Here a cultivated Effendi from the government offices, polishing his old-fashioned pince-nez. Seven-thirty P.M. The café proprietor turns to his radio, adjusts the loud speaker. Bari calling. Flash and splutter of bright monosyllables. And a sort of osmosis takes place; news spreads by absorption.

In Bari, on the heel of the Italian boot, the Italians set up a broadcasting station which transmits news and propaganda—in Arabic—to the peoples of the Arab world. The voice of Bari was heard (before the war at least) from the bazaars of Cairo to Bagdad's eight-mile-long main street, from the ocher lava-land of Transjordan to the swamps of the Euphrates. Arabs listen in groups and clusters. In the villages, even in the oases of the desert, the local sheik may have a radio—conveniently donated by Italian agents—and the tribesmen flock around to listen.

Of course the use of broadcasting as a political instrument is nothing new. In 1933, Hitler attacked Austria—through the air—when a powerful station in Munich set out to undermine the régime of Dr. Dollfuss. In Spain, from the broadcasting station at Seville, the redoubtable General Quiepo de Llano poured out a vituperative stream of calumny against the loyalists. Radio played a very considerable rôle in the Munich "Settlement" and the destruction of Czechoslovakia. It is an ideal weapon in the hands—or mouth—of a dictator with the gift of gab. It gives the technique of aggression a new and potent medium. (It also could—and should—be a superb instrument of peace.)

Broadcasting is, moreover, an especially effective instrument in undeveloped regions, such as the countries on the western flank of Asia. For its appeal may be so easily directed to the submerged masses—the illiterates. You don't have to know how to read or write in order to listen to the radio. The Bari broadcaster, however weak his programs may be in detail, crosses frontiers both in time and space. He jumps the Tigris; also he jumps the public school. The Arab-speaking countries of the Near and Middle East are about ninety percent illiterate. Newspapers cannot reach them. But radio can.<sup>5</sup>

The Bari programs are assembled to include readings from the Koran, religious music (especially emphasized during the holy month of Ramadan), jazz, inspirational talks, and political information. The basic idea is to invade the area with pro-Italian, i.e., anti-British, propaganda, to tell the Arabs that the Italians, not the British, are

<sup>5</sup> On the other hand, comparatively few Arabs have individual sets capable of receiving short-wave transmission. There are supposed to be 150 such sets in Aden, 55,000 in Egypt, 4,000 in Iraq, 24,200 in Palestine, 6,000 in Syria, and 25 in Saudi Arabia.

their true friends. The Bari broadcaster—incidentally he is a Libyan who speaks with a strong Syrian accent—does not worship truth unduly; he peppers the Arab world with “facts” that are not remotely facts. He has described imaginary attacks on the Iraq petroleum pipeline, blown up imaginary bridges in Palestine, commented on imaginary battles in Transjordan, and invented wars in Arabia between the British and Ibn Saud. The war naturally intensified this technique.

For a time the British listened to Bari without retaliation except through corrections issued the next day over the government station in Jerusalem. Then annoyance came to Whitehall. Several times Mr. Eden appealed to the Italians to modify the Bari programs, and the matter was broached in the House of Commons; finally the British went into action from London with a comprehensive Arabic broadcast of their own. On the first program, which was ushered in with great ceremony, the Crown Prince of Yemen, who was visiting England at the time, sent a message to his father. The Arabs heard their own tongue, plus the chimes of Big Ben. Then promptly Italy retaliated. It was announced that Bari would be enlarged to send programs in Hindustani to the 39,720 receiving sets and 350,000,000 people of India.

Bari is, of course, a symptom. It has no great immediate importance in itself. But it symbolizes the growth of Italian ambitions in the Near East, Italian power, Italian penetration. This phase of Italian activity dates from the Ethiopian war in 1935-36, as well as the sanctions crisis wherein Italy got the better of Britain in the Mediterranean. The Italians bought newspapers in Egypt, sold aircraft to Iraq and arms to Yemen, flirted with subversive groups in Syria, and flamboyantly encouraged and probably subsidized Arab terrorists in Palestine. Everywhere Mussolini did what he could to weaken and undermine British power and prestige.

A small item. Throughout Palestine in 1939 you could hear Arabs say “*Taky Inglesi?*” as a slang equivalent for “Oh, yeah?” “*Taky Inglesi?*” means “You trust the British?” The question mark denotes derision.

Mussolini himself has been quite explicit about his motives in the Near and Middle East. In Libya, in March, 1937, he was presented with a “Sword of Islam” and, accepting it, he announced that he was hereafter to be considered a protector of the entire Moslem world.

"Fascist Italy," the Duce said, "means to ensure to the Moslem population of Libya peace, justice, well-being, and respect to the laws of the Prophet and wishes besides to show her sympathy to Islam and to the Moslems of the *whole world*. Very soon Rome, with her laws, will show you how much she interests herself in your developing destiny. You know I am a man sparing of promises, but what I have promised I maintain."

After the war, however, came the first Libyan campaigns and the complete destruction of Italian power in Eritrea, Ethiopia, and Somaliland. Italy disappeared, at least for the time being, as a vital military factor on African shores. Not much was heard from Signor Mussolini after 1939.

### *Totalitarian Arabs?*

The whole Near East is full of shirts. There are Green Shirts and Blue Shirts in Egypt, White Shirts and *Chemises-de-Fer* in Syria, and Blue Shirts in Palestine, who are the powerful labor party.<sup>6</sup> In Egypt the Blue Shirts are the private army of the Wafd, the Egyptian nationalist organization; they originated precisely as did the Storm Troops in Germany, as muscle-men to protect Wafd political meetings. The Green Shirts commonly are said to have been subsidized by Italy. When a young Green Shirt tried to assassinate Nahas Pasha, the Egyptian prime minister, the organization was dissolved.

One may fairly ask if the Arab peoples are, by and large, sympathetic to Fascist and totalitarian ideas. We have seen how closely Mohammed resembles a modern Führer. The Arab states have very small experience of political democracy, and little tradition of responsibility to the people. Several of the young rulers of Arab countries, like Farouk in Egypt, may find sweet the temptation of the strong hand. And most of the Arab states are profoundly anti-communist and suspicious of the Soviet Union. For years Russia had no relations with either Egypt or Iraq.

The Arabs themselves deny hotly that they are food for totalitarianism. They point out, for instance, that they are individualists by innate conviction, and that their religion is democratic, without any clerical hierarchy. They say that they have no reverence even

<sup>6</sup> You tell nationalities apart by their headgear, however, not shirts. Egyptians wear the tarboosh or fez, Arabs the *kufiya* or cloth held in place by cords, and Iraqis a black forage cap. Persians wear what they can get.

for national leaders. Ibn Saud greets his tribal chieftains democratically. Feisal, the late King of Iraq, was called, not King, but "Sidi," which means simply "Sir." A young Iraqi told me that any citizen could talk to Feisal with "his hands in his pockets." I asked about King Ghazi, who followed Feisal. Answer: "We didn't bother to talk to him at all."

Another point is that Italy, however ambitious it may be, impeded the growth of Fascism in Arab countries by its own policy in Libya. This Italian colony, the Arabs say, was not a good advertisement for Fascist ideals. For instance the population of Libya decreased from 1,200,000 to 850,000 in ten years, a decrease caused not so much by casualties in the Senussi wars as by mass flight of Libyans from Fascist rule. The Libyan Arabs fled wholesale to oases on the Egyptian border. Later the Italians built a fence around Libya—an actual barbed wire fence—to keep the loving Libyans in.

On the other hand, Hitler is highly popular with many Arabs. The reason is not far to seek—he is the enemy of the Jews, whom the Arabs consider their enemy in Palestine, and of Great Britain. Hitler has pointedly invited Arabs to Germany as honored guests, and at Nuremberg in 1938 he talked about the "defenseless Arabs in Palestine, left in the lurch." An Arab spokesman in Jerusalem replied promptly, "Now we are not without friends in Europe; our ultimate success as a nation lies in the hands of Hitler and Mussolini." The greatest contemporary Arab hero is probably Adolf Hitler.

#### *Near East Miscellany*

I never knew till now that there are 129 holidays a year in Egypt, that you can fly over the desert from Palestine to Bagdad in a boat, and that Basra, in Iraq (where Mr. Wells established the new aerial civilization in his *Shape of Things To Come*), has already prepared itself by building the finest airport in the East. I always thought till now, English numerals being Arabic, that Arabic numerals were like English.

I never really believed till now that in Syria, if you don't tip the boy who parks your car, he puts the evil eye on it, which means filling it with dung. I never really believed till now that in Iraq they air-condition rooms *down* to 98° Fahrenheit.

I never knew till now that one of the chambermaids in the Hotel King David, Jerusalem, is a Ph.D. from the University of Lemberg,

that homosexuality, which is astoundingly prevalent in the Near East, is considered "all right" under certain conditions, that Egyptian soldiers walk hand in hand, and that the barman in the Hotel Zia, Bagdad, is a Chaldean Christian named Jesus.

I still don't believe that the Yezidis near Mosul worship a holy peacock, that you can fly from Alexandria to Karachi in a day, that Jerusalem has three Sundays every week, and that two of the camels out by the Pyramids are named "Telephone Company" and "Baby New York City."

# Kings of the Middle East

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*Kill them wherever ye find them, and drive them out  
from whence they drive you out; for sedition is worse than  
slaughter.*

—KORAN, ii, 182

DURING the last Great War the Arabian peninsula, still subject to the Turks and part of the Ottoman Empire, saw the growth to power of two rival Arab potentates. One was Husein, Grand Sherif of Mecca, a lineal descendant of the Prophet Mohammed, who held the holy cities and the coastal strip known as the Hejaz. The other was Ibn Saud, a reformist chieftain in the interior of the bleak, impenetrable peninsula. These two men became bitter enemies. The course of Arabian history for many years was the feud between their rival houses.

The British, fighting the Turks, sought to make use of both Husein and Ibn Saud. Obviously an Arab group of armies, attacking Turkey on its exposed flank, liberating the peninsula in the name of an authentic national movement, would be of great tactical assistance. So British agents prevailed upon Husein, a gross and perfidious old man, to join the Allies, together with his sons, while at the same time they secretly purchased support from Ibn Saud.

The Arabs subservient to Husein were, in effect, bribed to assist Britain by terms of the celebrated McMahon correspondence.<sup>1</sup> One of the letters from Sir Henry McMahon, then British High Commissioner to Egypt, to Husein, ends, "In token of our good faith . . . I am sending the sum of £20,000 with your trusted messenger." The Arabs have asserted consistently that the McMahon letters promised them national independence in a wide area including Syria and Palestine, as a reward for fighting the Turks. The point is important, because legally the Arab case in Palestine has no other basis. But on July 23, 1937, McMahon wrote a letter to the *London Times* categorically asserting that Palestine was *not* included in the projected

<sup>1</sup> Published in full for the first time in English in *The Arab Awakening*, by George Antonius.

Arab state, and that Husein himself "well understood" this. This seems to explode the Arab "case" so far as Palestine is concerned.

At any rate the British, with the ink hardly dry on the McMahon letters, proceeded—so the Arabs say—to betray their Arab allies, by negotiating with France and Russia the secret Sykes-Picot agreement. Of course this was during the period of the War when almost any territory, if it was helpless enough, was chopped up on paper; any kind of chicanery was "justified" if it encouraged the prosecution of the War and harmony among the allied powers. The Sykes-Picot agreement (1916) subdivided the Arab area into a French sphere in Syria and a British sphere in Iraq and Transjordan, with Palestine—note well—given a special status. Palestine was most distinctly not assigned to Arab hegemony. There have been many alterations in the frontiers, including the withdrawal of France from Mosul, since the Sykes-Picot document was signed, but in the main its provisions determine the political situation that exists to-day.

Husein, though he played a double game for a time by attempting to remain in the good graces of the Turks, became King of Arabia in 1917 with tacit British approval. (At the same time, however, the British continued to flirt with his deadly enemy, Ibn Saud.) Husein considered himself betrayed, as indeed he was, by the Sykes-Picot agreement and the Treaty of Versailles, and the British lost interest in him. Rashly he quarreled with Ibn Saud, who, a strong man, promptly squashed him. In 1924, Husein abdicated in favor of his eldest son, Ali, but Ibn Saud's armies advanced into the Hejaz and captured Mecca. Ali abdicated the next year. Husein fled to Cyprus and, a figure so pathetic he was almost comical, died soon after. Ibn Saud thus became master of the Arabian peninsula.

Husein had several sons. One, Feisal, was King of Syria for a brief time, and then the first King of Iraq. Another, Abdullah, is the present ruler of Transjordan. Husein's family still controls those quasi-independent Arab states which are not in the domain of Ibn Saud.

#### *King of Saudi Arabia*

Ibn Saud<sup>2</sup> is a terrific fellow. He is a full six foot four and correspondingly broad; he weighs 230 pounds, every ounce of it bone

<sup>2</sup> Correctly this doughty king's full name is 'Abdul 'Aziz Ibn 'Abdu'r-Rahman Al-Feisal Al Sa'ud. Shortened, it is correctly Ibn Sa'ud. Arabs have

and muscle. He is a complete picture of the vigorous old-time Arab; the only western touch is his steel-rimmed spectacles. He has a magnificent voice, deep and plangent, and he likes to bellow. During one series of negotiations with the British, the interpreters were terrified by his interrupting shouts of the Arab equivalent of "What the hell!" They were measuring a new frontier in miles, and Ibn Saud wanted the distance explained in terms of the speed of fast or slow camels, the criterion he best understood.

He has married between one hundred and one hundred twenty wives; he has several score of sons and unnumbered daughters. The laws of the Prophet, and Ibn Saud is a very holy man, permit a husband only four wives, but the King of Arabia gets around this rule by marrying his wives seriatim. When he travels he takes three wives with him, so that there is always room for a fourth maiden who may catch his royal eye. Then he divorces one of the others. He is never married to more than four wives at the same time. After a wife bears a child, he ships her back to her native oasis or village, where she is a proud ornament to the community. Marriage, with Ibn Saud, is an instrumentality for the unification of Arabia. He said recently, "In my youth and manhood I made a nation. Now in my declining years I make men for its population."

Ibn Saud is a Wahabi. This means that he subscribes fervently to an extreme reformist subdivision of Islam; if the Sunnis, say, are the Low Church of the Moslem world, and the more severe Shias the High Church, then the Wahabis are the non-conformist fundamentalists. The Wahabis interpret the doctrines of Mohammed with great rigor, and add strictures of their own. No Wahabi may drink, smoke, or gamble. They wear no gold, silk, or ornaments, and they forbid prayer before images. Ibn Saud's men created a stir throughout the Moslem world, when, taking Mecca and Medina, they attempted to destroy some precious Moslem shrines; they even contemplated demolition of the tomb of the Prophet itself. Wahabis, believing in the untrammeled essence of Mohammedanism, do not even mention the Prophet's name in their prayers; they forbid the

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no family names; "ibn" means "son of"; Ibn Sa'ūd means simply "Son of Sa'ūd." Correctly Iraq is 'Iraq, Abdullah is 'Abdulla, Shia is Sh'iā, Maan is 'Ma'an, and so on. The apostrophe, known as a "glottal stop," represents the unpronounceable Arabic consonant 'Ain. I hope purists will not object, but I propose to leave these apostrophes and the other diacritic symbols out.

presence of women at funerals because the women, not Spartan enough, may weep. The main reason why Ibn Saud detested Husein and his Sherifian brood was that he considered them impious, soft, intolerably decadent, and corrupt.

Ibn Saud's career may be said to have begun with his great-great-great-grandfather, Mohammed Ibn Saud, who was converted to the Wahabite faith by a wandering mendicant, Abd-el Wahab, 150 years ago, and who set about imposing Wahabism on the Arabian peninsula. He was a fanatic puritan; he wanted to subdue and purify the entire Moslem world. And the campaigns of this long-forgotten Mohammed Ibn Saud in the early nineteenth century were considerable. He captured Mecca and Medina, like his great-great-great-grandson; he invaded Egypt and took Damascus; when he died in 1814, he was ready to attack Mesopotamia and Persia.

The contemporary Ibn Saud was born in Riad, the chief city of Nejd—which is the desolate and impregnable inner heart of Arabia—about sixty-eight years ago. No one knows his exact age. His family had fallen on hard times. As a very young man he assisted his father in ousting a rival chieftain, Ibn Rashid, from power in Nejd; his father was so impressed by his prowess that he abdicated in his favor. This was as early as 1900, when Ibn Saud could not have been more than twenty-six or twenty-seven. He spent a quarter century then in subduing rival tribesmen and consolidating his power; in 1926, having taken Mecca and rid himself of the Sherifians, he proclaimed himself King of Arabia; in 1932, he gave the country a new name—his own.

Ibn Saud was shrewd enough to take money from the British when he needed it, and from other sources too. But Saudi Arabia is an authentic, if primitive, national state, and Britain and the other powers fully recognize its sovereignty. The British respect Ibn Saud, and know his power; they are particularly appreciative that, during the Palestine crisis, he gave no overt or flamboyant support to the Palestine Arabs. He could have caused much trouble, so great is his prestige, had he done so. Ibn Saud may expect a quid pro quo for this, namely, rectification in his favor of the frontier between his country and Transjordan, which is still not finally demarcated. So the British are very, very polite to him.

Ibn Saud has a good robust sense of humor. He wanted to reward some Egyptian emissaries. So he gave them trophies that they them-

selves had once brought from Egypt for Husein, and which he had captured on taking Husein's capital.

His official car was for some years a battered Studebaker, which, when it went to meet a guest, carried six armed riders on the running boards who at intermittent junctures got out and pushed.

He eats, Arab fashion, with his fingers, from a colossal tray on which three or four entire sheep may repose; but he knows what knives and forks are, and he keeps them for his occasional—very occasional—foreign guests. (A Christian foreigner could not, of course, enter Mecca to see him there, but might be received at some city, Jeddah for instance, not so holy.)

The ordinary people of the town and desert greet him without ceremony by addressing him with his first name, Abdul Aziz, and nothing else; but his courtiers, who are terrified of him, call him "Oh Thou Whose Name Is Law."

He prays three times a day, and obeys with scrupulous fidelity the Wahabite injunctions against liquor, tobacco, jewels, gambling, and fancy dress. Cigarettes are, however, kept in the royal palaces or camping sites for foreign guests. They are forbidden, of course, to the Wahabis themselves.

Once when a subordinate officer delayed giving food to a poverty-blanchéd and unknown nomad, who had stumbled into camp, Ibn Saud ordered the offending officer to be flogged, and after giving the nomad a regal feast, himself harnessed and led the nomad's camel—the highest honor that can be paid to anyone in Arabia.

He has almost supernatural knowledge of the terrain and climatology of Arabia. He can "smell" rain. He knows the intimate stigmata of every tribe. He is marvelously informed. Once in a raid he conquered a small force (when he was also facing a big force) by judging at a well how many enemies had drunk, thereupon determining which group of his enemies was the smaller.

He lives in the remote interior of Arabia by choice, and has never been outside the country, but when members of one British mission arrived to see him they found bottles of Evian water on their luncheon tray. Their first meal consisted of six courses, all mutton. Slaves outside the tent noiselessly answered any command.

He imposed a form of conscription on Arabia by means of his Ikhwan, or military colonies; he was the first Arab leader to make successful military use of the Bedouin Arabs (Bedouins are those

without homes, vagrants who follow the grass); he created the first standing army in Arab history.

Ibn Saud's greatest accomplishment is the unification of the Arabian peninsula, a few peripheral states and Aden excluded. He belongs to the modern tradition of nationalist leaders, like Chiang Kai-shek, to whom national unity is overwhelmingly the first consideration. Other achievements have been marked, too. He tried to bring something of the modern world to Arabia in the form of radio and motor transport; he reformed the civil administration, attacked corruption, and punished raiders; he eased the way of pilgrims to Mecca, who formerly had been fleeced even for drinking water; he sought to lay the basis of a modern state. Which, in Arabia, is a job.

The United States first made diplomatic contact with Ibn Saud early in 1940, when the American minister to Egypt was given credentials to him and visited him officially. Previously, Standard Oil of California had obtained extensive oil concessions in his realm . . . When war came Ibn Saud remained sturdily loyal to the British, though he had once sent an emissary to Hitler. He refused to give any help to the anti-British Rashid Ali in Iraq, and early in 1942 the Saudi government, at the request of Britain, forced the Italian legation to leave the country.

Ibn Saud has never received a foreign journalist, and indeed the number of white men he has seen in his life, mostly British emissaries, may be counted on the fingers of two hands. A great friend, however, is H. St. J. B. Philby, the English explorer and author, who has known him well for years. Ibn Saud has grown enormously since the time that he was a simple tribal warrior. He has come closer to western influence, even if indirectly, which has made him more cunning perhaps, less the simon-pure warrior chieftain.

His greatest personal tragedy was the death, from fever some years ago, of his favorite son, who was to have been his heir. Other sons are now being trained for kingship. But whether Ibn Saud's reforms can survive him, no man may know.

#### *The State of Iraq*

Iraq, the old Mesopotamia, with 2,800,000 people on 116,000 square miles, was created by two things: King Feisal and the British.

Feisal, son of old Husein, was an extraordinary personage. He is one of the very few men in history—Henry Pu-yi of Manchuria is

another—who was king of two different countries in his lifetime, for Feisal reigned briefly in Syria until the French ejected him; then he became first monarch of Iraq. There is an unforgettable portrait of Feisal in T. E. Lawrence's *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*. He was shrewd, restless, neurotic, a great player of cards, dangerous, and a superlative wire puller. He was a gentleman, and people liked him; but even as king he retained the characteristics of a tribal sheik. He could let nothing alone. He was like a boy taking a watch apart. Whenever he appointed a new cabinet, he began (Alfonso of Spain shared this attribute) surreptitiously to undermine it. He bargained shrewdly with the British, and got independence for Iraq partly by his attitude during the Palestine troubles of 1929, when he withheld overt support of the Palestine Arabs to win British favor. He pretended that he was above and beyond politics, but he was far and away the first politician of the land. He was, in his own person, the Wafd of Iraq, in other words the dominant expression of the independence movement. He would himself stimulate the extremists, then come to the British and say he had to be given something to give them! But he never had time to build up a solid basis of government, a healthy civil service, an administrative matrix. He detested his son, Ghazi, who succeeded him. He died in 1933, while on a trip to Europe, of a stroke suffered during a climax of emotional excitement. His death stranded Iraq, and robbed it of an easy future.

Friends who accompanied Feisal on two important missions have described him to me vividly. Once he went to Iran to see the Shah. Feisal was gay, agile, handsome, with perfect manners. The Shah sat like stone . . . Once Feisal encountered Ibn Saud on the deck of a British sloop in the Persian Gulf, in a meeting designed to terminate the rivalry between Saud and the Sherifians. Each set out from shore to arrive on the ship at the same instant, so that precedence would not suffer; each paused, wary; then each rushed at the other. A salute of forty-two guns boomed forth; no one could hear a word. Then a secretary rushed up to Air Chief Marshal Brooke-Popham, who was aboard, and asked him the direction of Mecca, so that Ibn Saud could pray. Ibn Saud, in the subsequent talks, looked like a great big bear grasping at Feisal as if he were a leopard.

Iraq, an underpopulated and undeveloped country, poor except for the oil underneath its crust of sand, the most turbulent of the Arab states, became an independent nation and was admitted to the

League of Nations in 1932. The British thus liquidated their mandate after a decade of tutelage, but England and Iraq remained bound by intimate treaty relations. A detachment of the Royal Air Force was stationed in the country—though it was not permitted in the capital, Bagdad—to guard imperial communications and to defend Iraq against external attack. The British Ambassador took precedence over other foreign envoys, but it would have been incorrect to call him the ruler of the country. The British were very careful not to mingle in internal affairs, and Iraq showed less foreign influence than any Arab state except Saudi Arabia. Then came war in 1939—and of course the situation changed.

The basic problem of Iraq is national integration. The country is riven with minorities.

The Arabs are mostly Shias, except in the towns; the government has been predominantly Sunni. In the Euphrates district are wild tribesmen who have never been completely pacified, and in the extreme south and west are primitive Marsh Arabs and Bedouins. But Arabs of various categories by no means comprise the entire population. There are over 40,000 Jews in Bagdad alone, and 70,000 in the whole country. There are Yezidis (devil worshipers),<sup>3</sup> Chaldean Catholics, Chaldean Christians, a considerable body of Kurds (who are Aryans by race but Moslems by religion), Turks in the Mosul region, and a quantity of Assyrians, who were ruthlessly massacred after a violent outbreak in 1933.

When I first came to Bagdad, looking hopefully for traces of Babylon, Nineveh, and other departed glories of Mesopotamia in the sodden, shrunken streets, I noticed the Iraqi flag, and asked various Iraqis what it signified. It is indeed one of the most complex of modern flags, and few inhabitants of Bagdad could tell me all its meaning. The black stripe represents the Abbasid Caliphs, the white stripe the Ommayid Caliphs, and the green stripe the Sherifians of Mecca. The red trapezoid stands for something else (no one was quite sure what), and the two white stars originally represented the first two Arab states, Syria and Iraq. But Syria fell to the French. So the Iraqis redistributed the stars, assigning one to the Arab element of their population, the other to the Kurds. (The Kurds like to complain

<sup>3</sup> A friend in Iraq told me that the Yezidis, curious folk, are convinced that there is a good deal of evil in the world, and that it is more sensible to propitiate Satan, who is in charge of it, than the nicer deities.

that they didn't get much else.) The flag was invented by an Englishman, Sir Gilbert Clayton.

The political structure of Iraq includes a king, cabinet, and parliament. This last is somewhat rudimentary, since there are no political parties; some seats are reserved to special communities, the Jews and Christians for instance, by means of a system like the Communal Award in India. As in most countries new to nationhood, the bureaucracy is powerful and inclined to be corrupt; many higher officials are former Turkish officers. The chief political issue is that of the Ins trying to keep the Outs out, and of the Outs trying to get in.

One thing the Iraqis have discovered, which is that it is easier to clamor for independence than to rule an independent country efficiently. The responsibility of government has sobered and chastened Iraq. The extremists (as in Egypt) tended to become more moderate after they reached power—and have been apt to run to the British Embassy for help, the same Embassy they once bitterly attacked, whenever they got in trouble. Iraq (again like Egypt) has become more and more pro-British since it became free—which is one reason why the astute British gave it freedom. Bygones are bygones, more or less. For instance the man who was prime minister in 1938 had been a revolutionist for years with a price on his head. One Kurdish chieftain, Sheikh Mahmoud, known as the "King of Kurds," resisted the mandatory government for seven years, until a British officer "negotiated his surrender"—after a bit of bombing. Now he amicably takes tea at the British Embassy, and his son is studying economics at Columbia University.

The decisive way to play politics in Iraq is to make a coup d'état. The decisive way to make a revolution is to gain support from the restive Euphrates tribesmen, who can muster 50,000 rifles.

Iraq is the only Arab country which may be said to have had a Fascist interlude. In November, 1936, an ambitious officer Baqr Sidki Pasha, who had served in the Turkish army and who was of Kurdish origin (the Kurds are very strong in the Iraqi army), made a coup d'état. The Iraqi government appealed for British help, but the British Ambassador, consulting with the cabinet and the opposition, considered that he had no right to intervene in an internal matter. Baqr Sidki's coup was successful—it is a pity to have to foreshorten a highly dramatic story—and the loyalist minister of defense, Jafar Pasha, was murdered as he brought a message to Sidki from the young King, Ghazi. Sidki set himself up as a dictator. He bought airplanes from

Italy, which the British considered naughty, and planned a visit to Berlin. But he had caused the murder of Jafar, be it remembered, and a blood feud in an Arab country is a serious matter. Relatives of Jafar—even though after some months of office Sidki seemed to have gained the favor of the King—pursued Sidki, and in July, 1937, succeeded in murdering him. The King—like Carol of Rumania, who avoided the funeral of his murdered prime minister Duca—did not attend his obsequies.

Iraq lives on oil mostly, which is pumped from the Mosul fields to the Mediterranean in a double pipeline, one egress of which is under British control at Haifa, the other in Syria. Revenue from oil royalties pays the bills; Iraq has no deficit, no public debt. The pipeline is an extraordinarily successful engineering feat, built against tremendous difficulties. The oil must be pumped—it does not flow—across 1,150 miles of the most onerous country imaginable. The oil concession is held 23 3/4 percent each by Royal Dutch-Shell, Anglo-Iranian, a French group, and a consortium of American companies. The five percent remaining is in the hands of a remarkable Armenian entrepreneur, C. S. Gulbekrian.

The most representative Iraq politician today is Nuri Pasha al Said, the present prime minister. He was educated at Bagdad and the military college in Constantinople; he fought with the Turks, then joined Feisal's Arab nationalists; he has been premier and foreign minister several times. His general policy, like Feisal's, is to stay close to Britain. He was a double brother-in-law of Jafar Pasha—he married Jafar's sister and Jafar married his sister—and when Jafar was murdered he thought it prudent to leave the country. The British flew him out, as they have similarly helped so many political refugees in many lands who may someday be useful.

Nuri is one of the fathers of the Round Table Conference idea to settle Jewish-Arab differences in Palestine. He is a pure Arab, with a talent for languages and negotiation, and remarkably liquid eyes. His energy is marked, and his ability considerable.

### *King Ghazi*

This somewhat ineffectual young man,<sup>4</sup> who inherited some of the less amiable characteristics of the Husein family, was born in 1913 in the Hejaz, and ascended the Iraq throne in 1933. He was educated,

<sup>4</sup> King Ghazi was killed in an automobile accident in 1939, and was succeeded by his infant son Feisal II.

in a manner of speaking, at Harrow, where he did not stay long, and then by an English tutor. He was a grievous disappointment to Feisal, who however might have treated him with more consideration when he was a boy. Feisal, like Fuad in Egypt in relation to Farouk, seemed to be totally uninterested in his son, even though he knew he must pass the succession to him.

Young Ghazi married his first cousin, the daughter of Husein's son Ali, in 1933, and produced one heir. The women of the royal family, like most women in Iraq, are in strict purdah. But Ghazi's sister, the Emirah Azza, fell in love with a Greek merchant from Rhodes, named Harolambos, and ran off with him. This was a stinging shock to the Moslem world—that a descendant of the Prophet should elope with a Christian infidel! Ghazi wanted to send emissaries to Rhodes for proper punishment of Azza and Harolambos, but was dissuaded. He wanted, in fact, to murder them, but was told that this would not be quite the thing to do.

Ghazi was not popular with all his subjects. He had a somewhat disconcerting sense of humor. For instance, young Nuri Pasha, son of the Nuri whom I have just mentioned, became an aviator. He took Ghazi for a ride one day. Then Ghazi demanded that young Nuri take aloft one of his black slaves; he thought that it would be good fun to terrify the slave, a favorite. The slave, overcome with fright, grasped the controls from Nuri's hands; the plane crashed, and young Nuri was paralyzed as a result of the accident. The slave was killed.

Ghazi is blamed by some observers for the brutal suppression of the Assyrians in 1933. It is more likely, however, that Baqr Sidki, the short-lived dictator, was responsible.

#### *Iraq and the War*

In the spring of 1941 explosive events came to Iraq, and the country almost fell to pieces. On April 3 a former prime minister, Sayyed Rashid Ali Gailani, suddenly turned out the government, unseated the regent, Emir Abdul Illah, and set himself up as dictator. He was known to have strong pro-Axis sympathies and contacts, and one of his close friends was the former Mufti of Jerusalem, the notorious agitator who had recently escaped arrest in Palestine. When prime minister the year before, Rashid Ali had refused to suspend relations with Italy (as the Anglo-Iraq treaty provided), and the country had

filled up with Axis agents and Fifth Columnists directed from the Italian legation.

Germany wanted at least three things in Iraq. First, access to its oil. Second, a counterbalance to the British position in Egypt especially in view of the Libyan campaigns. Third, as in Iran, a position close to the Caucasus in the event of war with Russia, which was soon to break out.

The British could not possibly tolerate the formation of a pro-Axis government in Iraq, and a few days after Rashid Ali assumed the premiership British and Indian troops landed at Basra. This, London duly pointed out, was permitted under the treaty of 1930, whereby the British were given rights to protect their essential lines of communication. At first the new Iraqi government made no objection to the arrival of imperial troops. But on May 2 sporadic fighting began. R. A. F. detachments guarding the Habbaniya airdrome were attacked, and Habbaniya was surrounded. In Bagdad the British retreated to their Embassy and prepared for siege. Fighting also took place in the Mosul area, where German and Italian air support helped the rebels. The Germans flew planes in from Syria.

But the Iraq "war" did not last long. On May 30 Rashid Ali could hold out no longer. The reinforcements he expected from the Axis never arrived in force. He fled to Teheran with the Mufti, a group of generals, and his Axis advisers. One story is that the Germans and Rashid quarreled over division of the spoils; another is that the coup failed partly because Rashid disobeyed German instructions and timed it wrong.

One curious point is that the Soviet Government—not then at war with Germany and not yet a British ally—recognized the Rashid régime almost as soon as it was installed in power.

#### *Yemen and the Persian Gulf*

The sub-state of Yemen, like Bhutan and Nepal on the fringes of India (which it in no other way resembles), is a political curiosity. It is independent, but it was never a member of the League of Nations; for many years, virtually closed to foreigners, it was very little known; its ruler, King Yahya Mohammed ed Din, is considered to be a *living* Imam (roughly, prophet) by his followers, who adhere to the Zaidi sub-sect of Islam. He is a fierce old man, now seventy-eight, with

nine fierce sons. The chief product of his hilly land is extraordinarily good coffee, exported from a town appropriately named Mokha.

Ibn Saud fought a war with Yemen in 1934, and won it. Freely this war was called a preliminary tussle between Britain and Italy, since the British supported Ibn Saud, and the Italians had armed the Yemenese. Yemen was, in fact, for some years the Arab state most conspicuously dominated by Italy. The Italians were particularly interested in it because its occupation would have made the lower end of the Red Sea an Italian lake. Ibn Saud, incidentally, showed his manifest qualities of statesmanship after this war; he won it hands down, but he imposed no punitive peace on the old Imam, demanded no territory, and sought a resumption of friendly relations as soon as possible.

On the other side of the Arabian peninsula, along the Persian Gulf, are a group of sub-states dominated by the British, operating largely through the India Office.<sup>5</sup> One is Kuweit, near the frontiers of Iraq and Iran; it has a certain strategic value, but little wealth. Further down the coast are the Bahrein Islands, notable until recently only for their pearl fisheries, but now believed to be possessed of fabulously rich deposits of petroleum. The Bahrein Oil Company is partly owned by Standard Oil of California. . . . At the southern tip of the Persian Gulf is the Sultanate of Muscat and Oman. The Sultan, a young man of thirty-one, named Sayyed<sup>6</sup> Said bin Timur, visited the United States in 1937. Interestingly enough Muscat was the first country with which the United States of America ever negotiated a foreign treaty; it was designed to protect American sailors wrecked on the Oman coast. The Sultan was tremendously impressed in America by seeing a demonstration of a Thompson sub-machine gun. His country, which covers 82,000 square miles, contains exactly thirty miles of road; his civil list is \$225,000 per year. His rule, as the nice phrase has it, is dominated by the fact that his state is "in political relations" with the government of India.

Also on the Persian Gulf are a series of petty chieftains known as the "Trucial Sheikhs." There are six of these sheikhs, each with

<sup>5</sup> It was the government of India which first thought, during the last Great War, of sending an emissary to Ibn Saud. The influence of the Indian Civil Service is particularly strong among the British in Iraq. Aden, on the southern tip of the Arabian peninsula, was administered by the India Office until 1935.

<sup>6</sup> He is thus another of the several thousand lineal descendants of the Prophet scattered through the Middle East.

his tiny parcel of territory, whose forbears signed picturesque treaties with the old East India Company and then the government of India promising to abjure piracy and the slave trade. A chieftain known as Ahmed bin Rashid, the Umm ul Qawain, is the most important of them. They take their honors very seriously. Each receives his proper salute in guns according to the protocol of the government of India. The story is that the least of them, a minor personality indeed, gets only one gun—and fires it himself!

The Persian Gulf states are interesting strategically because the Shah of Iran forbade British airplanes to follow his shore; thus the British imperial air route had to use landing fields on the Arabian side. These incredibly remote and antediluvian principalities heard the swooping roar of four-motor planes, en route from England to India and Australia, almost every day of the year.

*Abdullah of T. J.*

"Why must the Moslem countries always quarrel? Why can't they live peacefully like the Christian nations?"

—EMIR ABDULLAH IBN HUSEIN

Transjordan is important. It looks like an ax, with the head chopping into Arabia. It is the British land and air bridge between Palestine and Bagdad, and even though its territory is mostly lava and desert, it is of paramount interest in British communications.

The origin of Transjordan as a separate state is curious, and its exact political status was for a long time obscure. In 1919, the British evacuated most of Transjordan, which was considered to be part of Syria; but friction came between France and Britain when Feisal was expelled from Damascus, and the British planted him in Bagdad. Then Abdullah, Feisal's brother, marched into Transjordan on the way to Damascus, where he intended to fight the French to avenge Feisal, and perhaps take the Syrian throne himself. The British were embarrassed at this incursion of Arab warriors. Quietly the Royal Air Force reoccupied Transjordan, and Abdullah halted in its capital, Amman. Winston Churchill and Sir Herbert Samuel put their heads together. They "invited" Abdullah to remain in Transjordan—partly as a threat to the French, partly to keep him from entering Palestine. And Abdullah has remained in Transjordan ever since—an amiable British puppet.

Abdullah, son of Husein, brother of Feisal, uncle of the late King

Ghazi of Iraq, is a squat, humorous, rather sly, and very astute man in his early sixties, whose salary is \$75,000 per year. He is not technically a king, because Transjordan has a special mandatory status, but merely an emir. In his youth he was the most politically active of Husein's sons: he first got in touch with Sir Henry McMahon during the War, and was a prominent figure in the Arab revolt, though Lawrence did not like him so well as Feisal. He was once chosen to be King of Iraq, but the job went to Feisal instead. Abdullah speaks no western language. He likes to laugh. Once he went to the movies in Jerusalem, and saw pretty girls unveiled; he rolled with laughter, muttering "God is great!" In the entrance hall of his palace in Amman I encountered the most extraordinary object I have ever seen outside an amusement park, a gigantic concave-convex mirror, which produces astoundingly distorted reflections of those who—as all must—look into it.

Transjordan was declared part of the British mandate for Palestine in 1922; but in 1923 it was decided that the articles in the mandate referring to Zionism—the creation of the Jewish National Home in Palestine—should not apply to Transjordan. The Zionists have resented this bitterly ever since. They consider it a serious injustice that the mandate should have such half-and-half application, especially since Transjordan is big enough and undeveloped enough—even though it is the poorest of all the Arab countries—to absorb a considerable Jewish immigration.

Since it is part of the Palestine Mandate—with Zionism omitted—Transjordan is ruled in effect by the British High Commissioner in Palestine (who is represented by a resident in Amman), that is to say by the British colonial office in London. There is a vestigial legislative council; it has no power. Public security comes from the strong Royal Air Force station, and from two remarkable native armies, officered partly by British, the Transjordan Frontier Force and the Arab Legion.

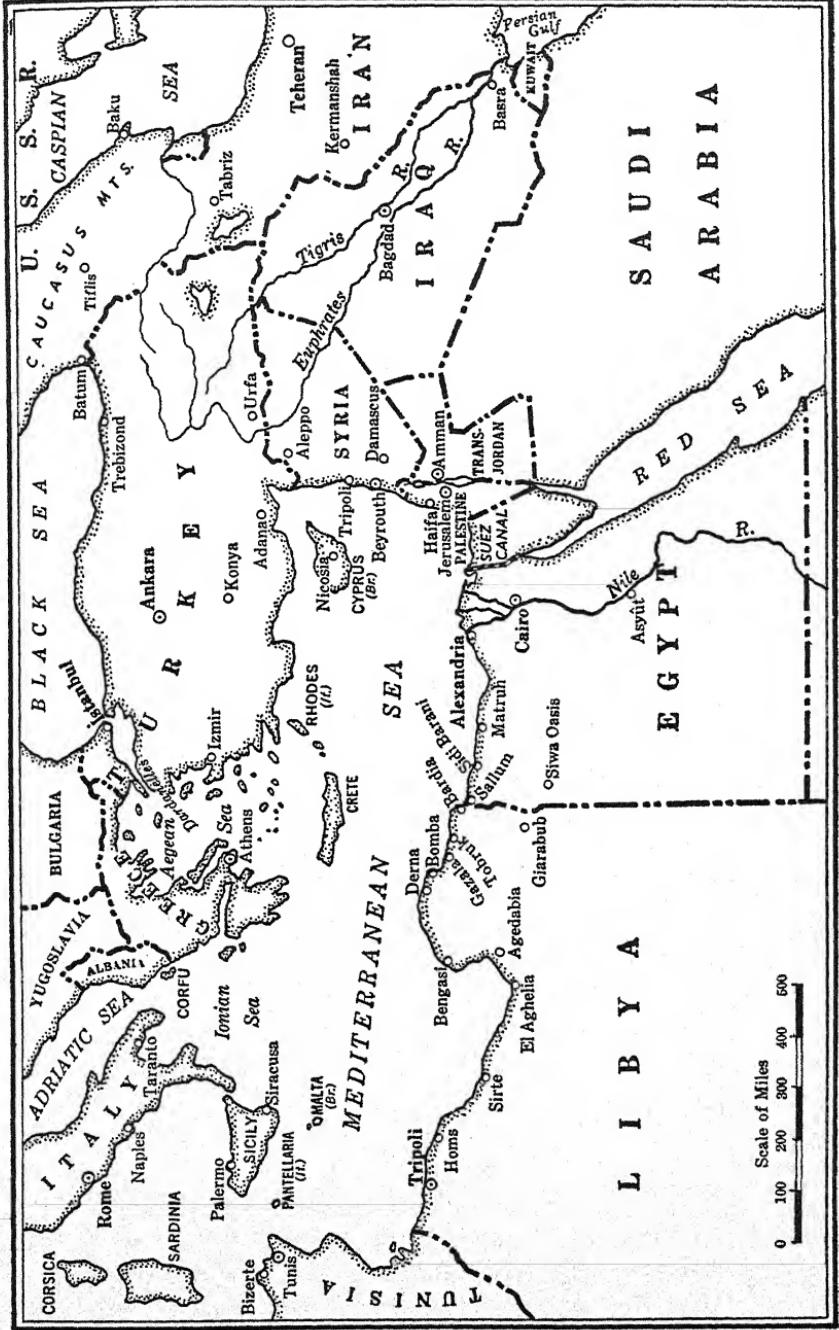
The British do this sort of thing extremely well, as we have seen in India. Gold is much cheaper than gun-fire; don't shoot but buy. (This is a lesson, incidentally, that the Italians never learned.) The Arab Legion, a superb body of men, which is technically responsible to the Emir, has exactly two British officers. For years one was the legendary Peake Pasha, who had been an able assistant to Colonel Lawrence; one is the equally legendary Major John B. Glubb. The

S A U D I  
A R A B I A

EGYPT

L I B Y A

Scale of Miles





Transjordan Frontier Force, which is under the Palestine government, is officered by a handful of Britons. Not more than twenty or thirty admirably competent young Englishmen kept the peace all the way from Palestine to the Euphrates—until war came in 1939.

### *Syria and Lebanon*

Iraq is complex, and so is Palestine, but Syria is most complex. The curse of Syria is sectarianism. Here religion becomes indistinguishable from nationality; it is nationality. And in Syria, which is only about as big as Illinois with 2,500,000 people, at least twenty different religions flourish. There are various categories of Moslems, including Malekites, Nusarri (in three sects), worshipers of the Caliph Ali, Metawali, and the Druses, who are a special sub-sect believing among other things in reincarnation. Among Christians there are Greek Orthodox, Greek Catholics, Maronites, Roman Catholics, Armenian Catholics, Armenian Protestants, Nestorians, Copts, and Chaldeans.

All are—in theory—Syrians. Which is why it is so difficult to tell what a Syrian is—not to mention the phenomenal admixture of races, which further complicates the problem.

Before war came in 1939, Syria was divided into no fewer than five different states, each with its own administration, its own constitution, its own flag. This *reductio ad absurdum* of the theory of decentralization (which, as we have seen, was also practiced in Indo-China) was promoted by the French, who had the mandate for the whole country, first to satisfy Syrian sectarian aspirations, second to make the country easier to handle, by splitting and subdividing Arab nationalism. But the country has not been easy to handle. There have been six civil wars or revolutions since 1919.

The two chief states of "Syria" were—before 1941—Syria proper and the Lebanon. Syria, with its capital at Damascus, was basically Arab and Moslem, and was the seat of the most intense Syrian nationalism. Damascus, as everyone knows, is the oldest inhabited city in the world (though a town in Afghanistan, by name Balkh, claims the same honor); a beautiful city, the legend has it that Mohammed refused to enter it, saying that Paradise in heaven was enough. As originally demarcated the "Syrian" frontiers did not include any share of the Mediterranean coast, which the Syrians considered an out-

rageous attempt by France to keep the new country permanently weak.

The second state, the Lebanon, comprised most of the coastal strip, with its capital at Beirut. The population was largely Levantine and Christian. Treaties were drawn up by France with both Syria and the Lebanon, on the model of the British treaty with Iraq, but neither was ever ratified by the French Chamber. Nevertheless native governments began to function in each state, quite independent of each other. The treaties were similar except that whereas the French planned to keep a garrison in turbulent Syria for only five years, they promised to maintain armed forces in comparatively tranquil Lebanon for twenty-five. This seeming paradox was because the Lebanese Christians were afraid of attack by the Moslem Syrians and wanted protection. The Moslems in Syria hate the Lebanese more deeply, if possible, than they hate the French.

The third subdivision of Syria is—or was—the “Republic” of Latakia, also under its own administration, which took in the coastal strip above the town of Tripoli. The fourth was the region of the troublesome Druses in the Jebel-el-Druse, in the mountainous region below Damascus; it was “autonomous” under military control. The Druses rose in a bitter civil war in 1926. Finally there was the Sanjak of Alexandretta, adjacent to Turkey on the north, which in 1938 became something quite new under the sun—a state ruled jointly by France and Turkey—and which later passed completely to Turkish sovereignty. Sometimes Alexandretta was called Hatay.

The great war reached Syria in a blaze of confused gunfire and useless bloodshed in the angry summer of 1941. After the “war” in Iraq, relations between the British and the Syrian authorities, who were loyal to the Vichy government, deteriorated sharply. German planes fighting in Iraq had used Syrian airdromes, and the R. A. F. retaliated by bombing them. There were 1700 officers and specialists of the Luftwaffe in Syria, the British say. So another “war” broke out between the British, assisted by the Free French, and the Vichy French of the various Syrian governments. Syria and the Lebanon were declared “enemy-occupied territory” late in May.

Actual fighting began on June 8, and lasted till July 14 when General Dentz, the Vichy commander, capitulated and an armistice was signed. Both Free French and Vichy French fought bitterly and bravely. The British formally told General de Gaulle that they had

"no interest in Syria or the Lebanon, except to win the war," and both Great Britain and Free France pledged themselves absolutely to the future independence of the country. In September 1941 the French mandate lapsed, and a Sheik named Taj-ed-Din was proclaimed first president of the Syrian republic.

### *Complex Caucasus*

That amazingly variegated region known as the Caucasus, situated where Asia and Europe meet between Black Sea and Caspian, should have a word. It is a pity it must be so brief, but strictly speaking it is hardly within the province of this work. The Caucasus became prominent in the world's news in June 1941 when Germany attacked Russia, because here—next to the destruction of the Red army—was Hitler's most obvious objective. What the Nazis want from Russia above all is the vast mineral and petroleum wealth of Transcaucasia.

I visited the Caucasus some years ago, and marveled, as any visitor must marvel, at the agglutination it provides of natural and political wonders. Here is Mount Ararat, with little Ararat perched beside it like a tent; here are cities as plangently colorful as Tiflis and metropolises as bustling as Baku; here are tribes of remote and primitive folk, living isolated in shaggy valleys, so wrapped in their own folklore that they still wear armor, like the Khevsouri; here are modern military roads and railways, modern pipe lines and oil refineries, and a highly complex social organization, bursting through the silt of centuries; here is a bizarre patchwork of customs, races, creeds and languages as complicated as anything in Asia. In Erivan, capital of Armenia, I saw street signs written not merely in five different languages but in five different *alphabets*—Russian, Armenian, Georgian, Arabic, and Latin.

In Transcaucasia there live about 7,000,000 people. Politically, it is subdivided into three autonomous regions, called in Soviet parlance "republics," Azerbaijan, Georgia, and Armenia; these are three of the eleven republics that constitute the U.S.S.R. Azerbaijan, with capital at Baku, holds the great oil industry; its population is largely Tartar. Armenia is famous for so many things that it seems an impertinence to dismiss it with a sentence here. Georgia, with capital at Tiflis, is the most picturesque of the three; in its borders are fascinatingly primitive people like the Abkhazanians, the Adzhatians, and

the Osetians. Both Armenia and Georgia have considerable strategic importance because they border on Turkey and Iran.

The three states are grouped together geographically and politically but they have sharply marked ethnic and linguistic differences. All three found temporary nationhood after the last Great War; a chapter could be written about the vicissitudes of those tangled days, including the episode of Allied intervention at Baku. But their independence was precarious and shortlived, and in 1923—after an agreement between Russia and Turkey—they were absorbed into the Soviet Union.

The Baku oil fields produce 75 percent of the total Soviet production of petroleum, and the Grozny fields nearby add another 8 percent. In addition the Caucasus produces valuable timber, copper, cotton, tobacco, and 25 percent of the world's manganese.

## Chapter XXXV

# Land of Israel

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*Once we had a country and we thought it fair;*

*Look in the atlas and you'll find it there.*

*We cannot go there now, my dear, we cannot go there now.*

—W. H. AUDEN in *The New Yorker*

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ZIONISM is, as everyone should know, as old as Moses. Even if Moses himself did not reach the Promised Land, he first emphasized the concrete political actuality of Jewish need to possess geographical borders, to have for themselves that most essential of all things—a homeland. Modern Zionism began in the late nineteenth century with the teaching of Theodore Herzl. He sought to save Jews from the pogroms of Russia and Central Europe, to counteract the assimilation of Jews in western countries, and to found in the Holy Land, the only possible place, a National Home for the Jewish people. Herzl organized the World Zionist Organization, and the first Zionist Congress was held in Basle in 1897.

During the Great War came the Balfour Declaration, of date November 2, 1917. This document, battered by events as it has been, remains Zionist scripture. The British promulgated it partly for humanitarian reasons, partly on account of the exigencies of the War, and partly because of the curious accident that Dr. Chaim Weizmann, the Zionist leader, was a celebrated chemist. For the chemistry episode we must await the next chapter. The British wanted profoundly to influence Jewish opinion, both in the United States and among the submerged Jewish populations of the Central Powers, to the side of the Allies. When the Balfour Declaration was issued, for instance, thousands of copies were smuggled into the enemy countries, so that Jewish peoples in Germany and Eastern Europe might see the Allies as their savior. The Balfour Declaration reads:

His Majesty's Government view with favor the establishment in Palestine of a National Home for the Jewish people, and will use their best endeavors to facilitate the achievement of this object, it being clearly understood that nothing shall be done which may

prejudice the civil and religious rights<sup>1</sup> of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine or the rights and political status enjoyed by Jews in any other country.

To-day the Jewish problem has far outdistanced anything even remotely envisaged in 1917. The events in Germany and Central Europe since the rise of Hitler have focused a blazing and savage spotlight on the intolerable plight of Jews. The refugee problem has become an enormously pressing and tragic contemporary phenomenon. Jews by the million, guilty of no crime except that they are Jews, are homeless, destitute, starving. What is left of civilization in the world recoils in successive shocks as new and pitiless outrages against Jews are perpetrated. The Jewish question, as it was said in London recently, has become a non-Jewish question. German and Italian policy makes it universal. The desperation of the Jewish position is, or should be, a preoccupation of all decent mankind.

This serves to make the Zionist experiment in Palestine a more cogent and intimate issue than it has ever been before. Zionism, if it could be made to work, might solve the Jewish problem. Let us explore.

#### *Jews in Palestine*

The basic facts of the Palestine deadlock are known to almost everyone. Very briefly we may recapitulate them. The Balfour Declaration did not install the Jewish National Home in a vacuum; it installed it in what was in effect an Arab country. It did not install the Jewish National Home in a territory fairly remote from political contingencies like, say, Alaska; it installed it in a section of the world which for generations had been the focus of a fierce imperialist struggle.

(But Zionism could not have been installed anywhere else. Palestine is the Jewish National Home. I quote from *A Primer on Palestine*: "Even during the exile in Babylon the Jews said, 'How can we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?' For the last two thousand years every good Jew has said at Passover, 'Next year in Jerusalem.'")

Legally the Arab case that Palestine is "their" country rests on the McMahon correspondence. It goes without saying that the Allies did play fast-and-loose with the Arabs. The Arabs were not the only

<sup>1</sup> Note that there is no mention of non-Jewish, i.e., Arab, political or national rights.

people honored with such attention during the Great War. But, as was pointed out in Chapter XXXIV, McMahon himself excludes Palestine from the territory promised to Arab sovereignty. Official British doctrine has never admitted that the McMahon pledge is valid in regard to Palestine.

The British thus whittled down their purported obligations to the Arabs; similarly they pared down their promises to the Jews. For twenty-five years the Balfour Declaration has been interpreted one way or other by various British governments. In 1922, Mr. Winston Churchill attempted to concentrate it in a White Paper which stated that Jews were to live in Palestine as of right, and not on sufferance, but that there should be no attempt to create an exclusive Jewish state in Palestine. In other words, the National Home for the Jewish people was to be a sort of island in a largely Arab country. Great Britain as the mandatory power was in charge of administration, empowered to inflict legislation on Jews and Arabs alike. So the experiment began.

Jewish brains, Jewish immigrants—and finally Jewish blood—began to irrigate the little country. But the Jews insist that they did not remove any rights from the Arabs, nor were they “taking” any land. They bought the land they settled on, at good prices, and even during the worst disturbances the Arabs were willing enough to sell. They did not dispossess any but an infinitesimal number of Arabs; at the beginning, at least, they scrupulously respected Arab religious and racial customs, and they did not “take” nearly as much of Palestine as is generally assumed. At present the Jews own about 300,000 acres of cultivable land, out of a total cultivable area estimated at 2,750,000 acres.

The concrete achievements of Zionism have been considerable. An attempt to express spiritual homogeneity in geographical terms was unique; to many it was enthralling. I have watched the immigrants come in at Jaffa, on boats like troop ships, from the ghettos of Lemberg and Czernowitz and Prague. No, they were not handsome, vigorous young men. No, they were not lit by any apparent inward fire. Instead, they were wretchedly dressed and miserably poor, huddled in cantonments where brisk British officers shuffled and distributed them; they looked like refugees from slums. But a few years later I saw these same people tilling the soil, carving livelihoods out of the dusty rock of the Jordan hills and the plain of Esdraelon—upright, alert, self-sufficient, with pride in their work,

pride in themselves. They were new men. The transformation was all but unbelievable.

In Palestine [wrote Sir Herbert Samuel, the first civilian High Commissioner] there are Oriental Jews from Bokhara and Persia and Iraq, and there are University men and women from New York and Chicago. There are Jews from the Yemen, of small stature and with gentle, refined features, good craftsmen in silver and ivory, or good laborers on the farms; and there are agricultural experts from the colleges of France, from Poland and Russia. There are students and writers, doctors and lawyers, architects and musicians, organizers and social workers, from Eastern Europe and Western, from Asia and America.

Zionism necessarily hand picked its colonists, since immigration is fixed by the Palestine (British) government; the choice of *halutzim* (pioneers) is thus not fortuitous, but selective; the Zionist organization, represented by agents throughout Eastern Europe, picks them man by man. Once in Palestine, the immigrants are organized into colonies and settled on the land. Some land is the property of the Jewish people as a whole, in perpetual lease to the Jewish National Fund; some may be privately bought and sold. The Jewish agricultural colonists are the heart of Zionism.

Accompanying Zionism came a Hebrew revival. The colonists learn Hebrew, and that tongue has been resuscitated as a living language. Hebrew theaters have been organized and a living literature in Hebrew has developed. Schools have been opened in considerable number; a great Hebrew university has been built on Mt. Scopus, near Jerusalem; a definite revivification of Jewish life has occurred, expressed in Hebrew terms.

Meantime the standard of living of the whole country was enormously increased. Jewish capital entered the country in large amounts. The remarkable town of Tel-Aviv arose on the Jaffa sands, the only exclusive Jewish municipality in the world. Swamps were drained; malaria controlled; irrigation and water power projects outlined; agriculture rationalized. The Jews built hospitals, welfare stations, libraries, clinics, laboratories for scientific research. They brought, in fact, the modern world to Palestine.

Immigration figures tell the story of rising Jewish strength and consequent Arab alarm. In 1920, 5,514 Jews came to Palestine; in

1925, 33,801. Then came a serious drop; but in 1933, immigration reached 30,000 again, and in 1934, it rose to 42,359, in 1935 to 61,854. In 1922, the total population of Palestine was about 750,000; it included 589,177 Moslems, 71,464 Christians, and 83,790 Jews. (Many Jews had settled in Palestine long before the War and the Balfour Declaration.) The Jews were, in other words, roughly eleven percent of the total population. In 1936, the population of Palestine was 1,336,518, of whom 848,342 were Moslems, 106,474 Christians, and 370,483 Jews. The Moslems, one sees, increase very rapidly too. But the proportion of Jews to the total population rose to roughly twenty-eight percent.

It soon became clear that tension between Jew and Arab prevented any easy development of normal self-government institutions. Indeed, the government of Palestine is—or was—unique. There is no constitution, no parliament, no president, no prime minister, no cabinet. The administration is purely colonial. New laws are posted simply by decree. The “government” is vested almost solely in the person of the British High Commissioner, who is responsible only to the colonial office in London, and, at a purely astronomical distance, to the Mandates Commission of the League of Nations. This has occurred because no legislative instrument could be devised satisfactory to Jew and Arab alike. Being outnumbered, the Jews refused any government based on proportionate representation, since it was Arab policy to abolish Jewish immigration altogether. And the Arabs refused anything else.

The Jewish accomplishment in Palestine came atop almost insuperable difficulties and obstacles. From the beginning Zionism faced not only political watering down of the mandate but a deep-seated antipathy from anti-Semitic British officials. The Jews were violently discriminated against—in what was presumably to be their own country. William Ziff has outlined<sup>2</sup> some of the more outrageous details. Hitler’s *Mein Kampf* was permitted in the Jerusalem bookshops; but not the *Brown Book of the Nazi Terror*. Alone among Arab states Palestine was asked to continue payments on the old Ottoman debt. The Jews were not allowed to build their own harbor at Tel-Aviv, or to equip it with a railway station. Palestine got no revenue from the Iraq pipeline, though it goes through Palestine

<sup>2</sup> In *The Rape of Palestine*, a rip-roaring assault on Arabs, British and moderate Zionists alike.

territory. Jews were arrested for picketing German shops, and Jewish taxes paid for Arab schools—and to suppress Arab revolutions.

Not all Jews are active Zionists. In the United States, with some 4,000,000 Jews, only about 100,000 are members of the Zionist Organization. But in 1929, a new Jewish agency was created, including non-Zionists as well as Zionists, jointly pledged to support "Jewish" philanthropy and work in Palestine. This wisely broadened the base of Zionist activity. It seemed in 1929 that a new era in the development of the Jewish National Home might begin. But the optimists were wrong. The Arabs rose. A fierce religious crisis led to insurrection (Jerusalem is a holy city to Moslems as well as Jews), Jews were hideously massacred, and a period commenced of extreme difficulty and tension which has persisted to this day.

### *Arabs in Palestine*

"Verily God loveth not the aggressors."

—MOHAMMED

Arab and Jew are astoundingly contradistinctive, considering that both are Semites. In religion, in language, in politics, in morals, in community ideals, in habits of mind they differ. As I heard it put: the Arab is a camel; the Jew is a motor-car, seeking new roads—and a place to put them.

The Arabs became alarmed early. Riots occurred as early as 1920 and 1921, though King Feisal and the Zionist leader, Dr. Weizmann, had made a preliminary entente. What alarmed the Arabs most was realization of their own economic, political, and cultural inferiority. We have sketched enough of Arab background in preceding chapters to make this clear. Backward, nomadic, with no experience of western administration (they had been governed for centuries by Turks), largely illiterate, the Arabs were no match for the educated and hustling Jews.

The Arabs began to organize. A youthful leader, Haj Amin Effendi El Huseini, combined in his person the posts of president of the Supreme Moslem Council (a body founded by the British in 1921 to give the Arabs focus for political organization) and Mufti of Jerusalem. He is usually called the "Grand" Mufti,<sup>3</sup> but pedantically

<sup>3</sup> "Mufti" means priest, though technically there is no Moslem clergy. "Haj" is a name given to any Moslem who has made the pilgrimage to Mecca.

speaking there is no such title. Haj Amin was supposed to hold both jobs for life. He became the spearhead of the Arab nationalist movement.

In 1920, the Mufti had been condemned to five years' imprisonment by the British for complicity in the Jaffa riots; he fled, however, and was not captured. Then Sir Herbert Samuel, the High Commissioner, decided to pardon him; he announced the pardon at a public meeting in Amman, capital of Transjordan.

"Let Haj Amin come to Jerusalem; he will not be molested; we have pardoned him," Sir Herbert said.

There was a movement in the crowd and, to the amazement of the British, Haj Amin proceeded to appear, lifted on the shoulders of the Arabs. He had been hiding—in a good enough place!

Haj Amin—his present whereabouts are unknown—was born in 1893 in Jerusalem, of the well-established and influential Huseini family. He was a student in Turkey when the Great War broke out; he became an officer in the Turkish army like so many Near Eastern personalities, and then was taken prisoner; on being released by the allied forces, he joined the Arab revolt, but he was never conspicuous in it. In character he is a flaming nationalist, in manner very cautious and slow-spoken.

He became Mufti of Jerusalem when he was only twenty-seven, in succession to his half-brother. The story is that he prepared himself for this important job by special studies at Al Azhar University in Cairo, but in fact he studied at Al Azhar only a few months. He was fourth in the list of candidates for Mufti. The other three were members of a rival family of Jerusalem Arabs, the Nashashibis. The Huseinis contrived anyway to procure the appointment for their man, Haj Amin. Presently he became president of the Supreme Moslem Council too and was in effect both religious and secular leader of the Arabs of Palestine.

His power did not reside purely in his personality. It resided in his position. By reason of his double job he was in control—until the British deprived him of his leadership of the Supreme Moslem Council—of the revenues of the *Waqf*, or Moslem religious foundations and endowments. These possessed considerable property, mostly land; the *Waqf* revenues are supposed to amount to \$300,000 per year, and—normally—are used to support schools, charities, and the like. But they helped finance the Mufti's revolution—so his enemies

say. An additional point is that the Mufti, while president of the Supreme Moslem Council, got a salary from the government. This salary continued to be paid—until his flight—even though he was overtly leading a revolt against the authorities who were paying him. The Mufti had for a time a third job, that of head of the supervisory board of the Moslem religious courts. He thus was in a position to nominate judges and the like, an important source of patronage.

There are no fewer than six different Arab parties in Palestine. The chief one is the Mufti's. For years the six vigorously opposed each other, but in 1936 they merged temporarily, under the leadership of the Mufti, to produce a joint executive, the Arab Higher Committee. When the Mufti fled, and when other important Arabs were arrested and deported, the Committee broke up and was outlawed. The National Defense Party, the next most important in Palestine, seceded from it. This party group, led by Ragheb Bey Nashashibi, has always taken a moderate line; Ragheb Bey, widely traveled and well-educated, was for fifteen years mayor of Jerusalem, and a bitter opponent of the Mufti.

The moderate Arabs of the Nashashibi and similar varieties, though resenting Zionist power and penetration, were appalled at the wave of terrorism and civil war that inundated Palestine. In November, 1938, opposition to the Mufti came into the open. A member of the Defense Party, Fahkri Bey Nashashibi, a cousin of Ragheb Bey, sent a letter to the British High Commissioner stating:

1. That the anti-Mufti Arabs comprise seventy-five percent of the Arabs of Palestine, whom the Mufti has sought to crush through terrorism.
2. That the Mufti "used his official position and the funds collected for the national cause to exterminate or impoverish the leaders" opposed to him in Palestine.
3. That the British should realize that the Mufti does not alone represent the Arabs of Palestine, and that terrorism is encouraged by this assumption.

Response came quickly. An attempt was made to assassinate a member of the Nashashibi faction the next day. Five other members of the Nashashibi family were murdered or attacked shortly thereafter.

The Mufti's men look far afield. In November, 1938, came a statement by the nationalist leader Arif Abdul Razik, threatening the

United States with reprisals for "interfering in affairs which are none of its business," i.e., for expressing sympathy with Palestine Jews. The statement asserted that if such interference continued, the Arabs would (a) withdraw all Arab students from American schools, (b) boycott American goods, (c) destroy all American buildings in Palestine, and (d) seize all American property in the country.

The civil war began in effect in April, 1936, when a Jewish party was ambushed near Nablus and a Jewish immigrant killed. There were riots at his funeral, and agitation spread. The Arab Higher Committee declared a general strike, which for six months turned the country upside down. Imported guerrillas from Transjordan and Iraq did much of the Arab fighting. In the end the British had to pour almost 30,000 troops into the little country. Through it all, however, the Mufti himself, living in Jerusalem, was not arrested because the British High Commissioner still believed that a policy of "appeasement" and reconciliation would win the day.

The fighting was mopped up—temporarily—late in 1936; the general strike fizzled out and a Royal Commission came to Palestine. This commission, led by Lord Peel, made its report in July, 1937. It did not waste much ink on the feelings of the Arabs. It found the Palestine mandate unworkable in its present form, and proposed the drastic surgical remedy of Partition. It envisaged creation of three separate states in Palestine (a country the size of Wales or New Jersey!), British, Jewish, Arab. The partition phase of Palestine history appeared about to begin.

It did not get very far. Again, furiously, the Arabs rose. They made another civil war, a much more serious one this time.

#### *"What Thin Partitions Sense from Thought Divide!"*

The attitude of the Jews to the idea of Partition was, at first, bitter. "Barbarous vivisection," cried the Chief Rabbi of the British Empire. "An end of the great dream of a Jewish nation," complained Mr. Ussishkin of the Jewish National Fund. "A Palestine state without Jerusalem is a mockery," cried the *Palestine Post*, organ of the moderate Zionists. People said that a "new Jewish pale" was created actually in the national home. It was "Zionism without Zion."

Then leading Jews began to come round to sympathy with the idea when they explored its ramifications and discovered—a most important point—that the Arabs opposed it more vehemently than they

did. Dr. Weizmann, the President of the World Zionist Organization, lent his formidable prestige to support the project. A stormy meeting of the Jewish Agency in Zurich, while reserving final judgment, opened the way to negotiation.

Few Jews, it might be said, liked Partition for its own sake, but they preferred it to the intolerable unsettlement and tension then going on. Moreover the "irresistible lure of sovereignty" began to win them. They talked of their new flag, their constitution-to-be, their new frontiers. They were going to have a state that really would be their own—no matter how microscopically small.

Jewish grievances from 1919 to 1936 were summarized as follows in the Peel Report:

1. Obstruction in the establishment of the National Home owing to dilatory action by officials.
2. "Pro-Arab" proclivities by officials and their failure to carry out the Mandate.
3. Great delay in the decision of civil suits and inefficiency of criminal procedure. (For instance, eighty Jews were murdered in 1936 but no capital sentence against an Arab was carried out.)
4. Toleration by the Government (for a long time) of subversive activities, especially those of the Mufti of Jerusalem.
5. Failure to introduce a land system appropriate to the needs of the country.
6. Reluctance to facilitate immigration, and uncontrolled illegal Arab immigration.
7. Restriction of progress of Jewish municipalities by government regulations.
8. Failure of the British to ensure public security.

The Jewish "case" in Palestine, strongly underlined by the Royal Commission, is in essence simple. The Jews, a people without a homeland, have an inescapable moral, historical, and political right to have one, and Palestine is the only homeland possible. They have as much "right" to Palestine as the Arabs; they mean no harm to Arabs, who have millions of square miles to live in if they find proximity to Jews uncomfortable. No Arabs have been asked to leave Palestine. Jewish "occupation" of Palestine has indeed greatly benefited the Arab community.

But the Arabs refused coöperation. In the words of the Peel Commission, "Not once since 1919 has any Arab leader said that coöpera-

tion with the Jews was even possible." (On the other hand, let it be repeated that all through the disturbances Arab landowners made money freely by selling Jews their land.) A modicum of hate of course accompanied these transactions; money counts, but blood counts too. "*The underlying cause [of the unrest]*," a Jewish witness told the Commission, "is that we exist."

Two questions put to the Mufti by the Royal Commission (the Arabs boycotted the Commission till the last possible moment and then gave evidence briefly) are of interest:

Q. Does Your Eminence think that this country can assimilate and digest the 400,000 Jews now in the country?

A. No.

Q. Some of them would have to be removed by a process kindly or painful as the case may be?

A. We must leave all this to the future.

Here was a new note of menace; not content with opposition to Jewish immigration, the Mufti was, in a guarded manner, indicating that Jews might in the "future" be expelled from the country if his party had its way. And in the civil wars from 1936 on, the Arabs were attacking, not only the Jews, but the British as well—an ominous sign.

Whereas the basic grievances of the Jews were in a sense mollified by the partition scheme, those of the Arabs were made more intense. This, in a nutshell, was the reason for renewed Arab clamor. The main Arab grievances, as outlined by the Royal Commission, were as follows:

1. Failure to develop self-governing institutions (i.e., Palestine has no parliament, prime minister, or the other paraphernalia of democracy, partly because the Jews fear what would be Arab numerical superiority in the legislature).
2. Acquisition of land by Jews. (But the Arabs sold it to them.)
3. Jewish immigration.
4. The use of Hebrew and English as official languages.
5. Employment of British and Jewish officers, and exclusion of Arabs from the higher posts.
6. Creation of a large class of landless Arabs, and the refusal of Jews to employ Arab laborers.
7. Inadequate funds for Arab education.

The Report says: "Whilst we believe that these grievances are sincerely felt, we are of the opinion that most of them cannot be regarded

as legitimate under the terms of the mandate and we are therefore not called upon to make recommendations upon them."

Above and beyond the specific grievances is the major tenet of the Arabs, that Palestine is *their* country, and that the Jews are "taking it away." In the words of the Royal Commission:

The underlying causes of the disturbances, or (as we regard it) the rebellion of 1936 are, first, the desire of the Arabs for national independence; secondly, their antagonism to the establishment of the Jewish National Home in Palestine, quickened by their fear of Jewish immigration. Among contributory causes were the effect on Arab opinion of the attainment of national independence by Iraq, Transjordan, Egypt, Syria, and the Lebanon; the rush of Jewish immigrants escaping from Central Europe . . . ; the intensive character and the "modernism" of Jewish nationalism; and lastly the general uncertainty, accentuated by the ambiguity of certain phrases in the Mandate, as to the ultimate intentions of the Mandatory Power.

As to the Arab assertion that Palestine is exclusively their country, the Jews reply that they have the "right of prior occupation and historical connection." The Jews conquered Palestine in about 1200 B.C., and held it for thirteen centuries. Some Jews have been uninterruptedly in Nablus from 722 B.C. until the present day. The Arabs held the country from 637 A.D., when the Omayyid Caliphs began to rule in Damascus, until it was seized by the Ottoman Turks in 1516 A.D., who, with their descendants (and Turks are not Arabs, either linguistically or racially), held it till the Great War.

Palestine means more than race or language to the Arabs; it means religion. Jerusalem is holy to Moslem Arabs as well as to Christians and Jews. This is because of two sacred Moslem edifices there, the Dome of the Rock, which was built on the site of Abraham's rock (the central point of the Temple of Solomon), and the Mosque of Aqsa, which was originally a Christian church. The Mosque of Aqsa is supposed to mark the spot where Mohammed's winged horse was tethered before the flight to heaven; it is, after Mecca and Medina, the greatest shrine in Islam. But this same area is devoutly and correctly sacred to Jews too, because it contains the celebrated Wailing Wall<sup>4</sup> which was the site of Solomon's Temple, and which is as Jewish as the Talmud. The sacredness was originally Jewish and Christian;

<sup>4</sup> Effort by youthful Jews to extend their rights of worship at the Wailing Wall was a contributing factor of the 1929 disturbances.

the Moslems took it over because it *was* holy. Jewish and Arab religious monuments are inextricably conjoined.

### *Bloodshed Again*

Terrorism came once more, and then war. The Arabs determined to fight the partition scheme to a finish. They did.

After sporadic disorder, with tension crackling, the British set out to arrest the Mufti. This was in July, 1937. But the Mufti with his Sudanese bodyguard escaped into the Temple Area, and the British did not dare follow him there, because invasion of such a hallowed Moslem sanctuary might have caused an unpredictable explosion. Until October the Mufti stayed inside the Temple, a priest in a cage; he was surrounded and helpless, and had no method of direct activity. On October 16 he fled to Syria, eluding the British police disguised as a beggar.<sup>5</sup>

Disorder continued to spread, and was encouraged by Axis agents who wanted to keep the Palestine pot boiling. The Arabs became increasingly bold, and by the summer of 1938 all but paralyzed the country. British power seemingly collapsed in district after district. The Arab terrorists ran wild. The essence of terrorism is that it aims to disorganize the forces of authority by secret and subterranean means. And, by and large, it will continue to be successful so long as the bulk of the people are with the terrorists, and will conceal and assist them. The problem for the government is to make the people more afraid of the government than of the terrorists.

By the end of 1938 the Arabs had forced a stalemate. They were strong enough to invade and capture important towns. They were so successful, in fact, that many Jews firmly believe that the British never genuinely desired to beat them down. Otherwise such episodes as, for instance, the raids on police stations in big towns like Jaffa, or the virtual investment of Jericho, are almost inconceivable. "It would be ludicrous," said the Peel Report, "to suppose that it is beyond the resources of the British government to deal with a rebellion on so small a scale." Yet that is just what happened, though the Arab guerrillas probably never numbered more than 5,000 men.

On November 9, 1938, the British government withdrew the parti-

<sup>5</sup> When the British and Free French invaded Syria the Mufti fled. Then he moved on from Baghdad to Teheran with Rashid Ali. When the British entered Iran this slippery customer escaped again.

tion scheme, and announced that the whole Palestine problem would be reopened, with a Round Table Conference between Jews and Arabs as a preliminary step. Almost at once, the Arab revolt died down.

But the Round Table Conference, duly held in London, broke up in March, 1939. Not only did Jews and Arabs disagree; non-Mufti Arabs refused to sit with Mufti Arabs for a time. At the end the British issued proposals which both Arabs and Jews rejected, though presumably they will be the basis for subsequent discussion. The proposals suggested creation of an independent Palestine state after a transition period, with Jews in a permanent minority. It was believed that Jewish immigration would be permitted at 15,000 per year until the Jews became one-third of the population, when it was to stop. The Jews refused to consider this. So did the Arabs, who demanded cessation of Jewish immigration and an independent Arab state at once.

Immediately the conference failed, resumption of trouble was threatened again in Palestine. So the tragic story wound itself along.

#### *Palestine Since the War*

The next important step—and to the Jews, an infinitely tragic step—was publication of a White Paper on May 17, 1939, which invalidated the Peel report. This White Paper declared unequivocally that it was not the British intention "that Palestine should ever become a Jewish state," but that Jews and Arabs should share in an "independent Palestine that would be established within ten years," whereupon the mandate would be terminated. Meantime the White Paper recommended that Jewish immigration should be limited to 75,000 during the next five years, composed of 10,000 chosen every year in the regular manner, plus 25,000 refugees admitted on the discretion of the High Commissioner. "After this," the report says, "further Jewish immigration will be permitted only if the Arabs are prepared to acquiesce in it."

This 1939 White Paper made Zionists groan. It meant in effect that the Jews in Palestine would always be a minority, since immigration was scheduled to stop when they reached one-third of the population. They would be at a permanent disadvantage during the transition period to follow lapsing of the mandate, since Arabs and Jewish officials were to be appointed in proportion to population. Dr. Weizmann said indignantly, "By adopting this policy the British govern-

ment is denying three fundamental principles which the whole Jewish people believe itself to possess: the right to return to Palestine; the right to settle throughout Palestine . . . and the right to a free development of their national life." The Jewish Agency issued a mournful statement as follows: "It is in the darkest hour of Jewish history that the British government proposes to deprive the Jews of their last hope . . . and set up a territorial ghetto for Jews in their own homeland."

The Jews regarded the White Paper as a "surrender to Arab terrorism," but the Arabs on their side were by no means satisfied. Once again the British had worked out a compromise the net effect of which was to please neither party. The Arab Center called the proposals "fantastic," and the governments of both Saudi Arabia and Egypt urged the Palestinian Arabs to reject the proposals. However the moderate Defense party, controlled by the Nashashibis, accepted them.

By terms of the White Paper the High Commissioner was given power "to prohibit and regulate transfers of land," and in February 1940 came another crushing blow to Jewish hopes, a regulation forbidding Jewish purchases of land in a large area of Palestine (including the so-called Hill Territory and regions adjacent to Beersheba and Gaza), and severely restricting purchases in other parts of the country like the plain of Esdraelon, the coastal plain near Haifa, and the Negeb area in the south. This regulation was apparently made without the consent of the League Council or the Permanent Mandates Commission, and the Labor Party in England joined the Jewish Agency in bitterly opposing it. Then came still another blow, the virtual cessation of immigration, which was the worst of all.

Meantime the Jews had shown conspicuous loyalty on the outbreak of war. They eagerly welcomed a chance to participate in a struggle against the supreme enemy, Hitler. When war came the tension between Arab and Jew died down, and a kind of truce came into effect. The Jews stormed the recruiting stations, hoping to fight, not Arabs, but Nazis. Eighty-six thousand Jewish men between the ages of 18 and 50 (71 percent of those eligible) volunteered for service, and 50,000 women, 42 percent of the eligibles.<sup>6</sup> By May 1941, the Jewish Agency was able to announce that "nearly 10,000 Jews from Palestine were serving in various units of the British forces," and to-day the number has reached 12,000 or more. Many more Jews wanted to

<sup>6</sup> *Bulletin of International News*, March 22, 1941.

fight, however, than were taken in. The British hedged recruitment with all manner of restrictions. They preferred mixed Arab-Jewish units, but fewer Arabs than Jews wanted to fight. The Jewish Agency hoped to raise an all-Jewish fighting force, but the British authorities would not hear of it.

Then an angry local situation developed as a result of *illegal* immigration. The Jews found it almost impossible to enter Palestine legally, since immigration was becoming more and more difficult on account of the war and the drastic reductions in the quota. Several times the British suspended all legal immigration for various periods. So the Jews began to filter in—against the law. Refugees from Poland, Germany, Central Europe, the Balkans, deprived of all possibility of existence under the Nazis, would contrive to reach a port in Rumania or Greece or Turkey and then somehow, against almost insurmountable obstacles, manage to reach Palestinian shores. Stories at once pitiable and heroic attend the adventures of these hapless “illegal” refugees, the great majority of whom never did anything “illegal” in their lives. In fact, in the eighteen months between April 1939 and September 1940, not less than 16,100 illegal immigrants found their way into the country. Some were not so lucky, and were kept out. Many went to jail. And the British retaliated by reducing the quota of legal immigrants by the number who entered Palestine illegally.

Dr. Weizmann meantime spent months of effort attempting to organize a Jewish army. At first it seemed that he had succeeded. Mr. Eden as War Secretary was sympathetic to the idea, and so were various high British officers. Then came a cabinet reshuffle and policy was reversed; the plan for an exclusive Jewish force, based on Palestine, to fight Nazism fell through officially. It is still, however, being discussed in London and New York as I write these lines in February 1942, and there is at least some possibility that it may be revived. Such an army, to comprise four divisions under British officers, would be recruited by voluntary enlistment of Jews all over the world, and would fight like the Czechs and the Poles now with the British forces, as a semi-autonomous command.

#### *Coda*

Civilization is overwhelmingly on the side of the Jews; but civilization isn't always popular. Zionism is an emotional and practical necessity to countless Jews, and given intelligent statesmanship it could

become an admirable solution to the whole refugee problem. But it faces the bitterly fomented hostility of the Arab population. Arab hostility to Zionism is lamentable; but it is not going to be easy to erase. The British will not give up the Mandate—especially in wartime—because Palestine is an essential item in the defense of the air route to India and of the Suez Canal; but to maintain the Mandate means disorder, tension, and dismay. Zionism rests on British bayonets—which have not been too glitteringly effective—and which seem in fact to be aiming at the Zionists themselves.

Perhaps amelioration will come some day—amelioration to the refugee problem also—in the form of an exchange of populations. This is not practical politics yet; it could become practical politics when the war is over if the British believed in it. The Arabs might conceivably go into Transjordan or Iraq, where there is plenty of room; Jews from Europe could come then to Palestine. The idea may seem fantastic, but it worked when imposed by a strong hand on the Greeks and Turks. Something drastic should be done. The refugee issue forces new attention to Zionism as a way out.

## Chapter XXXVI

### Dr. Chaim Weizmann

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*Yes, I am a Jew, and when the ancestors of the Right Honorable Gentleman were brutal savages in an unknown island, mine were priests in the Temple of Solomon.*

—DISRAELI

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YEARS ago, when the late Lord Balfour was visiting Manchester during an electoral campaign, he met a young Jewish chemist named Chaim Weizmann. They liked each other at once, and Weizmann talked vividly of the great dream of his life—Zionism. Balfour was moved and impressed. Already he was interested in the Zionist project, and there had been talk of making Uganda, in Africa, a Jewish colony. Balfour turned to Weizmann, as the young man, with perfect poise, argued his point that only Palestine could be the proper national home. "Tell me, Dr. Weizmann, are there many Zionists like you?" Balfour asked. Weizmann smiled and replied, "Mr. Balfour, the roads of Pinsk are paved with them."

Weizmann was referring to his birthplace. The Zionist leader, who is one of the considerable men of the modern world, was born on November 27, 1874, in the village of Motele, near Pinsk, Russia. He was the third child of a family of fifteen, eleven of whom are alive to-day. His father was a timber merchant of modest means, not rich; his mother was an exceptionally devoted and courageous woman. She managed, for instance, to send no fewer than nine of her children to universities, though the family was poor, and the road to education for Jews in Russia in those days was arduous.

In that same early conversation with Balfour, Weizmann showed his ingrown, innate, unshakable conviction that Zionism and Palestine were one. Weizmann asked Balfour, who was still thinking of Uganda, "Would you give up London to live in Saskatchewan?" "But we have always lived in London!" Balbour exclaimed. "Yes," Weizmann replied, "and we lived in Jerusalem when London was still a marsh."

Not only has Weizmann, like most men of politics in the modern

age, been dominated all his life by one idea; that idea—Zionism—was from his earliest years associated with the hope of British help. For instance, a letter exists to-day, which he wrote to a teacher when he was eleven years old, stating that the salvation of the Jews was Palestine, and that only the English could help get them there. Weizmann has been consistently pro-British all his career. This has not kept him from being a passionately good Jew, and it necessarily made him a master of political maneuver.

Young Weizmann went to the *cheder* (religious private school) in his village, then to the gymnasium in Pinsk. He was a brilliant student of science and mathematics, and his mother's favorite child.<sup>1</sup> He progressed to the University of Freiburg, supporting himself at odd jobs, and finally got his doctor's degree in science at the University of Berlin. He returned to Pinsk in the holidays, and was a devoted son. The family was spiritedly intellectual. The other sons became doctors or scientists, and the atmosphere at home was agitated with political and literary talk. Weizmann's father was an early Jewish nationalist.

Weizmann got a job as a lecturer's assistant in chemistry at Geneva, and lived there several years. He met a young woman, Vera (Veratchke) Chatzman, who was studying medicine and who became an M.D., fell in love with her, and married her. She has been his attractive and devoted companion ever since. They have two sons, Benjamin, a business man in London, and Michael, a science student at Cambridge, who later joined the R. A. F. Weizmann left Geneva in 1903, when he was offered a lectureship at the University of Manchester, and England—plus Palestine—has been his home for almost forty years. He still looks back with affection on his Geneva days. When he visits Geneva to-day he takes friends from the Hotel Beau Rivage, where he usually stays, to the laboratory in the basement of the University College building, near the Parc de la Reformation, and shows them where he got his start.

Weizmann probably met Lenin in those days. He is not sure. But Lenin lived in Geneva at the time, and most of the Russian students frequented the same cafés. More than once Weizmann sat in the

<sup>1</sup> Her maiden name was Rachel Tchemetinsky. She is alive to-day, and lives in a modest house Weizmann built for her in Haifa, at the foot of Mt. Carmel. He brought her out of Russia in 1926, when his father died. When he comes to Palestine he visits her at once, and the whole family celebrates Passover every year in the aged lady's house.

coffee house, unable to pay for the modest drink he had bought, waiting for some friend to come and bail him out. Most of his companions were scientists, not politicians. In any event, whether he met Lenin or not, one fact is extraordinary, if purely coincidental—and that is his facial resemblance to Lenin. He is darker than Lenin was, and his face is broader, but the similarity is exceptional. Once, when Weizmann happened to be at an international conference, the Russian delegates—this was in 1923 or thereabouts—kept staring at him as if he were a ghost, and the Swiss detectives set up a guard at his hotel door thinking that he *was* Lenin.

Long before the Manchester period Weizmann became a Zionist. He had—unlike most political leaders—two lives. He was a chemist by day, and a Zionist by night. Rather, since he is a genius, he was both a chemist and a Zionist twenty-four hours a day; he survived—and enjoyed—a compelling double activity. The only Zionist conference he ever failed to attend was the first one, in 1897. He was in Pinsk, too poor to make the trip directly. He worked his way on a timber boat as far as Danzig, and then rushed overland to Basle, where the conference was held; but he got there two days late.

I cannot treat in any detail the complex inner history of Weizmann's relations with the Zionist movement from 1897 to the present. Suffice it to say that, from the beginning, he was marked for leadership; that as a youth of twenty-seven he dared to oppose Herzl, the founder of political Zionism whom he considered to be too visionary; that from the outset he took a practical attitude, urging the training of Jews in colonization and agricultural work; that in his maiden speech to the biennial Zionist congress (1903), he conceived and put forward the project of a Hebrew University in Jerusalem; that for fifteen years he was the leader of the "Manchester Group" of British Zionists; that, finally, in 1921, he became president of the World Zionist Organization. Many trials, many crises and counter-crises, and many moments of elation and despair, are masked by this brief record.

In 1916 came the greatest moment of Weizmann's life. Chemistry and Zionism merged, though he did not know it then.

David Lloyd George was searching for technical assistance in the preparation of explosives. There was an acute shortage of acetone, a substance indispensable to cordite manufacture. This was in the darkest period of the last war. Disaster loomed. Synthetic acetone—and much else—was an imperative necessity. Lloyd George called a

conference, and asked the advice of C. P. Scott, the editor of the Manchester *Guardian*. Scott said to Lloyd George, "I know a remarkable professor of chemistry at Manchester University. He comes from somewhere near the Vistula; I don't know which side. I will ask him if he will place himself at the disposal of the state."

Weizmann went to London to see Lloyd George. He was then put in charge of the Admiralty laboratories.

Lloyd George said, "I need immediate action, immediate results."

Weizmann said, "How long can you give me? I'll work night and day."

Within some weeks Weizmann had discovered a method of synthesizing acetone. He studied the composition of cereals, and found a method of isolating organisms which permitted him to make acetone out of—horse chestnuts! The method was developed on a large scale. A sufficient supply of acetone, and thus cordite, was assured Great Britain. Lloyd George called for Weizmann again. He said in effect, "Dr. Weizmann, you have rendered great service to the state. I will recommend you to His Majesty for any honors you may wish."

"There is nothing I want for myself," Weizmann said.

Lloyd George hinted at a viscountcy, a monetary grant.

Weizmann shook his head. "There is only one thing I want," he said, "and that is national home for my people."

A few months later came the Balfour Declaration, which—in theory—provided it. The cause of Zionism—it seemed then—was won. Of course, other factors contributed to the announcement of the Declaration, as we have seen. But Lloyd George himself says that the acetone incident led him to support the Zionist thesis, and that he brought Weizmann into contact with his old friend, Balfour, in order to open negotiations. When Balfour saw him, he said, "I need no introduction to Dr. Weizmann. He converted me to Zionism ten years ago." Lloyd George has stated that Weizmann will rank with Nehemiah "in the fascinating and inspiring story of the children of Israel."

### *The Zionist Colossus*

Weizmann's home in Palestine is at Rehovoth, near Tel-Aviv. His house is surrounded by citrus groves, and is exquisitely appointed. Weizmann is a lover of life. He is a great host. He is not, like most nationalist leaders, arid in temperament, frugal in habit; he loves good

food, good laughter, good conversation. He is a resonant and capacious human being, with a delight in every aspect of experience.

But he works hard. He works hard at Zionism, and at his chemistry still. The chief ornament of the colony at Rehovoth is not the glorious Ming porcelain inside his house, but his spare, squat laboratory across the grove. In this building, known as the Daniel Sieff Research Laboratory, his staff conducts various experiments, most of them of a practical nature associated with Palestinian agriculture. Weizmann guides them, and he works himself on the by-products of orange peel, in order to increase the value of Palestine's citrus crop.

In Rehovoth, two small but startling coincidences present themselves. The first concerns Dr. Friedrich Haber, the great German chemist who invented the fixation of nitrogen. Haber was a Jew who turned Christian; when the Nazis came to power he went to Weizmann and begged to be forgiven, and was enroute to Palestine, a Jew again, when he died in Basle. He left his chemical library to the Rehovoth establishment. Thus Weizmann, who helped win the war for Britain by synthesizing acetone, now works with the tools of another great chemist, Haber, who almost won the war for Germany by inventing another process of manufacturing explosives by new means.

Second, Weizmann's work on orange peel, which may have very important commercial developments, happens by an extraordinary coincidence to be a development of the same process he invented in regard to acetone twenty years before. Two decades ago, acetone produced Zionism. To-day, acetone may help Zionism live. It is as if some subconscious single-mindedness were pursuing Weizmann through the years, rigidly associating him with one line of development, one group of processes.

Weizmann adores Rehovoth. The land on which his house and laboratory were built belonged at one time—again a remarkable example of the unity of his life and career—to the first settler who left Pinsk, Weizmann's home town, for Palestine. When Weizmann was a boy of ten, he saw this settler off at the Pinsk railway station, not by any stretch of the imagination conceiving that forty years later he would chance to buy this same man's Palestine property.

When the partition scheme was being discussed, it was discovered that Rehovoth was on the very edge of the projected Arab state.

"Put it in the Palestine area at once," said the British boundary maker. "Palestine without Weizmann is impossible."

Once Weizmann was showing Rehovoth to Sir Arthur Wauchope, then the High Commissioner. Wauchope admired it. "You have a very beautiful place here, Dr. Weizmann," he said. "Yes," Weizmann replied, "and it wasn't built as a summer palace for the Grand Mufti, either."

Weizmann, a complex character—he is first of all a scientist, then a politician, but there is also a good deal of the artist in his nature—has some defects in temperament. He is sometimes moody. Occasionally he sulks. He is stubborn. For millions of Jews, he is Zionism, and Zionism is Weizmann, but he has a certain contempt—like Nehru in India—for the masses as a whole. He is not a good man in a crowd, though his wit, his elegance, his persuasive power in private conversation, are considerable.

He dislikes documents. He is apt to say, discussing administrative details, "If Shertok is agreed, let's go on from there." (Shertok is the "foreign secretary" of the Zionist movement.) He will stay up all night to read a scientific paper, but not a political paper. He hates to dictate letters. He writes everything in longhand, in tiny characters, in green ink on blue paper. He seldom keeps carbons of his correspondence, and a good many interesting records of his life have consequently been lost. When I saw him in Rehovoth in 1938 he talked a good deal about his forthcoming memoirs—they should be one of the great autobiographies of our time—but he couldn't for the life of him remember the name of his publisher.

The most serious charge against Weizmann is that, a prisoner of tradition and environment, he is too strongly pro-British. He is called too prudent, too old-fashioned, and "too much a gentleman." Another is that for years he apparently did not understand that it was not enough for Jews to be passive, that it was no longer any use fighting fire (the Arabs), with water, that they must be fought with fire. He does not, it is said, appreciate the modern activist position of Jewry; he does not realize that very many youthful Jews are willing to fight—and die—for their homeland. In London recently Malcolm MacDonald, the former colonial secretary, asked him in effect, "Are you willing that Zionism should rest indefinitely on Britain for support?" Weizmann said that he would have to consider the question before answering. But almost any modern Zionist would have replied—before

the war anyway—that, given a fair chance, the Zionists were perfectly capable of defending themselves, and would be delighted to have the opportunity. Give them the rights originally promised by the Mandate, give them unlimited immigration and arms, and they are more than willing to face the Arabs.

Many Jews think that the Arabs, in themselves, are no serious problem. It is only Arabs-plus-England that are a problem.

The major point of forward-looking Zionists as war broke out in 1939 was that a securely established and numerous Zionist majority in Palestine—to put it bluntly, a really Jewish Palestine—would be an infinitely more valuable asset to Britain than Palestine in its present state of turmoil. The Jews would bring stability to Palestine, plus essential and incontrovertible friendship for England, whereas the Arabs continually provoke trouble, and give the enemies of England—Hitler and Mussolini—incessant opportunity for fishing in a troubled desert. This is the point that activist Jews want Weizmann to make—no matter how often the British say that they must remember their responsibilities to the whole Moslem world, to the Mussulmans of India.

Many Zionists think that Dr. Weizmann does not emphasize sufficiently that the *Palestinian* Arabs made no effort to help Britain in the Great War, although the Jews did. This precedent is particularly relevant now.

Weizmann's positive qualities are many. He has, first of all, courage. Second, like Mr. Gandhi, he has considerable facility for compromise; he is a subtle and competent negotiator. He may be a bit of a prima donna, but his intellectual stature is undisputed. He has a beautiful sense of humor. He reads, talks, and writes six languages with complete fluency, of which his favorite is Yiddish; he can perform wonderful tricks with the Yiddish tongue. A famous chemist once said that he would throw away his whole life's work to have written one page of Weizmann. Above all, he is a man of reason, a man of faith founded on rationality, and superbly honest; he never exaggerates, and always tends to understate rather than overstate a case. His eloquent voice is low. For emphasis, he lowers it. Some of his speeches are first-rate political literature. Finally, Weizmann is a man who has contributed so much to his cause that he has become indispensable. Movement and leader are, at the present juncture, one.

*Jewish Organization and Other Leaders*

At the top is the Jewish Agency, which includes non-Zionists. This is a world organization, represented in both Palestine and London by a Council, of which Dr. Weizmann is head, and an Executive, the chairman of which is David Ben-Gurion. Weizmann attends to policy and relations with the British; Ben-Gurion is the executive administrative officer. The most important branch of the Executive is the Political Department, headed by young Moshe Shertok. This is the liaison office between the Zionists and the Palestine government. If Palestine were ever to become an independent state, as envisaged in the Partition scheme, Dr. Weizmann would presumably be President of Palestine, with Ben-Gurion as his first prime minister, and Shertok as minister of foreign affairs. The Jewish Agency is quite distinct from the World Zionist Organization, of which Dr. Weizmann is also president.

Ben-Gurion, the head of the Jewish Agency Executive, is short, compact, energetic, with a mane of white hair; he was born in Poland in 1886, the son of a lawyer, and came to Palestine in what they call the "second wave" of Jewish immigration, that is, in 1906; he worked in Galilee as a farm laborer for a time, and then became one of the first settlers in the Plain of Esraelon. People say that Ben-Gurion doesn't know his own real name. His father, brought from Poland, lives now in Tel-Aviv; he is known simply as "the father of Ben-Gurion," though in Hebrew "ben" means "son of." Ben-Gurion is an emphatic labor party man, and indeed is the father of the labor movement in Palestine; also he is an author—in Hebrew—of distinction.

Moshe Shertok, the "foreign minister" and the most brilliant of the younger Zionists, was born in Kherson, in South Russia, in 1894. His father, a journalist, believed strongly in Zionism, and came to Palestine in 1906. He settled with his family near Nablus, where they lived in an Arab village, Ain Siniyah, for many years—the only Jews for miles around. Young Moshe learned Arabic in these years, and his intimate childhood knowledge of Arab customs has been very valuable to him. He is, incidentally, a dazzling linguist, speaking Russian, German, Hebrew, Yiddish, Turkish, Arabic, French and English with equal ease. One of his good friends is the Emir Abdulla of Transjordan, with whom he likes to discuss Arabic poetry.

Shertok went to Constantinople to study law, and when the first World War broke out he was conscripted for service in the Turkish army. His career in several curious respects parallels that of Haj Amin, the Arab Mufti; both are about the same age, both served as Turkish officers after training in Constantinople, and both returned to Palestine—to become leaders of different sides. When the War ended Shertok gave himself up to the British. An intelligence officer questioned him—in German—and asked him if he knew Mustapha Kemal, later to become dictator of Turkey, and if he thought Kemal could be bought. Shertok said No. Then Shertok spent two years in an Arab village, studying the land, after which he went to England to attend the London School of Economics. For some time he was a journalist. His future is bound to be great if Palestine survives. He is an exceedingly attractive personality. One of the greatest of American jurists told me recently that he considered Shertok's state papers, reports on the political situation in Palestine and the like, to be unequaled by those of any contemporary government.

The Jewish Agency is, I have noted, composed partly of non-Zionists; the exclusive Zionist organization in Palestine is the celebrated Vaad Leumi, or National Council of Palestine Jews. The Vaad Leumi devotes itself in the main to local affairs, for instance public health, education, local finance, security. The head of the Vaad Leumi is another notable Zionist, Isaac Ben-Zvi.

Ben-Zvi and Ben-Gurion are called the twins. They have been closely associated for many years, and now they head the two parallel organizations which determine Jewish policy in Palestine. Ben-Zvi, an ardent laborite, joined Ben-Gurion to edit the newspaper *Haachdut* (Union) in 1910; they went together to study law in Turkey, and both were deported from Palestine, then under Turkish rule, for Zionist activity, after having received death sentences. They spent the early part of the war in America, and then returned to Palestine to enlist in the Jewish legion. Ben-Zvi and Ben-Gurion worked jointly to found the labor party in Palestine, and to initiate the trade union movement. Ben-Zvi lately has become passionately interested in archeology.

Within Zionism are several political parties. The most important by a considerable margin is the labor party, known usually as "Mapai," which stands for Miflegeth Poalei Eretz-Israel (Labor Party of Palestine). The laborites, led by Ben-Gurion, Ben-Zvi, and Shertok,

represent about fifty-five percent of the Zionists in the world, and control the Jewish Agency, the World Zionist Organization, and the Vaad Leumi. The complexion of the labor group is left-center; its trade union, the powerful Histadruth (Labor Federation), is affiliated with the Second Internationale, and has a membership close to 100,000. The members wear a uniform: blue shirts with a red emblem, and khaki shorts. The party is well organized, and draws most of its strength from the *halutzim* (pioneers) on the agricultural colonies; its system of coöperatives is growing. The labor party in Palestine, I heard it said in Jerusalem, differs from any labor movement elsewhere in the world in that (a) it perforce must encourage instead of opposing immigration and (b) it cannot countenance strikes, since development of Palestine depends on encouragement of new capitalist enterprise. Most Histadruth men are no more on the Left than members of the British labor party. They detest the communists, who are illegal and underground in Palestine. One thing is quite clear; the labor party is so strong in Palestine that, if ever a Jewish state is set up, it will be a labor state. The laborites say that it is they who built up the country, and that it will remain theirs.

Next come the Centrists, the old-line Zionist party, known as the General Zionists. The core was the old Hovevei Zion (Lovers of Zion) movement which began in the 1880's in Russia. The General Zionists exist in two forms, known as General Zionists A, led by Dr. Weizmann, and General Zionists B, led by the eminent patriot Menahem M. Ussishkin, who for many years was Weizmann's chief political opponent. The "A" group stands squarely in the center; the "B" group veers slightly to the right. There is also a group known as the "Progressives," led by Nahum Goldmann, the former Zionist representative at Geneva, which flirts with labor.

Ussishkin<sup>2</sup> is an interesting personality. A fanatic, a man of iron will, an inveterate hater of compromise, he is the "elder statesman" of Zionism; almost alone among eminent Zionists he was bold enough to oppose Partition in 1937-38. Ussishkin is seventy-eight to-day. He established a Lovers of Zion movement in Russia as early as 1882, when he was only nineteen, more than a decade before the work of Herzl. A frugal man, with a tremendous iron obstinacy and almost intolerable stubbornness, he has been a rock of Zionist faith that no misfortune has ever shaken. For eighteen years he was head of the

<sup>2</sup> Ussishkin died in 1941, stanch to the last.

Jewish National Fund, the Keren Kayemeth, which helped settle colonists on the land.

To the right of the Centrists is the Misrachi party, composed of orthodox Jews. Next is the Jewish State party, an offshoot of the "Revisionists" of Vladimir Jabotinsky; they are a kind of "loyal opposition." Outside Zionism are the Agudath Israel, the organization of fanatically religious orthodox Jews, and finally the Jabotinsky Revisionists, who wear Brown Shirts, who have been outlawed by the Zionist organization, and who are called by their enemies "Jewish Fascists." They stand for the complete independence of Palestine. They want to kick the British out, abolish the Arabs somehow, and establish an unadulterated and undiluted Jewish state on both sides of the Jordan.

Jabotinsky, who died suddenly in New York in 1940, was a man of excessive eloquence, excessive versatility, and explosive ideas. He was a remarkably magnetic personality, revered by his followers. Had he not taken an extreme line he would certainly have been Crown Prince of the movement under Weizmann. The British barred him from Palestine, on account of the alleged incendiary nature of his utterances; for years he lived in exile, but in London. He liked to say that he devised the Brown Shirt uniform before Hitler did. He was a good officer in the Jewish legion, and probably the best orator that Palestine ever produced. It was a pity that death cut short his career just when he was needed most.

A Jewish Defense Force exists, but it has nothing to do with the Revisionists; it is, indeed, run largely—if secretly—by the labor party, who do not get on with the Revisionists at all. The defense force is called the Haganah. It arose out of the necessities of the moment; volunteers organized themselves to protect the lonely and isolated colonies, which were constantly subject to Arab attack. It is extra-legal and it drills secretly, but everyone admits that it exists, even the British. It even encourages secret immigration. The members are armed, but not uniformed. Probably the Haganah can muster 10,000 rifles.

Finally, one should mention a man technically outside politics, who fits into no party category, Dr. Judah Magnes, the rector of the Hebrew University on Mt. Scopus. A humanist, a pacifist, a liberal, Dr. Magnes is one of the greatest of modern Jews, though his opinions are not popular in Zionist circles, and at times his humanitarianism has

made havoc of his judgment. Dr. Magnes, born in San Francisco in 1877, ordained a rabbi in Cincinnati in 1900, is the great exponent in Palestine of a policy of complete conciliation with the Arabs. He thinks that a bi-national state is possible, and that the Arabs can be won over to friendly coöperation with the Jews. Like Ussishkin, he opposed Partition.

## Chapter XXXVII

# Circumnavigation Complete

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**S**o now, on the shores of the Mediterranean, within virtual sight—or gunshot—of Europe, our circumnavigation of the continent of Asia, which we began some 10,000 miles away on the Sea of Japan, is at last complete.

This book is far too long to burden with a formal summary or conclusion. In any case, most of the chapters carry their own conclusions, implicitly if not explicitly. It remains, perhaps, to indicate a few specific trends, to sketch briefly a final horizon view.

As to single countries, one might say the following:

Japan is on the march. With its Axis partners it fights Great Britain and the United States. Japan has the cruel and youthful obstreperousness of an expanding state, plus a unique sense of discipline; it combines with the "legitimate" reasons for expansion a strong religious impulse, a kind of divine imperial mission, which makes it doubly formidable. Nothing will stop Japan except force—force stronger than Japan's—or, conceivably, social upheaval following grave military disaster.

And China, old as Japan is young, charming as Japan is crude, amiable as Japan is sinister, cultivated and gracious as Japan is dynamic and vigorous, is in the grip of a convulsion partly of disintegration, partly of rebirth. The Chinese, surviving a terrific ordeal, are in a state of metamorphosis; meantime the fight they are putting up is magnificent. The old China, in more than a political sense, is gone.

In India, vastly numerous people are struggling for the sunlight of education, of freedom from religious shibboleth, of modern advance and political independence. It is not merely the British who govern India who impede the growth of effective Indian nationalism. It is the Hindu religion, the strictures of mythology and of the caste system, and the ponderous decay of centuries of outworn tradition, which contribute to responsibility.

The British control their incredible coagulation of territory—however it may be shriveling at the moment—not so much by Machiavellian shrewdness in diplomacy or power of arms, but by a subtle

combination of luck, tenacity, intuition, and prestige. Several times we have mentioned those thirty or forty youngsters in dinner jackets who rule ten thousand square miles with a swagger stick. But the Japanese are marching fast, and it may be that in many regions the rule of the white man has gone never to return.

And now to basic trends. What dominant chords do we find in the vast and complex Asiatic orchestra?

First and overwhelmingly, there is imperialism. Because it was rich, because it was undeveloped, because it was comatose politically, Asia has been for generations the loot of Europe. The history of modern Asia has been that of western powers struggling among themselves for the rich and prostrate body of the eastern continent. Geographically, Europe is an appendage of Asia. The appendage has wagged—and perhaps poisoned—the main body.

The Japanese, being good mimics, and being on the surface the most westernized of Asiatic peoples, promptly learned to imitate the west in this matter of imperialism. Hence the occupations of Manchukuo and Inner Mongolia, the long campaign in China, and now conquest in Burma, Malaya, the Philippines, and the Dutch East Indies.

Second, Asia is par excellence the continent of religious bondage and repression. Religion is an infinitely more powerful political force in Asia than in Europe. Asia is a serf to God. Japan is a prisoner of Shinto, and India of the Brahmans. The religious attitude leads to mysticism, as in Japan and India, to resignationism, as in China, to a vicious degree of sectarian struggle, as in India, Iraq, Syria, and the Near East generally, and to murder, as in Palestine.

The Mohammedan religion, admirable in many of its qualities, has one dominant characteristic. It is the most militant of the great religions. The Koran (iii, 159) says, "Count not those who are killed in the way of God as dead, but living with their Lord," and (iv, 86), "If they (the disbelievers) turn their backs, then seize them and kill them wheresoever ye find them." There are about 250,000,000 Mohammedans in Asia. (This is not to say, of course, that in Islam there are not many thousands of splendid, peace-loving men.)

Religion in Asia produces, too, a sense of the past rather than of the present, a sense of looking backward, not forward. Much of Asia is possessed by demonology. Even westerners, T. E. Lawrence for instance, are viewed mystically. Much of Asia is ruined by its ruins.

Third, the poverty of Asia is unspeakably greater than any poverty known in the western world. A cause of this is the shockingly high birth-rate. And poverty means illiteracy and disease.

Fourth, the growth of Asiatic nationalism has been considerable despite these obstacles. China, the Mongolias, the Philippines, Siam, the Burmese, Persia, and all the Arab peoples have felt the sweet sting of national spirit, the surge and uplift of desire for authentic independence. The recent meetings of Chiang Kai-shek and Jawaharlal Nehru have particular significance in this direction.

Fifth, and closely allied with nationalism, has been a slow, bitter, and tenacious struggle for democracy. This is particularly notable in India. Associated with the growth of democratic institutions has been a gradual—a very gradual—development in education. But illiteracy remains greater in China, in India, in the Middle East, than any comparable regions in the world.

Sixth, we must mention again the family system, and the fact that family groups are more cohesive in Asia than in the west, and play a far greater rôle in politics. In Europe domination of a country by a single family is unknown to the extent that the Soongs dominate China, or the Husein family the countries of the Middle East. Family feuds in the west seldom have the political significance that they have, for instance, in Jerusalem. No ruling caste in any European country has anything like the ramifying power of, say, the Fujiwaras in Japan.

Nevertheless, seventh, personality is almost as important in Asia as in Europe. Very nearly each country is dominated by man. What would contemporary China have been without Chiang Kai-shek, India without Gandhi, the Philippines without Quezon, Arabia without Ibn Saud? Men—strong men—count.

Eighth, the social struggle that stimulates, provokes, or undermines so much of Europe is to a certain extent absent in Asia. The Japanese are experimenting with a form of state capitalism in Manchukuo. In China, a Red Army valiantly continues to conduct the guerrilla struggle, and in India Mr. Nehru is a socialist. But, by and large, partly because so much of Asia has been under the influence of imperialist tradition (and also because of the hampering factor of religious conservatism), comparatively little consciousness of modern social forces exists.

Ninth, I believe—I hope my Asiatic friends will not think the less

of me for saying so—that by and large Asiatics are less generally competent than Europeans. Of course this generalization is crude. I do not mean that Asiatics are less intelligent than Europeans. The Chinese, I think, are the most intelligent people in the world; and in recent years India has produced two Nobel prize winners. But, possibly because of generations of poverty and lack of education, Asiatics seem in general to have less stamina than westerners; they lack solidity, they lack shoulders.

Finally, Pan-Asia is an illusion. One can speak of Europe—even now—as a whole. But not Asia. One could speak of such a concept—at least till recently—as a “European mind.” I do not think one would readily use such a phrase as an “Asiatic mind.” A war in Spain can send tremors throughout Europe as far as the Baltic and beyond; but until 1939, when the European war began, the conflict in China had only the faintest repercussions in the Asia of the Near and Middle East. Asia is not interlocked, intertwined, as Europe is, though it is interlocked *with* Europe. The Japanese are on the march, yes, but Asia is a long distance around. It is too big to be a unit. It is three continents in one.

THE END

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**T**HIS book represents a long period of travel, research, and study. It would have been impossible to write but for the freely-given help by friends. In every country from Japan to Palestine I was the fortunate recipient of generous information, and the list of friends and acquaintances who helped me would run to several hundred names. Since it would be unwise in some cases to indicate the sources of my material, I must, as in *Inside Europe*, content myself with a broad general acknowledgment.

*Inside Europe* had a wide sale in sixteen languages; it was reviewed comprehensively and I have received many letters about it and listened to criticism in many countries. So far not more than a dozen or so errors of fact, mostly minor, have been detected among the many thousands of facts that book contained. I have done my best both in the original edition of *Inside Asia* and in this revision to maintain the same general level of accuracy. Facts are evasive and elusive in Oriental lands. But I have arduously checked and double-checked every name, every date, every event, and parts of the manuscript have been read by experts. I must cordially thank Mr. Stuart Chase, Mr. Walter Mallory, and Mr. Archibald MacLeish for reading the proofs in whole or in part. Also I want to thank hundreds of correspondents who have pointed out original errors and suggested emendations and corrections.

*Inside Europe* was written fresh and as a whole, but I did incorporate in it some material I had gathered in previous work for the Chicago *Daily News* as well as several magazines. The case is different in this book. Every word in it is new. *Inside Asia* is fresh from top to bottom. Parts of it, however, were released for serial publication in magazines, and the North American Newspaper Alliance distributed some of my first impressions of China. Invariably, I took advantage of magazine publication to inspect by text anew, and in most cases I completely rewrote it. For permission to reprint serial material, I have the editors of the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Harper's Magazine*, *The Nation*, *Current History*, *Coronet*, *Asia*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Foreign Affairs*, and especially the *Reader's Digest* to thank.

I read widely in the preparation of this book. Among the period-

icals I searched for background are the *Manchester Guardian*, the *New Statesman*, the *New York Times*, the *New York Herald Tribune*, *Foreign Affairs*, the bulletins of both the Foreign Policy Association (New York) and the Royal Institute of International Affairs (London), *Asia*, the *London Times*, *The Hindu* (Madras), the *Palestine Post*, the *Japan Advertiser*, and the *China Weekly Review*. In some cases I read everything relevant for years back.

I read blue books until I was blue in the face. Among those especially valuable were the first volume of the Simon Report on India and the Peel Report on Palestine. Also of great value were the green-bound pamphlets of the Royal Institute of International Affairs, on China and Japan, Egypt, and Palestine.

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J. G.

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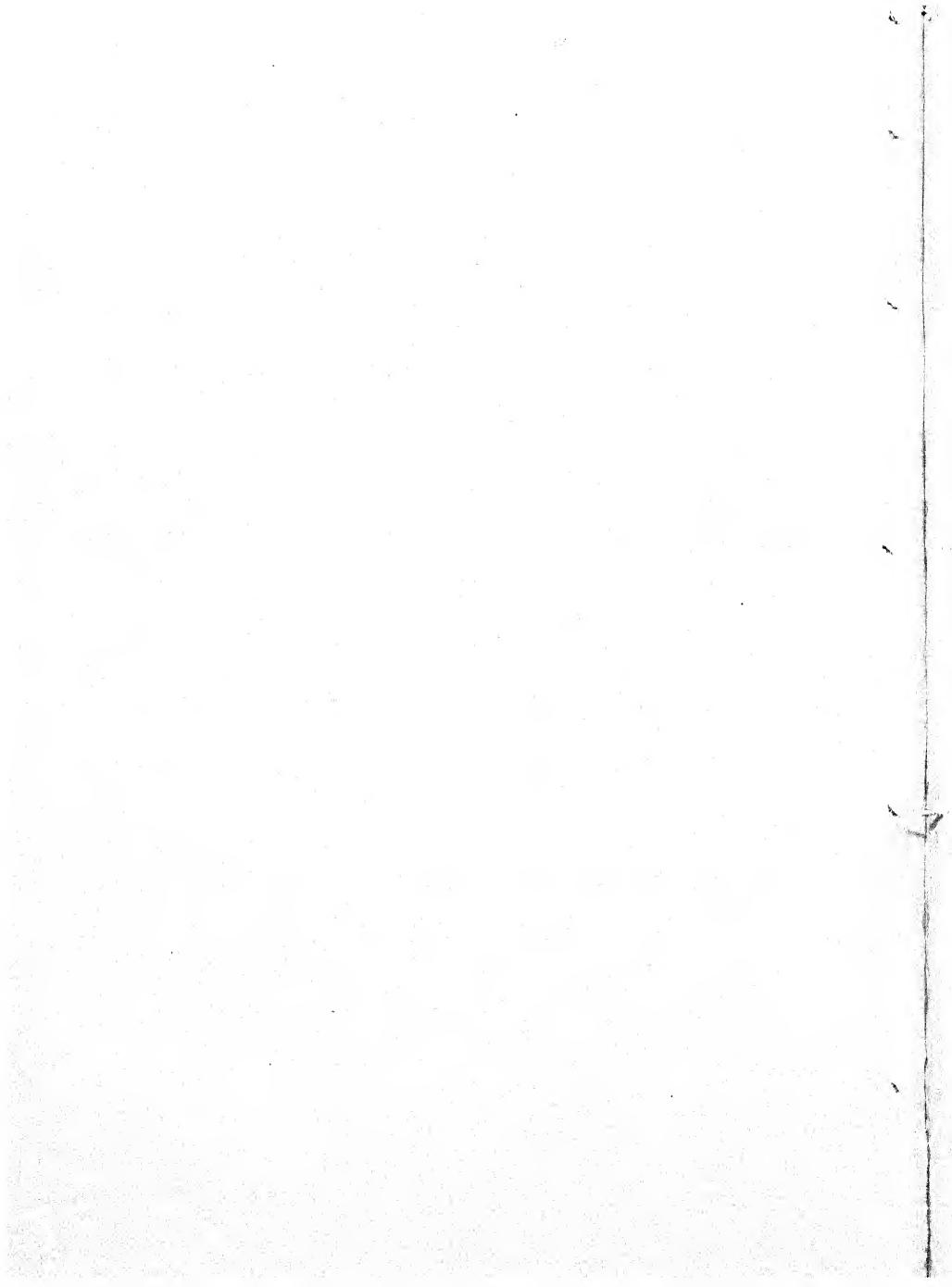
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# Index

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ABCD powers, 131, 272, 327, 332, 506  
Abdullah, Emir, 546, 555  
Abdullah Ibn Husein, 567  
Abdul Illah, Emir, 564  
Abe, Iso, 83-84  
Abdul Kalam Azad, Moulana, 449, 453, 455, 457, 505  
Accession to throne of Japanese emperor, 6-7  
Adachi, Kenzo, 81  
Aden, 521, 548, 559, 566n.  
Aditya, Prince, 357  
"Administrative Boundary," 509  
Adoption in Japan, 5, 22  
Afghan war, 509, 510  
Afghanistan, 514-517  
Aga Khan, 426, 483-485, 501  
Aggressor nations, Roosevelt's Chicago speech on, 67  
Aglipay, Bishop, 326  
Agrarian co-operatives in Thailand, 359  
Agrarian reform  
    in China, 215, 240  
    in India, 400  
Agricultural co-operatives, 402  
Agricultural debt, reduction of, in India, 451, 452  
Agricultural policy, British, in India, 499-500  
Agriculture  
    in China, 190-191  
    in India, 406, 497  
    in Japan, 41-42  
    Jews in, 592  
Aguinaldo, General Emilio, 316, 318, 323, 325  
Ahmed bin Rashid, 567  
Ahmed, Shah of Persia, 528, 529  
Aikawa, Yoshisuke, 96-97  
Air power  
    Dutch, 351  
    importance of, 310, 332  
    of Iran, 534  
    of Japan, 310, 328  
    necessary to hold Netherlands Indies, 348  
Air service, Indian, 428  
Aiyer, Sir C. P. Ramaswami, 474  
Aizawa, Colonel, 99-100, 104  
Alaska and Aleutian Islands, 137, 138  
Ali Khan, 485  
All-India Congress Committee, 448, 456, 504  
All-India Moslem League, 425-426; *see also* Moslem League  
All-India Trades Union Congress, 461  
All-Japan Council of Trade Unions, 85  
Alley, Rewi, 271  
Alwar, Maharaja of, 465-467  
Amakasu, Captain, 149n.  
Amanullah, King of Afghanistan, 515-516  
Amau statement, 121  
Amboina, 343  
American Exclusion Act, 108  
American Volunteer Group, 522  
Amritsar, tragedy at, 373, 402, 431  
Amur River incident of 1937, 159  
Amur River region seized by Russia, 109  
Ananda, King, 356, 357  
Ancestor worship, 6, 8, 170, 179, 180, 209  
Anders, Lieutenant A. F., 264  
Anfu group, 56, 276, 302-303  
Ang Hio-koon, 301  
Angell, Norman, 494  
Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, 538  
Anglo-Persian Company, 538-539  
Anhwei, 193-194  
    New Fourth Army in, 242, 243  
Annam, taken by France, 109, 363  
Anti-Comintern Pact, 67, 70, 77, 79, 123-125, 158, 261, 272  
Anti-imperialist sentiment in U. S., 318  
Anti-Opium Commission, 290  
Anti-Semitism, 71-72, 124  
    British, 577-578  
Antonius, George, 554n.  
*Arab Awakening, The*, 554n.  
Arab Brotherhood, Treaty of, 547  
Arab cause in Palestine, supported by Japan, 124n.  
Arab grievances, 583  
Arab-Jewish tension, 577-578, 587

Arab Legion, 568  
 Arab world today, 544-548  
 Arabs  
     independence for, 554-555  
     in Palestine, 578-581  
*Arabs, The*, 543  
 Araki, General Baron Sadao, 55, 78-80  
 Aristocracy of Japan, 75-76  
 Arita, Hachiro, 77, 351  
 Arnstein, Daniel, 267  
 Aryans, 72  
     in India, 392, 393, 412, 414, 415, 416  
     in Iran, 524  
*Asia Magazine*, 58, 277, 528  
 Asoka, Emperor, 394  
 Assam, 402  
 Assam Road, 268  
 Assassination, as political weapon, 105  
 Atlantic Charter, 506  
 Auden, W. H., 573  
 Australia, 139-141  
 Autonomous East Hopei Regime, 53  
 Autonomy in Soviet republics, 155  
 Aviation  
     Chinese, 223, 226, 229  
     in India, 476  
     Japanese, 60, 62  
 Bajaj, Jamnalal, 456  
 Bajpai, Sir Girja Shankar, 501  
 Baku oil fields, 571, 572  
 Baldwin, Hanson W., 138  
 Baldwin, Stanley, 495  
 Balfour Declaration, 573-574, 575, 577, 593  
 Balfour, Lord, 590, 593  
 Bali, 343, 344  
 Balikpapan, 344  
 Bandholtz, General, 317  
 Banditry  
     in Iran, 527, 534  
     in Manchukuo, 151-152  
 Bandoeng, 343  
 Bangkok, 353, 360, 362  
 Banking, *see* Finance  
 Baqr Sidki Pasha, 562-563, 564  
 Barcelona, fall of, 126  
 Bari, broadcasts from, 548-550  
 Baroda, Gaekwar of, 467, 475-476  
 Barton, Sir William, 477  
 Bataan peninsula, xi, 309, 310-311, 326  
 Batavia, 327, 343, 350  
 Bates, Dr. Searle, 198  
 Bauer, Colonel Max, 261  
 Begum, Mumtaz, 476  
 Bengal, 401-402  
 Ben-Gurion, David, 597, 598  
 Ben-Zvi, Isaac, 598  
 Bering Island, 137  
 Besant, Mrs. Annie, 447  
 Bess, Demaree, 154  
 Bhopal, Nawab of, 479-480  
 Bhutan, 109, 520-521  
 Bihar, 401  
 Bijayendra, General, 358  
 Bikaner, Maharaja of, 468, 477-478  
 Birla, Ghanshyamdas, 456  
 Birobidjan, 163  
 Birth rate and control in Japan, 108  
 Bismarck, 15  
 Bismarck Archipelago, Japanese attack on, 141  
 Bisson, T. A., 150, 243, 257n., 351n.  
 Black Dragon Society, 78, 81, 277  
 Blockade of Japan, 42, 63, 138  
 "Blood Brotherhood League," 105  
 Blue Shirts, of China, 216, 251, 276-277, 304  
 Bluecher, Vassily K., 160-161, 211, 239, 240, 276  
 Boer War, Gandhi in, 370  
 Bombay, 399  
 Borneo, 339, 341, 344, 350  
 Borodin, Michael, 215, 240, 282, 304, 462  
 Bose, Rash Behari, 81  
 Bose, Subhas Chandra, 397, 449, 460-461, 492  
 Boxer Protocol, 185  
 Boycott  
     Chinese, of Japanese goods, 110, 120, 123  
     Indian, of British goods, 374, 382  
     Japanese, of British Tientsin, 260  
 Brahmanism, *see* Hinduism  
 Brahmins, 417, 418  
 Breasted, Professor, 545  
 Brett, General, 272  
 Brett, Sylvia, 340  
 Britain, Battle of, 267  
 British and Nehru, relations of, 445-446  
 British aid to China, 260  
 British army in India, 493-494, 500, 510

British Empire, 335-337  
 British policy in India, xi, 395  
 British relations with Indians, 393, 502-503  
 Broadcasting, as political instrument, 549-550  
 Brooke, Anthony, 341  
 Brooke, Captain Bertram, 340  
 Brooke, James, 339-340  
 Brooke, Sir Charles Johnson, 340  
 Brooke, Sir Charles Vyner, 340-342  
 Brooke-Popham, Sir Robert, 331, 560  
 Bromfield, Louis, 476  
*Brown Book of the Nasi Terror*, 577  
 Brown, Cecil, 330  
 Brubaker, Howard, 161, 262  
 Bruce, former prime minister of Australia, 333  
 Buck, Pearl, 168  
 Buddha, Gautama, 178, 411-412, 413  
 Buddhism, 8, 25, 180, 394  
*Bulletin of International News*, 63, 125  
 Burma, 521-522  
     Japanese aggression in, 83, 267, 360, 506, 521, 522  
     seized by British, 109  
 Burma Road, xi, 127, 195, 522  
     closing of, 260, 266-267  
 Byas, Hugh, 6, 21, 31

Cabellero, I. P., and Concepción, M. de G., 319n.  
 Calcutta Congress, 442  
 Cambodia  
     Siamese troops in, 128  
     taken by France, 109  
 Canton  
     British in, 183  
     fall of, 57, 60, 126, 259, 261, 266, 300, 304  
     protected by Chinese, from looting, 167  
 Canton Island, 137  
 Cantonese group, 275  
 Cárdenas, ex-President of Mexico, 320, 326  
 Caroline Islands, 139  
 Casey, Richard G., 141  
 Caste system, 170, 412, 413, 415-418  
     abolition of, 489  
     Gandhi's attitude toward, 365  
 Caste system—(Continued)  
     in Madras, 400  
     origin of, 393  
 Caucasus, 571-572  
 Cavite, Japanese attack on, 309, 310  
 Celebes, 339, 343  
 Censorship, Japanese, 35, 74  
 Central China Development Company, 270  
 Central Provinces of India, 401  
 Ceylon, 327, 522-523  
 Chahar, 191  
 Chakri dynasty, 353  
 Chamberlain, Basil Hall, 24n.  
 Chamberlain, Neville, 259  
 Chamberlin, W. H., 8n., 40  
 Chang, Carson, 291  
 Chang Chi, 276  
 Chang Chin-kiang, 211  
 Chang Chun, General, 276, 281-282  
 Chang Fah-kwei, General, 289  
 Chang Hsueh-liang, 115, 117, 119, 226, 227, 245-255, 288  
 and Blue Shirts, 277  
 character traits and life story, 246-249  
 and Chiang Kai-shek, *see* Chiang Kai-shek, and Chang Hsueh-liang  
 and Sian kidnaping, 123, 203, 205, 249-255  
 and W. H. Donald, 230, 231  
 Chang Kia-ngau, 289-290  
 Chang Tso-lin, 115-117, 231, 246-247, 288, 292, 296  
 Chang Tsung-chang, General, 299  
 Changkufeng Hill, battle of, 159-160  
 Changsha, battle of, 259  
 Chan Lo, 301  
 Chatzman, Vera, 591  
 Chauri-Chaura episode, 374  
 Che Teh, 216  
 Chekiang, 193-194  
 Chen brothers, 277, 282, 287  
 Chen Brothers group, 275-276, 282  
 Chen Cheng, General, 276  
 Chen Cheng, 281-282  
 Chen Chi-me, 211, 277  
 Chen, Eugene, 282, 289, 304  
 Chen Kuo-fu, 282  
 Chen Li-fu, 282

Chen-O'Malley Agreement, 283  
 Chen Tu-hsiu, 283  
 Chen Yun, 301  
 Chennault, Colonel Claire, 522  
 Chiang Ching-kuo, 217, 218-219  
 Chiang Kai-shek, 57, 67, 116, 117, 194, 221, 257, 258, 260, 305  
 army of, financed by opium, 197  
 campaign of 1926-28, 213, 280  
 and Chang Hsueh-liang, 248, 249-255  
 and Chang Chun, 282  
 in Chungking, 195  
 and the civil wars, 126  
 and communists, 122, 157, 161, 205, 216, 225, 234-236, 242, 243, 244, 291  
 and Donald, 230, 231, 232  
 family affairs, 217-219, 226  
 and General Han, 298  
 and General Liu, 300  
 and General Yen, 297  
 head of Kuomintang, 273, 274, 275  
 and the Japanese, 23, 35, 50, 67, 78, 123, 206-207, 229  
 kidnaping of, 173, 201, 205, 249-255  
 as lecturer, 209  
 life story, 210-213, 215-217  
 and Madame Sun, 225  
 and Mao, Tse-tung, 237  
 meeting with Bluecher, 161  
 and money, 184, 207-208  
 and Nanking government, 192n.  
 and Nehru, 220, 446  
 and "Northern War," 292, 296, 304  
 overthrow of Hankow government by, 282  
 personal life and traits, 201-207  
 power of, 219-220  
 and religion, 208-209  
 in Shanghai, 185  
 and Sun Yat-sen, 210, 211-212, 214  
 and Tsen Ken, 239  
 visit to India, 219-220, 506  
 and Wu Pei-fu, 293  
 Chiang Kai-shek, Madame, 202, 204, 217-218, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225-228, 271, 305  
 and Donald, 232, 233  
 and Sian kidnaping, 50, 252-254  
 and religion, 208  
 Chiang, Wei-ku, 219  
 Chichibu, Prince, 17-18, 22  
 Chikushi, Lieutenant General, 149  
 Child labor in India, 409, 497, 501  
 Child marriage, 420, 457, 501  
 Chin dynasty, 180  
 China  
 aid to from Germany, 261-262  
 ally of U. S. and Great Britain, 272  
 army, improved, 265, 266  
 cultural invasion of Japan by, 25  
 economics of, 189-191  
 family system, 179  
 geography, 165, 191-196  
 history, 165, 180-182  
 imperialism in, 182-187  
 language, 174-177  
 Lend-Lease benefits for, 131  
 Open Door policy in, 187, 270  
 opium in, 196-198  
 people of, 166-172  
 population statistics, 165-166  
 religion in, 178-180  
 resistance of, to Japan, xi, 252  
 revolution in, 182, 194, 210-211, 222, 223, 231, 238, 239, 273, 278, 280, 282, 283, 303  
 Soviet aid to, 157-158  
 Soviet influence on, 240  
 unification of, 116, 126, 197, 200, 212, 215, 220, 256, 280, 292  
 U. S. and British aid to, 269, 272  
 as U. S. offensive base, 138  
 vital factor in Japanese-U. S. war, 132  
 China Affairs Board, 67, 74, 270  
 China Defense League, 225  
 China policy, adopted by Japan, 108  
 China war, 67, 70, 73, 78, 256-272  
 aid to China from Germany, 261-262  
 beginning of, 12, 123, 126  
 cost of, 44  
 incidents and chronology, 257-261  
 Japanese position in, 268-270  
 Japanese outrages and the *Panay* episode, 262-265  
 Matsuoka on, 82  
 present stalemate, 272  
 supplies for China, 265-268  
 trek to the West, 270-272  
*China Weekly Review*, 37  
*China Year Book* (1938), 165

Chinese characteristics, 31, 166-172  
*Chinese Characteristics*, 169  
 Chinese Eastern Railway, 113-114, 150, 157  
 Chinese Industrial Cooperatives, 271-272  
 Chinese miscellany, 307-308  
 Chinese Peasants Union, 237  
 Chinese Soviet Congress, 238  
 Chinese Turkestan, *see* Sinkiang  
 Chinese Youth Party, 291  
 Ching-Pang (Blue or Green Society), 277, 287  
 Choshu clan, 27, 59  
 Chou dynasty, 180  
 Chou En-lai, 238-239, 243, 254, 281, 282  
 Chow Feng-chi, General, 301  
 Christianity  
     in China, 180  
     in Japan, 8, 26  
 Chu Cheng, 290  
 Chu Chia-hua, 290  
 Chu Teh, 236, 237-238, 241, 242  
 Chulalongkorn, King, 356-358  
 Chungking  
     bombing of, 260  
     Nehru's visit to, 446  
 Church, power of, in Philippines, 325-326  
 Churchill, Winston, 140, 331, 395, 506, 567, 575  
 Ciano, Count, 125  
 Civil disobedience, 364, 365, 366, 368, 370, 372, 373, 374, 377, 384-386, 388, 395, 397, 413, 424, 426, 432, 433, 436, 445, 449, 454-458, 461, 486, 499, 504, 505  
 Civil service  
     in Baroda, 488  
     in China, 170, 181, 275  
     Dutch, 347  
         Indian, 347, 398, 433, 452, 461, 469, 470, 492-494, 497, 503, 566n.  
     in Iraq, 560  
     in Philippines, 313  
 Civil war  
     in China, 195, 200, 206, 213, 215, 216-217, 218, 228, 236, 241, 242, 249, 250, 252, 255, 256, 275, 292, 297, 299  
     in Indian, 488  
     in Japan, 26  
     in Palestine, 581, 583  
     in Russia, 160, 162  
     in Syria, 569  
 Civilization  
     Chinese, 172  
     of Japan by China, 25  
     western, in China, 186  
 Clark Field, Japanese attack on, 309  
 Classlessness in China, 169-170  
 Clayton, Sir Gilbert, 562  
 Cochin-China  
     Maharaja of, 475  
     seized by France, 109, 363  
 Cohen, General Morris, 288  
 Colijn, Dr., 345  
 Collectivization of agriculture in Manchukuo, 143  
 Colonization  
     Jewish, 592  
     of Manchukuo, 150  
     of Siberia, 163  
 Color line, 331, 345, 501, 503  
 Communal Award, 424-425, 489  
 Communalism, 385, 391, 424, 441, 490  
 Communism  
     in China, 123, 152, 157, 194, 215, 216, 218-219, 225, 234-244, 276, 283, 290, 291  
     in India, 417  
     in Japan, 49, 51, 68, 80, 85  
     in Palestine, 599  
     revolutionary, 124  
     in Thailand, 359  
 Communist party  
     illegal in India, 462  
     illegal in Palestine, 599  
     in Russia, 273, 274, 287  
 Communist Suppression Forces, 286, 298  
 Communists, Chinese  
     and Chiang Kai-shek, 205  
     and Sian kidnaping, 123, 254, 255  
     and Madame Chiang, 226  
     what they stand for, 239-240  
 Complacency, British, in Singapore, 330-332  
 Concordia Society, 147-148, 149n., 152, 302

Confucius, 165, 170, 178-179, 180, 192, 204, 223, 245, 273, 296  
 Congress (Indian) governments, 397  
 Congress (U. S.), refusal of, to fortify Guam, 138  
 Congress Socialist party of India, 444, 461-462  
 Conscription  
     in China, 28on.  
     in Japan, 46  
 Cooperatives  
     Chinese, 240, 271  
     Japanese, 84  
 "Co-Prosperity Sphere," of Japan, 68, 128, 132, 311  
 Corruption, *see* "Squeeze"  
 Country Party, of Australia, 140  
 Cow veneration, 413-415  
 Craigie-Arita formula, 260  
 Cripps, Sir Stafford, 506  
 Cromer, 547  
 Crow, Carl, 191n.  
 Currency, Chinese, stabilization of, 229, 256  
 Currency control in Manchukuo, 143  
 Currency war in China, 269  
 Curtin, John, 140  
 Curzon, Lord, 527  
 Customs control, in China, 184  
 Czechoslovakia, seized by Germany, 126, 259, 549  
 Daimyo, lords of the land, 26, 45, 95  
 Dalai Lama, 517, 518  
 Dan, Baron, 76n., 92, 105  
 D'Arcy, William Knox, 538  
 Darling, M. L., 406n.  
 Death rate in India, reduced, 497  
 Defense party of Palestine, 587  
 Defenses, Netherlands Indies, 351  
 De Gaulle, General, 137, 570  
 Democracy  
     in China, 214, 273  
     struggle for, in Asia, 604  
 Depression measures in Netherlands Indies, 348-349  
 Desai, Bhulabhai J., 456, 458, 477  
 Desai, Mahadev, 367n.  
 "Detachment" policy of Japan, 122  
 De Valera, 316  
 Disarmament Conference, 76, 515  
 Discipline  
     fascist, 72  
     in Japan, 33, 86  
     military, in China, 173, 241  
 Disease  
     in Asia, 604  
     in India, 407, 408, 421  
 Disraeli, 547  
 Doihara, Lieut.-General Kenji, 53, 55, 57, 121-122, 146, 293, 297, 298, 306  
 Doihara policy of conquest by negotiation, 123  
 Dominion Status Bill for Netherlands Indies, 349  
 Dominion Status proposed for India, 395, 425, 487, 491  
 Donald, W. H., 204, 207, 217n., 226, 228, 230-233, 247, 248-249, 250, 252, 253, 254, 305  
 Dorfman, Ben, 118n.  
 Dorji, Raja, 521  
 Dou Yung, *see* Tu Yeu-hsing  
 Drug addicts, campaign to cure, 198  
 Dufferin, Lord, 447  
 Durand Line, 509, 510  
 Duranty, Walter, 154  
 Durdin, F. Tillman, 347-348  
 Dutch colony in Japan, 26n.  
 Dutch East Indies, *see* Netherlands Indies  
 Dutch Harbor, 137  
 Dynasty, Japanese, 4, 5-6  
 "East Asiatic League," 75  
 East Hopei Autonomous Council, 57, 122  
 East India Company, 183, 394, 399, 463, 567  
 Economy  
     Chinese, 189-191, 214  
     Japanese, 41-42, 107  
 Eden, Anthony, 550, 588  
 Education  
     in China, 238, 240  
     in Chinese Red Army, 234  
     in India, 378, 417, 451, 476, 500, 502, 503  
     in Iran, 535  
     in Japan, 34  
     in Japanese army, 46

Education—(*Continued*)  
 in Netherlands Indies, 349  
 in Thailand, 359

Edwards, Dwight L., 295

Eight points presented to Chiang at Sian kidnaping, 226, 252, 255

Eighth Route Army, 192, 234, 238, 241, 242, 243, 276, 298

Elder, James C., 247, 253

Embargo of shipments to Japan, 130-131

Emigration from Japan, 108

Emigration subsidies, 150

Emperor worship, 1-3, 7-8, 9, 124

Employment system in Japan, 39-40

Ersatz materials in Japan, 43

"Escalator clause" of London Naval Treaty, 59

Ethiopian war, 548, 550

Expansion, Japanese, in Pacific, 309-311

Exploitation, 182, 336-337  
 British, 422, 445  
 in China, 270  
 in India, 408, 422, 445, 499-500  
 by Japan, 109, 408  
 of land in Dutch East Indies, 345  
 of Netherlands Indies, 349

Exports  
 American, to Japan, 130  
 Japanese, to U.S., 130-131

Extraterritoriality, 184-186, 188  
 in China, given up by Soviet Union, 114  
 in Manchukuo, abolished, 143

Fabian socialism, 83-84

Face, concept of, 173-174, 199, 246, 248, 254, 265, 277, 305, 450

Factories in China, moving of, 271, 289

Factory, Shanghai, 190n.

Family system, 179  
 in Asia, 604  
 Chinese, 180  
 Indian, 419-422

Famine Relief Commission, 290

Faqir of Ipi, 511, 512-514

*Far Eastern Front*, 121

Fascism  
 among Arab peoples, 551-552  
 in Iraq, 562  
 in Japan, 23, 60, 68, 69, 70-72, 73, 81

Fatima, Mohammed's daughter, 542

Fawziya, Princess, 540

Federation of British and Princely India, 458, 464-465, 472, 473, 477, 478, 490, 494, 495, 502

Congress attitude to, 480-482  
 Moslem attitude to, 487

Feisal, King of Iraq, 546, 552, 555, 559-561, 564, 567, 578

Feng Yu-hsiang, General, 216, 284, 288, 293, 294-297, 298

Feudalism  
 in India, 433  
 in Japan, 25-26, 33, 45, 76, 87  
 in Philippines, 325

Fifth Column activity, 310, 470, 565

Filial piety in China, 179

Filipino army, 310, 311

Filipinos, Americanization of, 352

Filmer, Henry, 535n.

Finance  
 in China war, 266  
 Japanese, 51, 52, 87-97, 149-152

First Route Army of Communist Suppression Forces, 286

Fisheries quarrel of Soviets and Japanese, 158-159

*Five Human Relationships and the Eight Virtues, The*, 286

Five Northern Provinces of China, 57, 110, 121, 122, 123, 191, 258, 262, 272, 297

Five-Year Plan  
 for Manchukuo, 143  
 for Siberia, 154

Fleming, Peter, 147n.

Foreign policy  
 in India, 501  
 Japanese, 107-109, 110, 111

*Foreign Policy Reports*, 68n., 351n.

Formosa  
 Japanese base at, 309  
 surrendered to Japan, 108, 111, 112

*Fortune Magazine*, 2, 19, 34, 40, 87

France  
 fall of, 267, 327  
 treaties of, with Syria and Lebanon, 570

Fraser, Peter, 141

Free trade in India, 408

Freedom for the Philippines, 311, 313, 317, 318, 322-325  
 Freezing of Japanese assets in U.S., 131, 132  
 Fu Siao-en, 301  
*Führer Prinzip*, 71  
 Fujiwara family, 16, 17n., 19, 65, 75, 88  
 Fukien, 194  
     special Japanese rights in, 111  
 Fukien rebellion in 1933, 216  
 Fushimi, Princes Hiroyasu and Kunii, 18

Gandhi, Mohandas K., xi, 200, 364-389, 398, 411, 417, 429, 489  
     attitude to caste, 365, 419  
     and British, 364, 365, 370, 372, 374, 388-389, 505  
     characteristics of, 381-387  
     and Chiang Kai-shek, 220, 506  
     and civil disobedience, 504  
     conversion of, to non-violence, 370  
     daily life, 377-381  
     on Hindu-Moslem unity, 424  
     life story, 366-377  
     to Lord Lothian, 498  
     mysticism of, 366  
     and Nehru, 431, 435, 436, 437, 444-445  
     religious attitude of, 387-388  
     and the Untouchables, 418, 419  
 Gandhi, Kasturbai, 368, 380, 383  
 Gandhi-Irwin truce, 385, 386  
 Gannett, Lewis, 211-212  
 Garner, John Nance, 11  
 General Chiang Kai-shek, Madame Chiang's diary of the kidnaping, 209n., 218, 251n.  
 General Zionists, 599  
 Genghis Khan, 162, 164, 182, 394  
 Genro, 20, 21, 22, 65, 91, 103  
 Germany  
     aid to China from, 261-262  
     attack of, on Soviet Union, 83, 157, 539, 571  
     conquest of Low Countries and France by, 127, 131  
     demands on Iraq, 565  
     influence of, on Iran, 536  
     influence of, on Thailand, 361  
 Germany—(Continued)  
     seizure of Czechoslovakia by, 126, 259, 549  
     undeclared war in Spain by, 120  
 Ghazi, King of Iraq, 552, 560, 563-564  
 Gilbert, Rodney, 186  
 Glancy, Sir Bertrand, 475  
 Glubb, Major John B., 568  
 Gods, Hindu, 412-413  
 Goebbels, 203  
 Goh, Baron Seinosuke, 96, 98  
 Gokhale, 370, 483  
 Goldmann, Nahum, 599  
 Gould, Randall, 302  
 Government of India Act of 1935, 395-396, 397, 398, 450, 463, 480, 481, 495, 501, 521  
 Graft, *see* "Squeeze"  
 Grattan, C. Hartley, 139n., 140  
 "Great Asia" society, 58  
 Great Britain  
     appeasement of Japan by, 260  
     attitude of Japan toward, 125  
     benefits to, from India, 495-496  
     benefits given to India by, 496-497  
     and Iraq, treaty relations of, 561  
     Japanese assault on, 157  
     treaty relations of, with Afghanistan, 515  
     and U.S., administration of Canton Island by, 138  
 Great War (1914-1918), 527, 554, 596  
 Great Wall of China, building of, 181, 219  
 Green Society, 282, 287  
 Grew, Joseph C., 100, 130  
 Gropper, William, 2  
 Grozny oil fields, 572  
 Guam, Japanese attack on, 129, 136, 138  
 Guard, Harold, 330  
 Guerrilla warfare, 35, 152, 168, 192, 234, 241-242, 259, 265, 268, 269, 279, 306, 307, 581, 585  
 Guinness, Mrs. Loel, 485  
 Gulbeknian, C. S., 563  
 Gun salute to Indian Princes, 468, 469  
 Gurkhas, 520  
 Gwalior, Maharaja of, 476  
 Gyantsen, Thupten Jampel Yishey, 519  
 Haber, Dr. Friedrich, 594  
 Haganah, 600

Hainan, Japanese seizure of, 126  
 Haiphong-Yunnan railway, 127, 266  
 Halifax, Lord, 376n., 430  
 Hall, Stephen King, 45  
 Hamaguchi, "Lion," murder of, 105  
 Han dynasty, 181  
 Han Fu-chu, 57, 229, 296, 298-299, 300  
 Han Ying, General, 242  
*Handbook for China*, 191  
 Handels-Vereeniging of Amsterdam, 345  
 Hankow, headquarters of Japanese central army in China, 57  
 Hankow government, 282-283, 304  
 Hankow group, 224  
 Hara, Prime Minister, murder of, 105  
*Hara-kiri*, 3, 4, 11, 13, 37, 102, 104  
 Haripura Congress, 461  
*Harpers Magazine*, 118n.  
 Harrison, Francis Burton, 318  
*Haruna*, attack on, 310  
 Hashimoto, Colonel Kingoro, 73, 264  
 Hata, General, 55  
 "Have-Not" Nations, x, 107, 108, 124  
 Hawaii  
     attack on, by Japan, 60, 309  
     Pacific Fleet based on, 131, 135  
 Hayashi, General, 19, 69  
 Hebrew revival, 576  
 Hedges, Frank, 76n.  
 Hepburn, Rear Admiral Arthur J., 138  
 Heroin, 198-199, 247  
 Herzl, Theodore, 573, 592, 599  
 Hinduism, 365, 391, 393, 394, 410, 411-422, 423, 424, 490  
     in Jaipur, 479  
     in Madras, 400  
     in Nepal, 520  
 Hindus  
     in Bengal, 401-402  
     in Punjab, 402  
 Hindu-Moslem dissension, 375, 423-426, 441  
     lessening of, 457  
 Hiranuma, Baron Kiichiro, 23, 35, 68-70, 73  
 Hirohito  
     divinity of, 1-2, 8, 9-10, 19  
     family of, 5-6, 16-18  
     humanizing, 13-14  
 Hirohito—(Continued)  
     legal powers of, 18-19  
     personal life of, 3-4, 10-14  
     as poet, 14-15  
     reverence for, 2-3  
     social duties of, 11-12  
     wealth of, 15-16  
 Hirota, Koki, 66, 77-78, 122  
 Histadruth, 599  
 Hitler, Adolf, 17, 55, 71, 72, 81, 111, 124, 126, 157, 203, 210, 215, 227, 461, 505, 547, 549, 552, 587, 596  
 Ho Chien, General, 286  
 Ho Lung, General, 239  
 Ho Ying-chin, General, 122, 233, 286  
 Hoare, Sir Samuel, 381, 419, 495  
 Honan, 193  
     Eighth Route Army in, 234  
     opium revenue in, 197  
 Hong Kong  
     fall of, 270, 309  
     Japanese attack on, 60, 129, 188  
     seized by British, 109, 112, 183  
 Hope, Alexander John, *see Linlithgow, Lord*  
 Hopei, 192  
     communist government in, 242  
     Eighth Route Army in, 234  
 Hopei-Chahar Political Council, 57, 122, 288, 293  
 Hoshino, Naoki, 148  
 Ho-Umedzu agreement, 54, 122, 286  
 Housing reform in India, 451  
 Howard, Jane, 72  
 Howard, Roy W., 11, 163, 314, 321, 324  
 Hsi Shih-tai, Dr., 301  
 Hsin Min Hui (New People's Association), 302  
 Hsu Hai-tung, General, 239  
 Hsu Shih-ying, 290  
 Hsu Teh-lih, 239  
 Hsuan Tung, *see Pu-yi, Henry*  
 Hu Han-min, 212  
 Hu Shih, Dr., 175, 283-285  
 Huang Hwei (Yellow Society), 301  
 Hughes, Captain J. J., 264  
 Hull, Cordell, 132, 133, 134, 186, 351  
 Hume, Allan Octavian, 447  
 Hunan, 193  
     opium revenue in, 197

Hung-Pang (Red Society), 277  
 Hupeh, 193  
 Husein, Grand Sherif of Mecca, 554,  
 555, 557  
 Huseini, Haj Amin Effendi El, 578-580  
 Hydari, Sir Akbar, 471-472  
 Hyderabad, Nizam of, 467, 468, 469,  
 470-472, 501

Ibn Rashid, 557  
 Ibn Saud, King, 546, 547, 550, 552, 554,  
 555-559, 560, 566  
 Ikeda, Seihin, 92, 98  
 Illiteracy  
 in Asia, 604  
 in China, 34  
 in India, 34, 392, 410  
 in Near and Middle East, 549  
 in Netherlands Indies, 349  
 in Philippines, 34  
 reduced, in Chinese Red Army, 240  
 Immigration into Palestine, 576-577,  
 583, 584, 586, 587  
 illegal, 588  
 Imperial Airways, 538  
 Imperial family of Japan, 16-18  
 Imperial Japanese army, *see* Kwan-  
 tung army  
 Imperial Rule Assistance Association,  
 68, 73  
 Imperialism, 182-183, 237, 603  
 American, in Philippines, x, 323  
 British, 335-337  
 in China, x, 109, 112, 183  
 in India, 394-395, 434-435, 445,  
 492, 498, 463, 504  
 in Iran, 527, 547  
 in Iraq and Palestine, 547, 548  
 in China, 109, 112-113, 183-185, 191  
 climate a pretext for, 362  
 Dutch, in East Indies, x  
 French, 363  
 in China, 109, 183  
 in Indo-China, x  
 in Syria, 547  
 German, in China, 109, 112  
 Italian, in Yemen, 547  
 Japanese, x, 67-68, 109, 112, 308  
 in sphere of communications, 145  
 technique in, 300

Imperialism—(*Continued*)  
 Russian  
 in China, 109, 112-113, 183  
 in Iran, 527, 547  
 smuggling technique in, 122  
 Independence League, 442, 461  
 Independent Labor League, 489  
 India  
 benefits of, to Britain, 495-496  
 British attitudes to, 502-504  
 British rule in, 345, 346-347, 492-506  
 Chiang's visit to, 219-220  
 constitution for, 376, 397  
 geography of, 390, 398-403  
 government of, 395-398  
 grievances of, 498-502  
 history of, 393-395  
 illiteracy in, 392, 410  
 independence for, 365, 366, 370, 376,  
 385, 388, 395, 397, 425, 448, 449,  
 502, 504, 505  
 industry in, 407-410  
 language in, 391-392  
 Mongols in, 162  
 nationalism in, 370, 373, 374, 389,  
 394-395, 397, 413, 418, 424, 425,  
 431, 447, 449, 451, 455, 462, 486,  
 492, 504  
 participation of, in war, 506  
 Princely, 463-482  
 religions in, 411-428  
 revolution in, 407  
 since the war, 504-506  
 village of, 403-407  
*India Reveals Herself*, 430n.  
 Indian army, 493-494, 500, 510, 520  
 Indian and British relations, 393, 502-  
 503  
*Indian Caste Customs*, 415n.  
 Indian Congress governments, 401,  
 451-453, 458, 498, 507  
 Indian Home Rule, 370, 373, 425  
 Indian miscellany, 410  
 Indian Mutiny of 1857, 394-395; *see*  
*also* Sepoy Mutiny  
 Indian National Congress, 365, 366,  
 374, 376, 377, 382, 384, 385, 393,  
 395, 397, 398, 399, 425, 435, 436,  
 438, 447-462, 473, 488, 499, 504,  
 507, 521  
 and British, 450-451

Indian National Congress—(Cont.)  
 center, 456-458  
 founding of, 447  
 left wing of, 460-462  
 and Moslem League, 431  
 opposition of, to Federation, 481-482  
 Working Committee of, 448, 449,  
 450, 451, 453, 456  
 zonal chieftains of, 453-456

Indian Penal Code, 501

*Indian Struggle, The*, 461

Indo-China  
 Japanese occupation of, 83, 127-128,  
 131, 132-133, 266, 332, 360, 362-  
 363  
 seized by France, 109, 363

Indore, Maharaja of, 476

"Indusco," 271-272

Industrial legislation in India, 497

Industrial revolution in Japan, 87, 88,  
 90

Industrial wages, Chinese, 171

Industry  
 Chinese, 189-190, 256  
 Indian, 407-410  
 Japanese, 37-41, 42, 74, 91  
 in China, 270  
 in Manchukuo, controlled, 143-144  
 in Siberia, 154-155  
 village, in India, 378, 379, 384, 459

Inouye, Prince, 21, 91  
 murder of, 105

*Introducing Australia*, 139n.

Inukai, Prime Minister, murder of,  
 105

Investment  
 American and French, in China, 186  
 British, in China, 186  
 British, in India, 496  
 Japanese, in China, 110, 186  
 of Japanese emperor, 15-16  
 of Mitsui Gomei Kaisha, 92n.

Iran, 524-526  
 occupation of, by British and Rus-  
 sians, 183, 540  
 oil in, 538-539  
 reforms in, 534-536

Iraq, 545, 546, 547, 559, 560-565  
 British sphere in, 555  
 fascism in, 562  
 independence of, 548, 560, 562

Iraq—(Continued)  
 minorities in, 561  
 oil, 563  
 and the war, 564-565

Ironside, General Sir Edmund, 527

Irrigation projects in India, 402, 497,  
 499-500

Irwin, Lord, 376, 377, 386

Ise shrine, 7, 9

Ishihara, Major General Kanji, 53, 54-  
 55

Ishihara policy, 123

Ishii, Viscount Kikujiro, 84

Islam, *see* Mohammedanism

Ismail, Sir Mirza, 472, 473

Ismailis, 483, 484, 485

Itagaki, Lieut.-General Seishiro, 52,  
 53-54, 57, 62, 66

Italo-Japanese "cultural treaty," 124

Italy  
 in Albania, 120  
 in Ethiopia, 120  
 propaganda from, 549-551  
 signatory of Anti-Comintern Pact,  
 124  
 in Spain, 120  
 support of Arab cause by, 550

Ito, Prince, 15, 21, 105

Iwasaki, Hisaya, 95

Iwasaki, Yanosuke, 94-95

Iwasaki, Yataro, 94

Jabotinsky, Vladimir, 600

Jackson, J. Hampden, 294n.

Jafar Pasha, 562, 563

Jains, 426-427

Jaipur, 468, 478-479

Japan  
 ambitions of, in India and Australia,  
 109  
 aristocracy in, 75-76  
 army, 20, 33, 45-61, 67, 76; *see also*  
 Kwantung army and Mutiny of  
 1936  
 organization, 45-47  
 relation of, to House of Mitsui,  
 92-94  
 selection of officers for, 47  
 social and economic policy of, 48-  
 52  
 assets, frozen in U. S., 131, 132

Japan—(Continued)  
 attack of, on Great Britain and U. S., 505  
 attack of, in Pacific, 309-311  
 attitude toward U. S. and Great Britain, 125  
 in Burma, xi  
 communism in, 68  
 constitution of, 15, 18, 19, 21, 36n., 124  
 cultural invasion of, by China, 25  
 "defense" of, against Soviet Union, 123  
 in East Indies, xi  
 Emperor of, 1-23; *see also* Hirohito  
 expansion of, 109, 110-114, 117-123  
 factory in, 38-40  
 fascism in, 23, 60, 68, 69, 70-72, 73, 81  
 financial statistics on, 43-44  
 foreign policy, 107-109, 110, 111  
 geography of, 24  
 government of, organization, 72-75, 91  
 historical background, 24-27  
 in Indo-China, 131, 362-363  
 industrial advance of, 27  
 in Malaya, xi, 339  
 merchant marine of, 94  
 national debt, 44  
 nationalism in, 68  
 navy, 58-61, 120  
 owned by emperor, 15  
 in the Philippines, xi, 339  
 real rulers of, 19-23, 55  
 relations of, to Netherlands Indies, 350-352  
 relations of, to China, Great Britain and the U. S., 103  
 self-sufficiency of, 42, 107  
 and Soviet Union, 79, 103, 126  
 in Thailand, 360  
 war in China, *see* China war  
 war aims of, 329  
 withdrawal of, from League of Nations, 119  
*Japan Advertiser*, 6, 7, 60, 70n., 79, 80, 131  
*Japan: A Short Cultural History*, 9  
*Japan Defies the World*, 55  
 Japan Federation of Commerce and Industry, 96  
*Japan in China*, 257n.  
*Japan-Manchukuo Yearbook*, 151  
*Japan Over Asia*, 8n.  
*Japan Times*, 35, 85, 131  
*Japan's Feet of Clay*, 22  
 Japanese-American trade treaty, abrogation of, by U. S., 130  
 Japanese army divisions in China, 57-58  
 Japanese and Chinese, differences, 28-30  
 Japanese-Manchuria Trading Company, 145  
 Japanese miscellany, 106  
 "Japanese Naval Situation," 134-135  
 Japanese and Soviets, 156-160  
 Japanese, traits and characteristics, 30-36  
 Japanese-U. S. war, 309-311  
 Japanese victories, 259  
 Japanese Youth Party, 73  
 Java, 327, 339, 343, 345, 350  
*Jawaharlal Nehru: An Autobiography*, 430n., 431, 432, 435, 437, 442, 461  
 Jayaker, M. R., 490  
 Jehol, 163  
 opium revenue in, 197  
 taken by Japanese, 109, 121, 206, 248  
 Jellicoe, Admiral Lord, 332  
 Jen Pao-an, 301  
 Jewish Agency, 582, 587, 588, 597, 598, 599  
 Jewish-Arab tension, 577-578, 587  
 Jewish Defense Force, 600  
 Jewish grievances, 582, 583  
 Jewish National Fund, 600  
 Jewish State party, 600  
 Jews  
 in Japan, 71-72  
 loyalty of, in war, 587  
 National Home for, 573, 574, 575, 578  
 in Palestine, 552, 574-578, 587  
 in Soviet Union, 163  
 Jimmu, Emperor, 5, 7  
 Jingo, Empress, 5n., 25  
 Jinnah, Mohammed Ali, 385, 398, 424, 426, 486, 487  
 Jobber, Indian, 409

Jodhpur, 468, 478, 479, 502  
 Joffe, Adolf, 214-215  
 Johnston Island, 137, 138  
 Johnston, Sir Reginald, 146  
 Johore, Sultan of, 339  
 Jones Law (concerning Philippine independence), 317, 318

Kadija, Mohammed's first wife, 542  
 Kagawa, Toyohiko, 84-85  
 Kajar dynasty, 528  
 Kamandorsky Islands, 137  
 Kameyama, Emperor, 13  
 Kan Nai-kuang, 290  
 Kang Hsi, 183  
 Kanin, Prince Haruhito, 18  
 Kansu, 192-193  
 Karma, 412, 413, 416, 426  
 Kashmir and Jammu, Maharaja of, 475  
 Kato, Kanju, 85  
 Kawakami, Professor, 65  
 Kellogg-Briand Pact, 114, 119, 120  
 Kelly, Captain Colin P., Jr., 310  
 Kemal Ataturk, 170, 210, 534, 598  
 Kemmerer, Professor, 217  
 Kerr, Sir Archibald Clark, 271  
 Khaddar, 374, 384, 459  
 Khan, Abdul Gaffar, 456, 457-458, 507  
 Khan, Hashim, 516  
 Khan, Sir Mohammed Hamidullah, 479  
 Khan, Sir Sikander Hyat, 486-487  
 Khassadars, 510, 514  
 Kher, Balghanghader G., 459-460  
 Kiang, Rev. Z. T., 208  
 Kiangsi, 194  
   New Fourth Army in, 242  
   Red government in, 235  
 Kiangsu, 193-194  
 Kiaochow region, taken by Germany, 109, 112  
 Kichizaemon, Baron, 95, 96  
 Kidnaping of Chiang Kai-shek, 123, 126, 173, 201, 203, 205, 208-209, 216, 227, 236, 238, 242, 249-255, 304  
 Kido, Prince, 23  
 Kimmel, Admiral Husband E., 134  
 Kita, Ikki, 99  
 Knatchbull-Hugessen, Sir Hughe, 265  
 Knox, Frank, 135  
 Kodiak Island, 137  
 Koiso, General Kuniaki, 55  
 Kokonor, 196  
 Kokuhon-Sha, 23, 68  
 Kokumin Domei (political party), 81  
 Kolchak, 161  
 Konoye cabinet, 58, 60, 66-67, 83, 92  
 Konoye family, 75, 76  
 Konoye, Prince Atsumaro, 65  
 Konoye, Prince Fumimaro, 19, 21, 63-68, 69, 70, 71, 73, 76, 96, 133, 148n.  
   on Soviet Union, 125-126  
 Koo, Dr. Wellington, 285  
 Koo Ping-tsung, 301  
 Korea, 108, 113  
   annexation of, by Japan, 81, 111  
   development of, 151  
   Japanese attack on in 200 A.D., 25  
 Kota Bharu, 327  
 Kra, Isthmus of, 361  
 Kublai Khan, 182  
 Kuge line, 22  
 Kuhara, Fukunosuke, 100  
 Kujo line, 17n.  
 Kung, David, 223-224  
 Kung, Dr. H. H., 189, 203, 221, 222, 223, 256, 271  
 Kung Fu-tze, *see* Confucius  
 Kung, Madame H. H., 218, 221, 222-224, 225, 250  
 Kung, Yapshi Langdun, 519  
 Kuni, Prince Kuniyoshi, 16  
 Kuni, Princess Nagako, wife of Hirohito, 3-4, 16  
 Kuomintang party, 117, 200, 204, 210, 211, 212, 213, 228, 238, 242, 243, 252, 272, 273-277, 305, 331, 518  
   activity in North, 122  
   in Mukden, 248  
   revolutionists, 116  
   Soviet influence on, 215  
   split in, 224, 225, 234-235, 462  
 Kurusu, Saburo, 63, 125, 129  
   in Washington, 131-132  
 Kwammu, Emperor, 95  
 Kwangsi, 194  
 Kwangtung, 194  
   opium revenue in, 197

Kwantung army, 52-53, 54, 55, 57, 58, 62, 114, 143-145, 147-148, 152, 160, 163-164, 265  
 cost of, 150  
 as engineers of Mukden incident, 119  
 Planning Board of, 144  
 and South Manchuria Railway, 97  
 Kwantung peninsula, 113, 114  
 ceded to Japan, 112-113  
 Kweichow, 195

Labor  
 child, in India, 497, 501  
 contract, 190  
 forced, in India, 475  
 forced, in Manchukuo, 152  
 Japanese federation of, 84  
 in Malaya, 337  
 Labor conditions  
 in India, 502  
 in Japan, 74  
 Labor government in New Zealand, 141  
 Labor minority in Australia, 140  
 Labor movement in Palestine, 597, 598-599  
 Labor Party of Palestine, 598-599, 600  
 Land reform  
 in China, 244  
 Indian, 452  
 in Thailand, 359  
 Land revenue, Indian, 406  
 Language  
 Chinese, 174-177  
 Romanization of, 240  
 simplified, 228  
 in India, 391-392  
 Japanese, 33-34  
 Lao-tse, 178, 179, 180, 270  
 Lattimore, Owen, 163  
 Lawrence, T. E., 547, 560, 568, 603  
 League of Nations, 118, 119, 120, 139, 285, 307, 484, 539, 561, 577  
 Lebanon, 545  
 Lend-Lease Bill, 131  
 Lenin, 214, 236, 441, 527, 591-592  
 Leonard, Royal, 203, 246  
 Letters of credence, presentation of, to  
     Emperor of Japan, 10-11  
 Li Lieh-wen, 301  
 Li Tsung-jen, 217, 278, 279-281  
 Liang Hung-chih, 302, 303n.  
 Libyan campaigns, 548, 551  
 License system for exports to Japan, 130  
*Lentious Prophet*, 513  
 Lin Piao, 240  
 Lin Sen, 278  
 Lin Yutang, 25, 166, 179  
 Linlithgow, Lord, 482, 495  
 Litvinov, 157  
 Liu, Dr. Herman C. E., 301  
 Liu Hsiang, General, 299-300  
 Lloyd George, David, 316, 592-593  
 Loh Pah-hong, 301  
 London *Daily Telegraph*, 330  
 London Naval Treaty of 1930, 103, 105  
 London *Times*, 192n., 234, 268n., 485, 516, 530, 554  
 Long March of Chinese Communists, 216, 235-236, 237, 239, 249, 270, 281  
 Lothian, Lord, 498  
 Lucknow pact of Congress and Moslem League, 425  
 Lufthansa Company, 261, 538  
 Lyons, Eugene, 532  
 Lytton Commission to investigate  
     Japanese aggression in Manchuria, 80, 118, 119, 142  
 Lytton, Lord, 118, 119  
 Ma Chan-shan, General, 306-307  
 MacArthur, General Douglas, xi, 309, 310, 311, 315, 326  
 Macassar Strait, battle of, 344  
 MacDonald, Malcolm, 595  
 MacDonald, Ramsay, 333  
 Machida, Chuji, 74-75  
 MacLeish, Archibald, 34  
 McMahon correspondence, 554-555, 574  
 McMahon, Sir Henry, 554, 568, 575  
 McNutt, Paul V., 321  
 Madras, 399-400  
*Madras Mail*, 471  
 Magnes, Dr. Judah, 600-601  
 Mahasabha, 490  
*Mahatma Gandhi, Speeches and Writings of*, 375  
 Mahatmathics, 384-386  
 Mahmoud, Sheikh, 562  
 Mahmud, Shah, 516  
 Maizuru fortress, 54  
 Makino, Count Nobuki, 21-22, 98, 105  
     attempted murder of, 101

Malaviya, Madan Mohan, 490  
 Malaya  
     Japanese attack on, 60, 127, 311, 327-328, 337-339, 342, 343  
     raw materials of, 327, 337  
 Manchu dynasty, 142, 170, 182, 183, 210, 221, 230, 283  
 Manchu Electric Industry Company, 145  
 Manchukuo (*see also* Manchuria)  
     development, cost of, 149-152  
     economic experiments in, 54, 55, 59, 143  
     empire of, 142-153  
     government of, 148-149  
     non-recognition of, by U.S., 119  
     recognition of, 123, 132, 153, 272  
     ruled by Henry Pu-yi, 56, 57, 146  
     social planning in, 49  
 Manchuria, invasion of, by Japan, 46, 53, 80, 82, 107, 109, 111, 112-115, 206, 247  
 Manchuria Chemical Industries Company, 145  
 Manchuria Colonization Society, 150  
 Manchuria Industrial Development Corporation, 96  
 "Mandarin" class, 170  
 "Mandarin" dialect, 175  
 Manila, Japanese attack on, 309, 310, 311  
 Manoprakorn, Phya, 354  
*Manuel Quezon*, 319n.  
 Mao Tse-tung, 216, 234, 236-237, 240, 282  
 Mao Yu, 301  
 Marco Polo Bridge incident, 123, 126, 257, 280  
 Marcosson, Isaac, 11n.  
 Marianas Islands, 139  
 Marriage, 421  
     child, 420, 457, 501  
     of widows, 420  
 Marshall and Gilbert Islands, U.S.  
     attack on, 138-139  
 Marx, Karl, 65, 441  
 Masani, M. R., 462  
 Mathews, Basil, 430n., 503  
 Matsudaira, Tsuneo, 17, 22  
 Matsui, General Iwane, 58  
 Matsukata, Prince, 21  
 Matsuo, Colonel, murder of, 101-102  
 Matsuoka, Yosuke, 30, 62, 68, 82-83, 145, 156  
 Maw, Ba, 521, 522  
 Mayo, Katherine, 381, 420  
 Mazaki, General, 99, 100, 103  
 Medievalism  
     of Gandhi, 384  
     of Hinduism, 423  
     of India, 429  
     in Thailand, 354  
 Megaw, Sir John, 407  
 Meiji, Emperor, 13  
 Meiji Restoration, 5, 9, 16, 21, 27, 59, 75, 76, 78, 90, 91, 94, 95  
 Meiji shrine in Tokyo, 8  
*Mein Kampf*, 111, 124, 485, 577  
 Melbourne Herald, 140  
 Menzies, Robert Gordon, 141  
 Michinaga, Kanpaku, 88  
 Midway, attack on, 129, 136-137  
 Mikasa, Prince, 18  
 Miller, Nancy, 476  
 Minami, General Jiro, 55  
 Minamoto family, 88  
 Mindanao, attack on, 310  
 Ming dynasty, 142, 182  
 Minorities in Soviet Union, 154, 155  
 Minseito party, 72, 74-75, 95  
 Misrachi party, 600  
 Mitsubishi, House of, 52, 74, 87, 94-95, 96, 97, 98, 105  
 Mitsui, House of, 52, 74, 77n., 87, 88-94, 96, 97, 98, 105  
     relation of, to army, 92-94  
     subsidiaries, 91-92  
 Mitsui, Baron Takakimi, 92  
 Mitsui Bussan Kaisha, 91-92  
 Mitsui family law, 89  
 Mitsui Gomei Kaisha, 91  
 Mitsui, Takamine, 92  
 Moguls, *see* Mongols in India  
 Mohammed, Prophet, 541-544  
 Mohammedans, *see* Moslems  
 Mohammedanism, 180, 391, 556-557  
     creed of, 543  
     spread of, 544  
 Molotov, 83  
 Money transfer and exchange, 90  
 Mongolia, Inner, 121, 152, 161, 163-164, 191, 206  
     Japanese penetration of, 55

Mongolia, Outer, 161, 162-163  
 Mongolian Autonomous Government, 163  
 Mongolian People's Republic, 162  
 Mongols, 161-162, 182  
     in India, 394  
 Monogamy, in Japan, 6  
 Monroe Doctrine, Japanese "analogy" of, 78, 121  
 Montagu-Chelmsford reforms, 372  
 "Moral embargo," 130  
 Morale  
     Chinese, 268  
     in U. S., 129  
     Japanese, 265  
 Mori, Viscount Takanori, 67  
 Moslem-Hindu issue, 487-488  
 Moslem League, 393, 483, 486, 504  
 Moslems  
     in Arab world, 545  
     in Bengal, 401  
     in China, 180, 193, 280  
     cultivation of, by Japan, 124n.  
     and Gandhi, 385  
     in India, 392, 394, 402, 417, 422-426,  
       507  
     in Iran, 524  
     in Malaya, 338  
     in Palestine, 577  
     in the Philippines, 341  
     in Sumatra, 350  
 Mosul oil fields, 563  
 Mosul, withdrawal of France from, 555  
*Mother India*, 381, 420  
 Mukden incident (1931), 46, 53, 56,  
     117-119, 126, 129, 157, 247, 257,  
     306  
 Munich settlement, 126, 160, 259, 381,  
     478, 485, 548, 549  
 Munshi, K. M., 452-453, 460  
 Mussolini, 55, 71, 81, 320, 461, 505,  
     550-551, 552, 596  
 Mutiny, Japanese army, of 1936, 52, 54,  
     69, 83, 98-105, 264  
 Mutsuhito, Emperor, 5, 27  
*My Country and My People*, 166  
 Mysore, Maharaja of, 467, 472-473  
 Mysticism  
     of Chiang Kai-shek, 200  
     of Gandhi, 200, 366  
     in Japan, 1-2, 6  
 Nadir Shah, 516  
 Nagata, General, murder of, 99, 104  
 Naidu, Mrs. Sarojini, 372, 456, 457,  
     459, 487  
 Nakajima, Chikuhei, 75  
 Nakamura affair, 119  
 Nakano, Seigo, 81  
 Names  
     Chinese, 177  
     Indian, 391  
     Japanese, 4-5  
 Nanking group, 286  
 Nanking, fall of, 258, 260, 262, 272  
 Nanking government, 67, 123, 164, 215,  
     288, 293, 306  
 Napoleon, 80  
 Narayan, Jayaprakash, 461-462  
 Nashashibi, Fahkri Bey, 580  
 Nashashibi, Ragheb Bey, 580  
*Nation, The*, 212  
 National Council of Palestine Jews, 598  
 National Defense Party of Palestine, 580  
 National economy in Japan, 87  
 National government, *see* Nanking government  
 National Liberal Federation, 491  
 National Mobilization Law, of Japan, 65, 66, 73-74, 84, 93  
 National Salvation Group, 123, 225,  
     252, 275, 290-292  
 National Socialists in Philippines, 325-326  
 Nationalism  
     Arab, 569  
     in Asia, 604  
     in Burma, 522  
     in Ceylon, 522  
     Chinese, 152, 214, 215, 273  
     Indian, xi, 370, 373, 374, 389, 394-395,  
       397, 413, 418, 424, 425, 431, 447,  
       449, 451, 455, 462, 486, 492, 504  
     in Japan, 68, 80, 81  
     in Netherlands Indies, 349, 350, 352  
     of Shah Pahlevi, 530  
 Naval limitation, 59  
 Naval Limitation Treaty of 1922, 333  
 Nawanganar, Jam of, 467  
 Nawaz, Begum Shah, 487  
 Near and Middle East in the war, 548  
 Near East miscellany, 552-553

Negotiation, Japanese terms of, to U.S., 131-132

Nehru, Dakshmi, 439, 460

Nehru, Jawaharlal, xi, 379, 382, 383-384, 388, 395, 397, 398, 400, 417, 424, 429-446, 448, 450, 458, 492  
arrest of, 505  
attitude to British, 445-446  
attitude to Gandhi, 444-445  
and Chiang Kai-shek, 220, 446, 506  
and civil disobedience, 504  
life story, 429-435  
the man, 438-444  
power of, 441-442  
with reference to the Aga Khan, 484  
relation with father, 435-437  
on religion, 440

Nehru, Kamala, 439

Nehru, Motilal, 380, 430, 435-437, 438, 440, 442

Nehru Report, 442

Nepal, 109, 520

Netherlands Indies, 139  
government of, 345-350  
Japanese attack on, 111, 127, 237, 311, 343-344, 347-348, 350-351  
nationalism in, 349, 350, 352  
raw materials, 344  
relations of Dutch to natives, 345, 347  
relations with Japan, 350-352

“Neo-nipponism,” 83

Neutrality Treaty of Japan and Soviet Union, 126

New Britain, 141

New Caledonia, 137, 138

New Fourth Army, 234, 242, 243

New Guinea, 141, 349n., 350

New Life Movement, 217, 228, 282

New People's Association, 302

New Statesman, 330, 331

New York Times, 63, 132, 138, 329, 498

New Yorker, 573

New Zealand, 139, 141

Nichi Nichi, 92

Nichols Field, attack on, 309

Nicholson, General John, 486

Nine Power Treaty, 119, 120

Nineteenth Route Army, 120, 206, 258, 283, 289

Ninghsia, 192-193

Nogi, General, tutor of Hirohito, 13

Nomonhan incident of 1939, 160, 163

Nomura, Ambassador to Washington, 129, 133

Non-violence, *see* Civil disobedience

North China army, of Japan, 57

North China Development Company, 270

“Northern war,” 216, 248, 279, 281, 289, 292, 296, 297, 304

Northwest Frontier Province, 396, 507-510

Nuri Pasha al Said, 563

N.Y.K. shipping line, 16, 94

Oguri, Admiral, 13

Oil  
in Iran, 538-539  
in Iraq, 563

Okada, Admiral Keisuke, 98, 105  
attempted murder of, 101-102

Okubo, Count, 22, 105

Okuma, Marquis, 95

Okura, House of, 87, 96, 98

O'Malley, L. S. S., 415

Oong Wen-hao, Dr., 289, 290

Open Door policy, 111, 112, 187, 270

Opium  
abolished in Shansi, 297  
barred in Chinese Red Army, 240  
Singapore Base financed by, 334

Opium traffic in China, 29, 121, 143, 144, 183, 189, 192, 195, 196-198  
control of, 217

Opium War, 183

Orissa, 401

Osmeña, Señor, 317

Osugi, Sakae, 149n.

Ozaki, Yukio, 84

Pacific War Council, 140-141, 506

“Pacification campaigns,” 216, 235

Pacifism, Chinese, 167

Pageant of Persia, *The*, 535n.

Pahlevi, Mohammed Reza, 540

Pahlevi, Reza Shah, 524, 526-537  
abdication of, 540  
career of, 526-529  
habits and characteristics, 529-534  
reforms of, 534-536  
sensitiveness of, 536-537

Pai Chung-hsi, 217, 278, 279-281

*Pai-hua* form of Chinese language, 175, 284

Palace group, of Japan, 20-23

Palembang, 343

Palestine, 546, 548, 555

- Arabs in, 578-581
- history of, 584-586
- Jewish-Arab differences in, 563
- Jews in, 574-578, 587
- since the war, 586-588

Palmyra Island, 137, 138

Pamphlets, of Japanese army, 48-52, 53, 143

Pan American Airways, 138

Pan-Arabism, 546, 547

Pan-Asia, 56, 78, 80, 605

Panama Canal, 137

*Panay*, Japanese attack on, 34, 73, 194, 264-265

Pandit, Ranjit S., 439

Pant, Govind Vallabh, 459, 460

"Paramountcy," 463

Paris Peace Conference, 65, 285

Parity, Japanese naval, 59-60

Parsis, 427-428

Partition of Palestine, proposed, 581-582, 583, 585-586, 594, 599, 601

Passive resistance, *see* Civil disobedience

Patel, Sardar, Vallabhbhai, 449, 453, 454-455, 456, 458

Patiala, 468

- Maharaja of, 467, 477

Patriotism, Japanese, 31, 36

Peace

- in India, 496
- Japanese attempts at, 260
- Japanese conception of, 35
- Shidehara policy of, 76

Peace conference, Paris, 285

Peace Preservation Law, of Japan, 36n.

Peace Protection army in Manchukuo, 152

Peace terms, Japanese, 272, 305

"Peace treaty," of Wang Ching-wei with Japan, 306

Peake Pasha, 568

Pearl Harbor, xi, 1, 14, 58, 59, 60, 61, 63, 77, 109, 111, 126, 129, 136, 188, 296

Pearl Harbor—(*Continued*)

- background of, 130-134
- Commission of Inquiry into, 134-136
- Peel commission, 581, 582-586
- Peerage of Japan, 75-76
- Peking
- Chang Tso-lin in, 116-117
- guerrilla fighting at, 242
- loss of, 288
- Peking incident, *see* Marco Polo Bridge incident
- "Peking Political Council," 122
- Pelew Islands, 139
- Penang, 328, 330, 332, 337, 338
- Peng Teh-huai, General, 239
- People's League, in Japan, 81
- People's livelihood, in China, 214, 215, 273
- People's Party of Thailand, 355, 358
- Percival, Lieut. General A. E., 328-329
- Permanent Settlement Act, 402, 501
- Perry, Commodore, 26, 36
- Pershing, General, 77n.
- Persia, *see* Iran
- Persian Gulf states, 567
- Personal History*, 225
- Personality in Asia, 604
- Phahol, Colonel Phya, 354, 359
- Philby, H. St. J. B., 559
- Philippines

  - attack on, 309, 311, 322
  - conquered by Spain, 26
  - history of, 312-326
  - Japanese in, 339
  - literacy in, 34
  - reinforcement of, 131

- Pibul, Colonel Luang, 359
- Planned economy in Manchukuo, 143-145
- Plans for the Reconstruction of Japan*, 99
- Political considerations as factor in Japan's foreign policy, 107
- Political Department, in India, 469, 470, 475, 480
- Political Development of Japan*, 15
- Political discontent in India, 407
- Political opinion, in U. S., 324
- Political parties outside the Kuomintang, 290-291
- "Political Study" clique, 276, 286
- Political stresses in India, 392-393

Politics  
 chief factor in Japan's aggressiveness, 108-109  
 in China personal quality of, 222, 275

Pollution, doctrine of, 418

Popular Front  
 in Philippines, 325-326  
 in Soviet Union, 124

Population of China, 165-166

Population pressure, Japanese, 107-108

Populations, exchange of, 589

Port Arthur, 13, 113

Port Darwin, raids on, 141

Port Moresby, attack on, 141

Portsmouth, Treaty of, 114

*Post War World*, 294n.

Poverty  
 of Asia, 604  
 in India, 406-407, 422

Powell, J. B., 214, 302

Pownall, General Sir Henry, 330

Pradist, Luang, 358-359

Prajadhipok, King, 354-355, 357

Prasad, Babu Rajendra, 401, 453, 455, 459

"Presidencies" of India, 399

Price, C. V., 188

Price, Ward, 11

Prices, low, in Japan, 40-41

*Primer on Palestine*, A, 574

*Prince of Wales*, sinking of, xi, 328

Princely India, 463-482

Princes, Chamber of, 468

*Problem of China*, The, 179n.

Profits, wartime, 140

Prohibition in India, 452, 459, 467

Pronunciamento of mutineers of 1936, 103

Propaganda, 548-551

Prostitution in Japan, 32

Provincial Autonomy in India, 396, 450, 451, 464, 493, 499

"Provisional Government of the Chinese Republic," 300, 301, 302

Public Health in India, 500

Public opinion  
 American, 130  
 Chinese, 120  
 Japanese, 120, 125

Punishment of mutineers, 104

Punjab, 402

Puppet government  
 in Bangkok, 128  
 in Malaya, 339

Puppets, Japanese, in China, 14, 56, 122, 269, 293, 300-306

Purdah, 421, 457, 473, 478, 564

Purges in Soviet Army, 126, 160, 256

Pu-yi, Henry, 56, 57, 142, 145-147, 296, 559-560

Quezon, Manuel, 309, 311, 312-326

Quo Tai-chi, 285

Rabaul, attack on, 141

Radicalism in Japanese army, 51-52, 53, 70, 76, 99

Railroad  
 in India, 403-404, 497, 499  
 in Iran, 531, 537-538  
 in Manchuria, 112, 113-114  
 in Siberia, 154, 155-156

*Rains Came, The*, 476

Rajagopalacharia, Chakravarti, 381, 400, 417, 458-459

Rajpal case, 513

Rajput states, 478-479, 502

Ram, Musamat, 510-512, 514

Rama VI, King, 357, 361

Ramos, Benigno, 325

Rangoon, 522

*Rape of Palestine*, The, 577n.

Rashid Ali, 559

Rashid Ali Gailani, 564-565

Raw materials  
 in Indo-China, 127  
 Japanese, shortage of, 107  
 in Malaya, 327, 330, 337  
 in Netherlands Indies, 344-345, 346  
 in Thailand, 360

Razik, Arif Abdul, 580

Red Army  
 of China, 176, 234-236, 238, 240-243, 249, 270, 276  
 technique of, 241-242  
 of Soviet Union, 160, 162  
 organization of, 161

"Red-ink" bonds, 93

Red Shirts, 458, 507

*Red Star Over China*, 227, 235n., 237n., 240n.

Redman, H. Vere, 40

Reform (*see also* Land reform)  
in Iran, 534-536  
Japanese army an agent of, 104-105  
"Reformed Government" of China, 300, 302  
Refugee problem, 574, 588, 589  
Rehabilitation work in rural China, 228  
Reichstag fire, 118  
Reincarnation, 412, 421, 483  
of Tibetan Lamas, 518  
Religion  
Chiang's attitude toward, 208-209  
in China, 178-180  
of Gandhi, 387-388  
in India, 391, 402, 411-428  
in Japan, 1, 6, 8-9  
in Japanese army, 45  
Nehru on, 440  
Religious bondage in Asia, 603  
Renaissance, Chinese, 175, 283  
"Reorganizationists," 304  
*Repulse*, sinking of, xi, 328  
"Revisionists," 600  
Revolution  
in China, 157, 182, 194, 210-211, 222, 223, 231, 238, 239, 273, 278, 280, 282, 283, 303  
in India, 407  
Philippine, against Spain, 316  
Roberts report on Pearl Harbor, 134-136  
Rolland, Romain, 388n.  
Rome-Berlin Axis, 124  
Roosevelt, F. D., 14, 67, 131, 133, 134, 141, 326, 506  
Rose Island, 137  
Ross, Sir Frederick Leith, 191, 217  
Rothschild family, 90, 91  
Rothstein, Soviet ambassador to Iran, 528  
Round Table Conferences  
on India, 376-377, 382, 384, 385, 424, 425, 474, 481, 484, 487, 489  
on Jewish-Arab issue, 563, 586  
Rowlatt Bill, 373, 431  
Roy, M. N., 462  
Royal Air Force, 513, 516, 561, 565, 567, 568, 570  
"Rural equalitarianism," 240  
Russell, Bertrand, 179n., 294, 441  
Russia, *see* Soviet Union  
Russian-Persian treaty of 1921, 527  
Russo-Chinese secret treaty of alliance, 113  
Russo-German pact of 1939, 70, 160  
Russo-Japanese border incident of 1938, 16  
Russo-Japanese friendship and neutrality pact of 1941, 83, 156  
Russo-Japanese war of 1904-05, 13, 52, 60, 79, 111, 113-114, 156  
Saadabad, pact of, 536  
Sabotage, fear of at Hawaii, 135  
Sadako, Empress Dowager of Japan, 17  
Sahib, Dr. Khan, 458, 459  
Said bin Timur, Sayyed, 566  
St. John, Colonel Sir H. Beauchamp, 479  
Saionji, Prince Kimmochi, 20-21, 22, 65, 66, 68, 96, 98  
attempted murder of, 101  
Saito, Admiral Viscount, 98  
murder of, 100, 105  
Sakhalists, 325  
Sakurauchi, Sachio, 75  
Salaries  
Japanese, 40-41  
of Red Army men, 241  
"Salt march," Gandhi's, 376  
Samuel, Sir Herbert, 567, 576, 579  
Samurai, 26, 31, 45, 46, 47, 51, 61, 74, 78, 79, 84, 88, 94, 170  
Sansom, Sir George, 9, 20, 30, 32, 179  
Sapru, Dr. Tej Bahadur, 431, 481, 490, 491, 506  
Saquao, Bacha, 516  
Sarawak, 339-342  
"Princesses" of, 340-341  
Sarda Act, 501  
Sassoon, Sir Victor, 189  
Sastri, V. S. Srinivasa, 490-491  
Satsuma clan, 16, 21, 27, 59  
*Satyagraha*, 372, 373, 375, 386, 432  
Saudi Arabia, 546, 547, 557  
conscription in, 558  
unification of, 559  
U. S. diplomatic contact with, 559  
Sauerwein, Jules, 11  
Saw, U, 522  
Scherer, James A. B., 55

"Scorched earth" policy, 259, 270, 330, 344  
 Scott, C. P., 593  
 Seiyukai party, 72, 82  
 Semenov, 161  
 Sepoy Mutiny, 454, 501n.  
 Setalvad, Sir Chimanlal, 491  
 Setsuko, Princess, 17  
*Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, 560  
 Shah, Aladdin Suleiman, 338  
 Shah, Nur Ali, 511  
 Shang Chen, 56  
 Shang dynasty, 180, 221  
 Shanghai, 187-189  
 —devastation in, 167, 262-263  
 —factory in, 190n.  
 —fighting in, in 1932, 120, 229  
 —fighting in, in 1937, 257  
 —fighting in, in 1938, 242  
 —gangsters in, 198  
 —investment in, 110  
 —political assassinations in, 301  
 —starvation in, 171  
 Shansi, 192  
 —Eighth Route Army in, 234  
 Shantung, 192  
 Sheean, Vincent, 189, 225, 528  
 Sheng Shi-tsai, 196  
 Shensi, 192  
 —Eighth Route Army in, 234, 249  
 Shepherd, Dr. George, 202  
 Shertok, Moshe, 595, 597-598  
 Shidehara, Baron Kijuro, 84, 98, 119  
 —peace policy of, 76  
 Shih Huang Ti, Emperor, 29, 180-181  
 Shimada, Admiral Shigetaro, 61  
 Shinto, 8-9, 25, 31, 124  
 Shiratori, Toshio, 72  
 Shoguns, 5, 6, 10, 18, 20, 22, 26, 27, 90, 94, 95, 170  
 Short, Lieut. General Walter C., 134  
*Should America Stop Arming Japan?*, 130  
 Showa, reign of Hirohito, 4  
 "Showa Restoration," 82, 83, 99, 103  
 Showa Steel Company, 145  
 Shridharani, Krishnalal, 487  
 Siam, *see* Thailand  
 Sian kidnaping, 123, 126, 173, 201, 203, 205, 208-209, 216, 227, 236, 238, 242, 249-255, 304  
 Siberia, 154-164  
 Maritime Provinces of, occupied by Japan, 156  
 Maritime Provinces of, taken by Czarist Russia, 109  
 Sikhs, 402, 427, 477, 487  
 Sikkim, Maharaja of, 520  
 Sikong, 196  
 Simon Commission, 376, 390, 400, 402, 442  
 Simon, Sir John, 475  
 Sind, 402  
 Singapore Base  
 —building of, 332-335  
 —loss of, 111, 138, 141, 327, 328-330, 332, 506  
 Singh, Sir Hari, 475  
 Sinha, Lord, 422  
 Sinkiang, 196  
 Sino-Japanese relations, 110-112, 117-123  
 Sino-Japanese War of 1894-95, 112, 295  
 Sino-Japanese war, third, *see* China war  
 Sitka, 137  
 Six-Year Plan to reduce opium traffic, 198  
 Slade, Madeline, 378  
 Smedley, Agnes, 235n.  
 Smith, Arthur, 169  
 Smuggling, 122, 198  
 Snow, Edgar, 121, 191, 196, 227, 235, 237n., 239, 240n., 271, 302  
 Social and cultural program of Chinese Reds, 240  
*Social Democracy in the New Germany*, 291  
 Social discrimination in India, 501  
 Social and economic policy of Japanese army, 48-52  
 Social Mass or "labor" party in Japan, 81, 83  
 Social reform  
 —in China, 214, 234  
 —in India, 451, 500-501, 502  
 —in Thailand, 355  
 Social revolution in Japan, 86  
 Social struggle in Asia, 604  
 Socialism  
 —in India, 449  
 —in Japan, 83-84

Soong, Charles Jones, 221-222  
 Soong family, 207, 208, 221-229  
 Soong Mei-ling, *see* Chiang Kai-shek, Madame  
 Soong Tse-an, 222, 229  
 Soong Tse-liang, 222, 229  
 Soong, T. V., 92n, 221, 222, 223, 225, 228-229, 249, 253, 275  
 South Manchuria Railway, 16, 82, 83, 96-97, 113-114, 116, 117, 143, 150 and Kwantung army, 144-145  
 Soviet-Chinese cooperation, 279  
 Soviet Far Eastern army, 155, 160, 161  
 Soviet Union  
     aid to China, 157-158, 261  
     constitution, 155  
     feared by Germany and Japan, 124, 125  
     General Tojo on, 62-63  
     industrial development, 154-155  
     influence on China, 240  
     influence on Iran, 536  
     invaded by Germany, 83, 157, 539, 571  
     and Japan, 79, 126, 156-160  
     Japanese hatred of, 78  
     Japanese war plan against, 54  
     minorities in, 154, 155  
     penetration of Mongolia by, 162-163  
     railroads in, 154, 155-156  
     relations with Dr. Sun, 214-215  
     Soviets, Chinese, 216, 234, 236, 240  
         leaders of, 236-239  
     Spanish-American War, 316  
     Spratly Islands taken by Japan, 126  
     “Squeeze,” 170-171, 199, 223, 241  
     Stachouwer, Dr. A. W. L., 347  
     Stalin, 83, 124, 126, 163, 210  
     Standard of living  
         in India, 503  
         in Indo-China, 363  
         in Japan, 43, 86, 265  
     Stennes, Captain Walther F. N., 203  
     Sternberg, Ungern, 162  
     Stimson, Henry, 114, 119, 135, 315  
     *Story of My Experiments with Truth*, 367, 383  
     Strategy, Pacific, 136-139  
     Subsidies, British, to frontier tribes, 510, 514, 520, 521  
     Suetsugu, Admiral Nobumasa, 60, 73, 85  
     Sugar interests, 318, 323  
     Sugiyama, General Hajime, 55, 58  
     Suicide, *see* *Hara-kiri*  
     Suiyuan, Japanese invasion of, 123, 191  
     Sumatra, 339, 343, 345, 350  
     Sumitomo, House of, 87, 95-96  
     Sun Fo, 275, 278-279, 290  
     Sun Yat-sen, Dr., 81, 84, 105, 182, 209, 213-215, 218, 221, 222, 224, 234, 252, 273, 274-275, 285, 293, 297, 303  
         and Chiang Kai-shek, 210, 211-212, 214  
         and W. H. Donald, 230  
         will of, 273, 304  
     Sun Yat-sen, Madame, 123, 214, 221, 222, 224-225, 226, 275, 277, 278  
     Sung Cheh-yuan, General, 122, 288  
     Sung dynasty, 182  
     Supplies  
         for China, 158, 266-268, 280, 281, 522  
         convoyed from Hawaii to Australia, 139  
         Russia, to China, 158  
     Surabaya, 343  
     Suzuki, Dr. Kisaburo, 75  
     Suzuki, Admiral, 98  
         attempted murder of, 101  
     Svarga, Prince Nagor, 358  
     Swat, Wali of, 467  
     Sykes-Picot agreement, 555  
     Syria, 546, 567, 569-571  
         French sphere in, 555  
         independence of, 571  
         sectarianism in, 569  
         war in, 570-571  
     Sze, Dr. Alfred, 285  
     Szechwan, 194-195  
     Tada, General, 122  
     Tagore, Rabindranath, 401, 419, 457  
     Tai Chi-tao, 290  
     Tai Li, 277  
     Taierchwang, victory of, 202, 258, 262  
     Taisho, Emperor, 4, 5, 22  
     Taj-ed-Din, President of Syrian Republic, 571  
     Takahashi, Korekiyo, 98, 105  
         murder of, 100-101  
     Takamatsu, Prince, 18  
     Takungpao, 306  
     Tamerlane, 162, 394

Tanaka, General, 111  
 Tanaka Memorial, 111  
 Tanchu, Lamo, 518  
 Tang dynasty, 181  
 Tang Erh-ho, Dr., 302  
 Tang Yu-lin, 121  
 Tangku Truce, 121  
 Tannu Tuva, 163  
 Taoism, 179  
 Tariff policy, in India, 499  
 Tashi Lama, 517, 518  
 Tata Iron and Steel Company, 408, 409, 428, 476  
 Teh Wang, 164  
 Teheran, 525-526  
 Tel-Aviv, 576  
 Tennyson, Alfred, Lord, 300  
 Terauchi, General Count, 58  
 Teru, Princess, 17  
 Thailand, 353-362  
     climate, 362  
     foreign affairs, 359-360  
     government of, 358-359  
     Japanese occupation of, 127, 128, 183, 360  
     as puppet state of Japan, 522  
     revolution in, 354, 355  
     royalty in, 356-358  
 Thamrin, Mohammed H., 349  
*Things Japanese*, 24n., 30  
 Thomas, Bertram, 543  
 Three People's Principles of Dr. Sun, 214, 273, 291  
 Tibet, 517-520  
 Tientsin  
     guerrilla fighting in, 242  
     loss of, 288  
     riots in, 56  
 Tientsin incident of 1939, 260  
*Time Magazine*, 2, 13, 60  
*Times of India*, 496  
 Timing, Japanese, 126  
 Timor, 139, 343  
 Togo, Admiral Shigenori, 13, 63  
 Tohokai group in Japanese Diet, 81  
 Tojo, Lieut. General Hideki, 52, 62-63  
     on Japanese war aims, 329  
 Tokugawa, Prince Iyesato, 76  
 Tokugawa Shogunate, 27  
 Tokyo, 42-43, 88  
     during the 1936 mutiny, 98, 100-104  
     factory, 38-40  
 Tokyo—(Continued)  
     Quezon's visit to, 324  
     real estate in, 95  
     rebuilt after earthquake, 31  
 Tong, Hollington K., 205  
 Toyama, Mitsuru, 77, 80-81  
 Trade unions  
     in China, 190  
     in India, 410  
     in Japan, 68, 85  
     in Palestine, 599  
 Train travel in India, 403-404  
 Transjordan, 546, 548, 567, 568-569  
     British sphere in, 555  
 Transjordan Frontier Force, 568-569  
 Trans-Siberian Railway, 113, 155, 156  
 Travancore  
     Maharaja of, 474  
     opening of temples to Untouchables in, 474-475  
 Treaty ports in China, 183-184  
 Trek to the West, 270-272  
 Tripartite Pact, xi, 62, 67, 70, 83, 124, 125, 127  
 Tripura plenary session, 449  
 Trotsky, 161, 211  
 "Trucial Sheikhs," 566-567  
 Tsai Ting-kai, General, 206, 288-289  
 Tsao Kun, 296n.  
 Tsen Ken, General, 239  
 Tso Hsun-sun, 291  
 Tsugu, Crown Prince, 17  
 Tu Yeu-hsing, 287-288  
 Tungmenghui, Chinese secret society, 210  
 Tungpei Army, 249  
 "Turk-Sib" Railway, 158, 196  
 Twenty-One Demands forced on China by Japan, 111, 230  
 Tydings-McDuffie Bill, 318, 322-323  
 Tzu Hsi, Empress Dowager of China, 146n., 221, 303  
 Udaipur, 478, 502  
 Ueda, General, 148  
 Ugaki, General Kazunari, 67, 76-77  
 Umedzu, Lieut. General Yoshiro, 52, 54, 302  
 Undeclared warfare, 120  
 Unemployment, absence of, in Japan, 40, 86  
 Unionist party in the Punjab, 487

United Australia Party, 140  
 United Front in China, 216, 219, 225, 236, 256, 275, 276, 279, 290, 291  
 problems of, 242-244  
 United Provinces, 400-401  
 United States  
 aid to China from, 269, 272  
 attitude of Japan toward, 125  
 and Australia, 140  
 Japanese assault on, 157  
 military and naval policy of, 309-310  
 United States-Japanese war, 309-311  
 Untouchables, 365, 372, 377, 384, 400, 404, 405, 414, 416, 418-419, 462, 474-475, 476, 479  
 Gandhi's fast for, 378  
 leader of, 488-489  
 Ussishkin, Menahem M., 581, 599-600  
 Utley, Freda, 22  
 Uyehara, author of *Political Development of Japan*, 15

Vaad Leumi, 598, 599  
 Van Mook, Hubertus Johannes, 347-348  
*Vanity Fair Magazine*, 2  
 Vargas, Jorge B., 311  
 Varnvidya-Vavarane, Prince, 355  
 Versailles Treaty, 21, 555  
 Viceroy of India, powers of, 395-396, 398, 481, 494-495, 499, 502  
 Vichy government, Japanese pressure on, 127  
 Village, Indian, 403-405  
 Village welfare, 377, 378  
 Von Falkenhausen, General, 261  
 Von Ribbentrop, 125  
 Von Seeckt, General, 261  
 Voroshilov, 160

Wages  
 Chinese, 171, 189-190  
 in India, 406, 408-409  
 in Japan, 38, 40-41, 74  
 in the Philippines, 326  
 Wakatsuki, Baron Reijiro, 84  
 Wake Island, attack on, 129, 136, 137  
 Wales, Nym, 235n., 271  
 Wang Ching-wei, 14, 212, 296, 300, 303-306  
*Wang Ching-wei, Poems of*, 304n.  
 Wang-chuk, Jig-me, 521  
 Wang Chu-lin, 301  
 Wang Chung-hui, 286  
 Wang, Dr. C. T., 285  
 Wang Keh-min, 300-301, 302  
 War  
 strain of, in Tokyo, 42-43  
 undeclared, 120  
 United States-Japanese, 44, 129  
 War aims, Japanese, 329  
 War lords, Chinese, 57, 112, 115-117, 121, 190, 192, 195, 206, 212, 216, 229, 248, 281, 282, 292-300  
 Washington Disarmament Conference, 76  
 Washington Naval Limitation Treaty of 1922, 46, 59, 105, 119, 333  
 Watanabe, General Jotaro, 98, 99  
 murder of, 100  
 Wauchope, Sir Arthur, 595  
 Wavell, General, 272, 344  
 Waziristan War, 512-514  
 Wealth  
 redistribution of, in China, 214  
 of Thailand, 360  
 Weizmann, Dr. Chaim, 573, 578, 582, 586, 588, 590-596, 599  
 Wells, H. G., 27  
 Western Hills group, 276  
 "Whampoa" group, 276, 281  
*What's Wrong with China*, 186  
 Wheeler, Dr. John M., 358  
 White Terror in China, 235, 277  
 Widows in India, 420-421, 501  
 Willingdon, Lord, 381, 486  
 Wilson, Dick, 322  
 Woman suffrage movement in the Philippines, 321  
 Women  
 in Chinese politics, 221  
 emancipation of, in Iran, 535  
 Wood, General, 318  
 Workers and Peasants Revolutionary Committee, 237  
 Working Committee of Indian National Congress, 386, 435, 438, 448-451, 453, 456, 504  
 Workman's Compensation Act of India, 410, 487  
*World Almanac*, 165  
 World War, *see* Great War (1914-1918)

World War, second, Indian participation in, 388, 398, 506  
World Zionist Organization, 573, 582, 592, 597, 599  
Wound bounties, 208  
Wu Chi-lun, 301  
Wu Chu-chin, 301  
Wu Chung-hsin, General, 290  
Wu Pei-fu, 289, 292, 293-294, 296  
Wu Te-chen, General, 173, 288  
  
Xavier, St. Francis, 26  
  
Yahya Mohammed ed Din, King of Yemen, 565  
Yamada, General Otsuzo, 14, 58  
Yamagata, Prince, 17, 21  
Yamamoto, Admiral Isoroku, 60  
Yamashita, General Tomoyuki, 328-329  
Yang Chien, 277  
Yang Hu-cheng, General, 250, 254, 255  
Yap, 139  
Yarnell, Admiral, 265  
Yasuda, House of, 87, 96  
Yasukuni shrine, 10, 45  
Yeh Ting, General, 243  
Yemen, 546, 547, 565-566  
  
Yen Hsi-shan, General, 192, 216, 296, 297-298  
Yin Ju-kung, 122  
Y.M.C.A., 180, 200, 218, 222, 223, 228  
Yokohama, rebuilt after earthquake, 31  
Yomaraj, Chao Phya, 357-358  
Yonai, Admiral Mitsumasa, 61, 267  
Yoshi, Prince, 17  
Yoshilhito, Hirohito's father, 4-5  
*Young China*, 212  
Younghusband mission, 519  
Yu Yu-jen, 290  
Yuan system, 274-275  
Yuang, Elizabeth, 146  
Yuasa, Count Kurahei, 22-23, 69  
Yunnan, 195  
  
Zahir Shah, Mohammed, 516  
Zia-ed-Din, Sayyed, 528, 529  
Ziff, William, 577  
Zionism, 568, 573, 575-576, 577, 578, 588-589, 590-593  
political parties in, 598-600  
Zoroaster, 428  
Zulu rebellion, Gandhi's part in, 370